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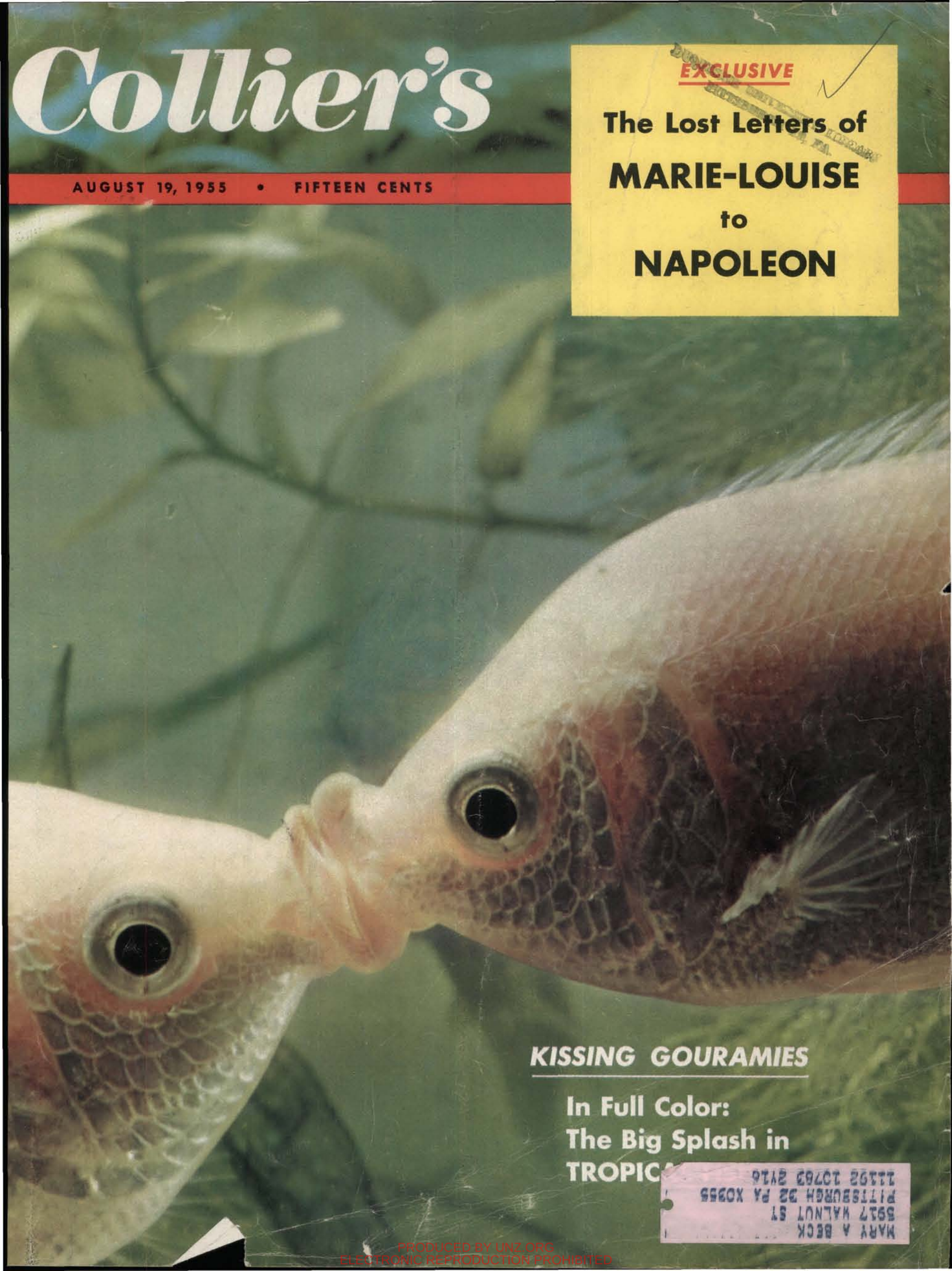

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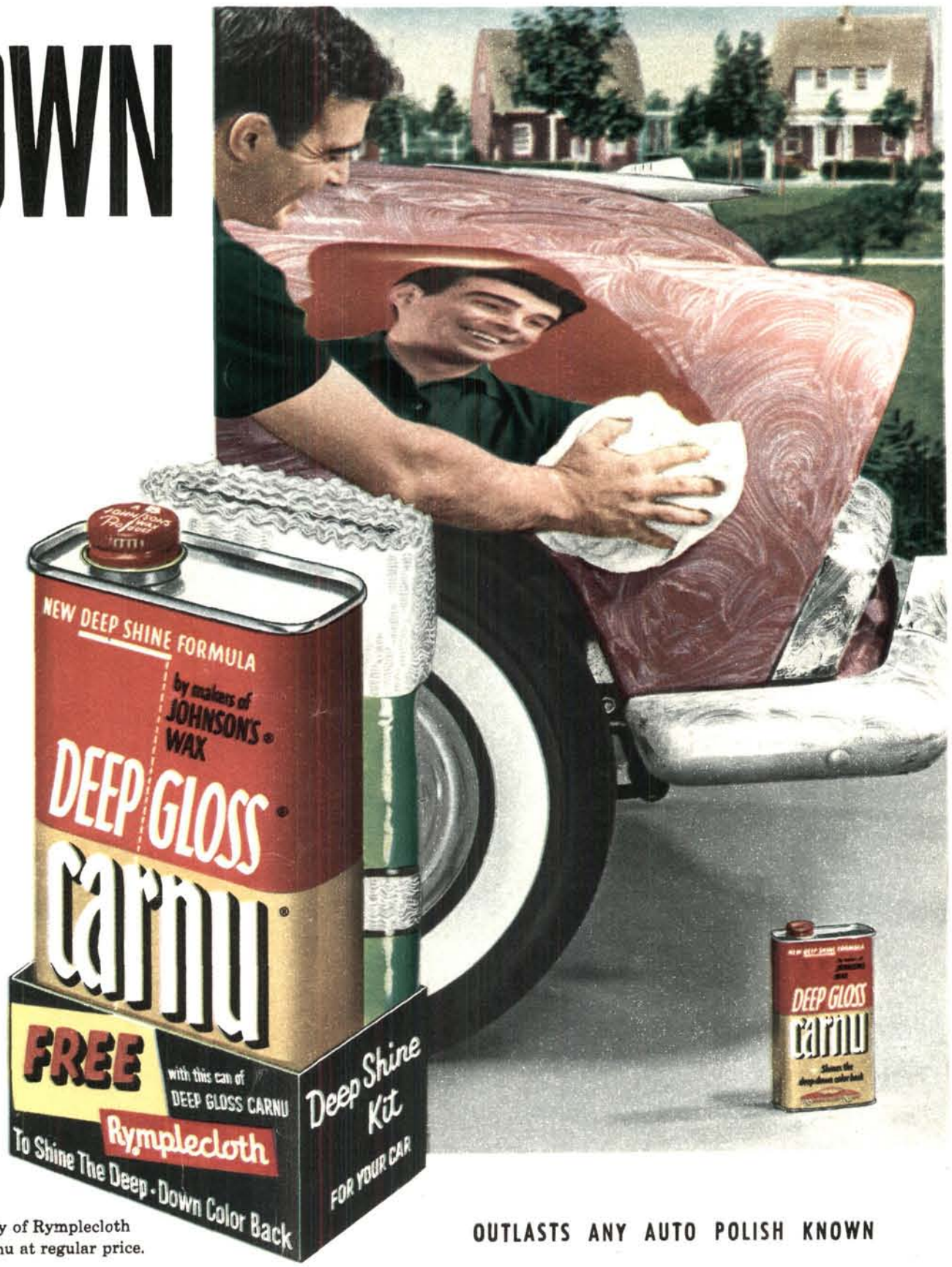

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THE

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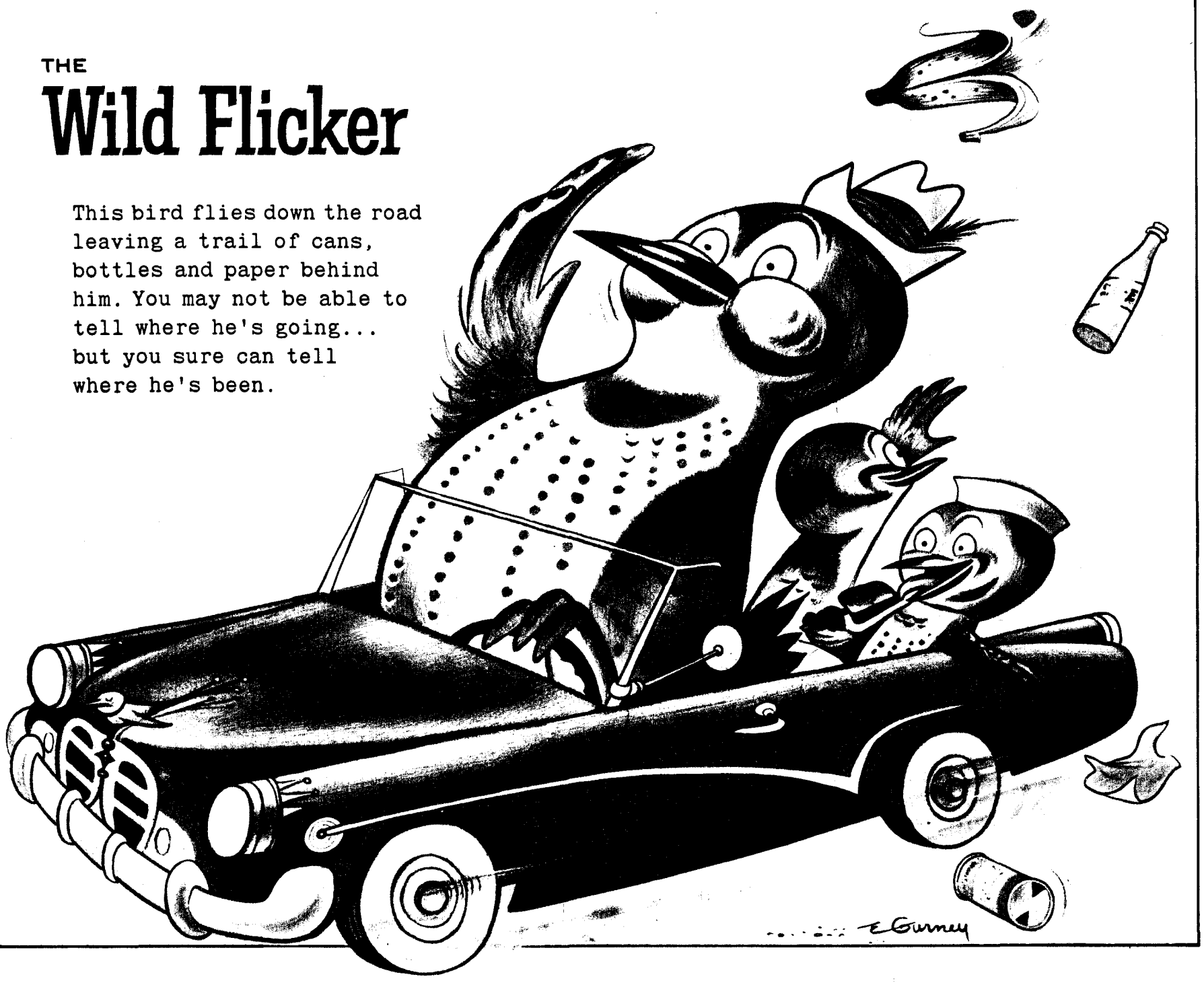

THE

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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

There's nothing sinister about M-G-M's comedy-drama "The Bar Sinister"—except a pretty sneaky scheme to steal the heart of every man, woman and child in the land!

It should walk away with honors as well. For this fancy-free rendering, in CinemaScope and Color, of the beloved Richard Harding Davis story of a dog and the people that happen to him is not only the finest we've seen in the field—it's the funniest!

A stunning cast, headed by such youthful romantics as Jeff Richards and Jarma Lewis and such Academy Award winners as Edmund Gwenn and Dean Jagger, is amazingly abetted by an uncanny new canine star called Wildfire. Beware of this dog! He's half human and all clown, and he's making a beeline to your funnybone.

Wildfire is a Bowery street-dog, a kind of canine-delinquent, taught by life to steal and by men to fight. And this is his own tongue-in-muzzle account of how he went on to win fame and fortune for his mother—and a blue ribbon from his father—in the snobbiest show ring in dogdom.

It is at this gathering of the four-footed elite that the fighting instincts of our low-born hero set off a wild pandemonium. Hundreds of dogs and dog lovers are soon precipitated into the mad shambles. It's an absolutely roll-'em-in-the-aisles climax.

When we say that Wildfire tells his own story (in the off-screen voice of "Blackboard Jungle" discovery Vic Morrow) do not be alarmed. The witty script by John Michael Hayes... Henry Berman's imaginative production... the deft grace and bullet pace of Herman Hoffman's direction... all brilliantly conspire to steer this frolic well clear of the merely "cute."

In fact, "The Bar Sinister" doesn't even *try* to prove that the dog is man's best friend. It's content to prove that the one called Wildfire is this month's most fun!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color "THE BAR SINISTER" starring JEFF RICHARDS, JARMA LEWIS, EDMUND GWENN, DEAN JAGGER and WILDFIRE with Richard Anderson, Willard Sage. Screen play by John Michael Hayes, based on a story by Richard Harding Davis. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Herman Hoffman. Produced by Henry Berman. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

AUGUST 19, 1955

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THE COVER . . Jerry Yulsman

Why do kissing gouramies kiss? The only agreement among experts is that romance has nothing to do with it; in fact, gouramies of the same sex sometimes kiss. Dr. William T. Innes, of Philadelphia, known as the dean of U.S. aquarists, says: "Some people think it's an act of aggression, but it seems too gentle for that. Others say it's accidental—that gouramies swimming about and eating with that same kissing action simply encounter other gouramies similarly engaged; I don't believe that, either. I guess they just do it because they like to." But they don't do it often enough for photographer Jerome Yulsman. After he had set up his equipment he waited for 10 hours one day and 12 the next before he got the pictures he wanted. He also took the other tropical fish pictures, for the feature starting on p. 28 of this issue.

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Again one of the uninvited...

JOE USED TO BE one of the gang . . . a real big-wheel, socially speaking. But, recently, he was getting the cold shoulder all around. And he was completely in the dark as to the reason.

His first thought was that perhaps his breath was to blame, but he dismissed that possibility. Didn't he brush his teeth regularly? Of course he did! Didn't he use chlorophyll? Of course he did! No, it couldn't be *that*.

But it was! Joe made the mistake of not using Listerine Antiseptic before any date. Don't *you* make the same error!

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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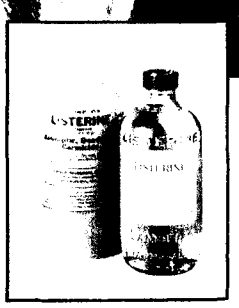

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ON THE West Coast my 11:00 P.M. substitute for John K. M. McCaffery is a man named Jack Latham. I follow a completely snobbish system in choosing a TV news talker. At eleven o'clock, after the cares of the day and a thumping beating at backgammon, I prefer to have the world and national news told to me by a man whom I might conceivably sit and have a cup of coffee with, who is not going to shout at me or impose his own preposterous ideas on me. On practically all subjects I can make up my own mind, and I like to feel that the man who is reading the news dispatches is aware of that fact.

I also happen to know a little and sometimes a lot about the opinionator type of news talker, and to say that I question their qualifications, as journalists or as men, is to be laughably temperate. Sometimes I wonder what some of the commercial announcers did for a living before they got on radio; but in the case of the opinionators I don't wonder. All too often I know. All too often the melancholy truth is that if they could have been something else, they would have been.

★ ★ ★

I SHALL NOW do some name-dropping with a purpose:

At dinner the other night I sat next to Ginger Rogers.

At that dinner my wife sat next to Clark Gable.

If you don't consider that name-dropping, my next point is not worth anything. But I know you will kindly consider me a name-dropper, and my purpose is to make reply to Standard Hollywood Story Number 453-B, Drawer 3.

Old 453-B has popped up twice within the past week, once in the magazine section of a Sunday newspaper, and once in a motion-picture trade journal. Old 453-B is the one that starts something like this: "Movie producers and exhibitors are worried about the dearth of new faces . . . The big stars are still the same big stars of five or ten years ago—Gable, Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers . . ." I think you know the rest. The exhibitors (who I have a hunch are about as real as the radio opinionators' "some observers") are said to be wringing their hands and beating their bosoms because there are no new stars except Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn.

Well, the reason you call me a name-dropper is that the Gables and Rogerses are still names that draw. They draw at the box office and they get stared at wherever they go. It is my lofty opinion that it is Fred Astaire, a veteran, rather than Leslie Caron, a newcomer, who is chiefly responsible for the gratifying success of Daddy Long Legs.

By the way, I was an early and immediate admirer of Shirley Temple. So I am not against youth as such. More recently, I was an early and immediate admirer of Grace Kelly. But so long as I can draw the accusation of name-dropping because I mention famous dinner companions, those dinner companions are safely situated in the Hollywood astronomy.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE HERE a Reuter's dispatch from Berlin, and if I could read just those words aloud to you I would put so much stuff in my voice that you would expect that my next words would inform you, at the very least, that Reichschancellor Adolf Hitler was on the march again. There is something so foreign and ominous about "I have here a Reuter's dispatch from Berlin" that you prepare yourself for the worst. Well, this Reuter's dispatch, made available to us through the world-wide facilities, etc., contains the first and so far as I know the exclusive information that in Halle, East Germany, a violinmaker has constructed a fiddle that has a body smaller than a matchbox.

Hurray for you, unnamed maker of little fiddles! I am acquainted with several members of the family that own Halle Brothers department store in Cleveland, Ohio, and I shall see to it that your peaceful, constructive artistry comes to their attention.

As to you, Reuter's, hereafter get the names of important men in the news.

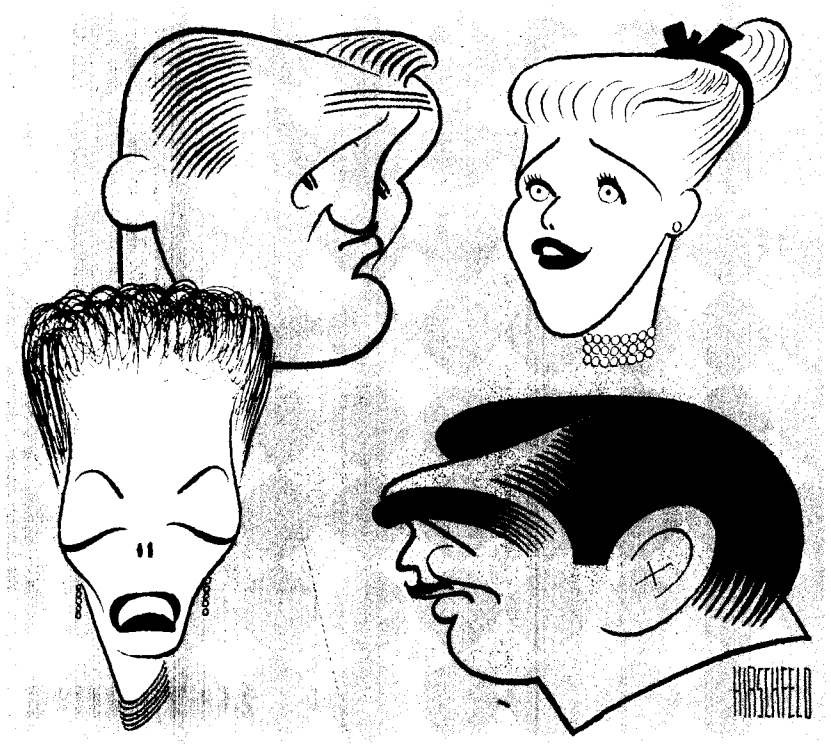
★ ★ ★

I EXPECT to be paying a brief visit to San Francisco along about the time these words are available to the public. The last time I spent a night in San Francisco I slept in a corner of a large sample room in one of the fashionable hotels. If you want to learn how it is to feel lonesome in a strange city, try sleeping in a room that is big enough for three or four samples of the large-size Chris-Crafts, but without the Chris-Crafts.

★ ★ ★

THE SOMEWHAT nonmaritime state of Nebraska used to have, and may still have, proportionately, more men in the Navy than any section from the Bay State to the Bay Area. And that's easy to under-

AL HIRSCHFELD



The big stars are still the same big stars of five or 10 years ago: (clockwise from lower left) Katharine Hepburn, Tracy, Rogers, Gable

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. . . if you want to take it easy later

You could outlive your savings—but you can't outlive the regular monthly income from a MONY Retirement Policy, because with this policy your monthly checks will come in as long as you live.

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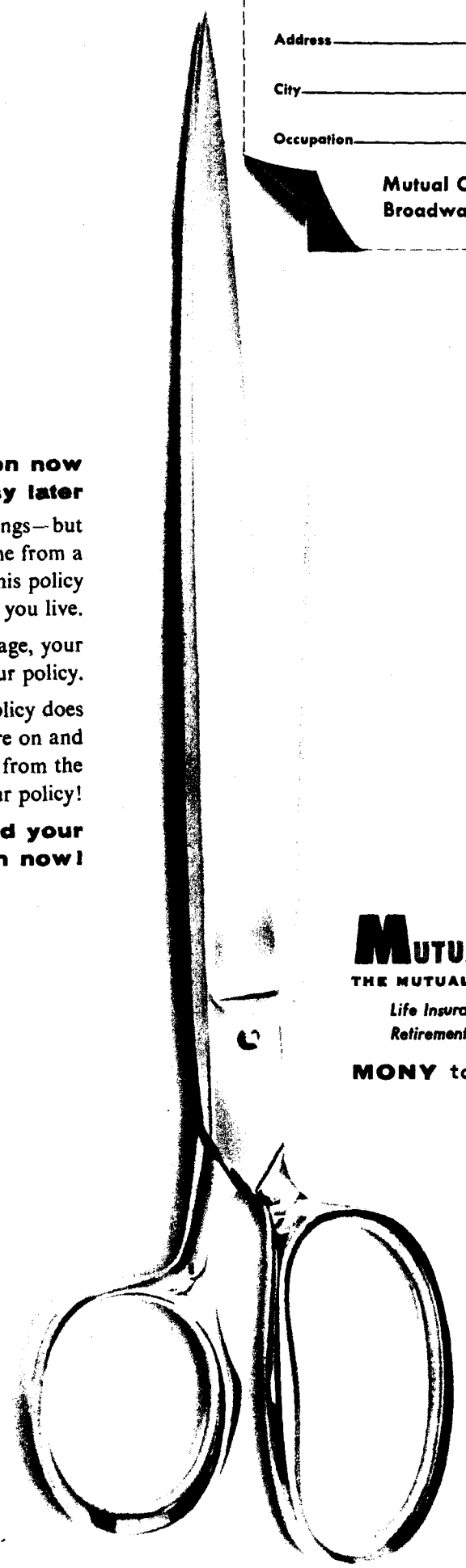

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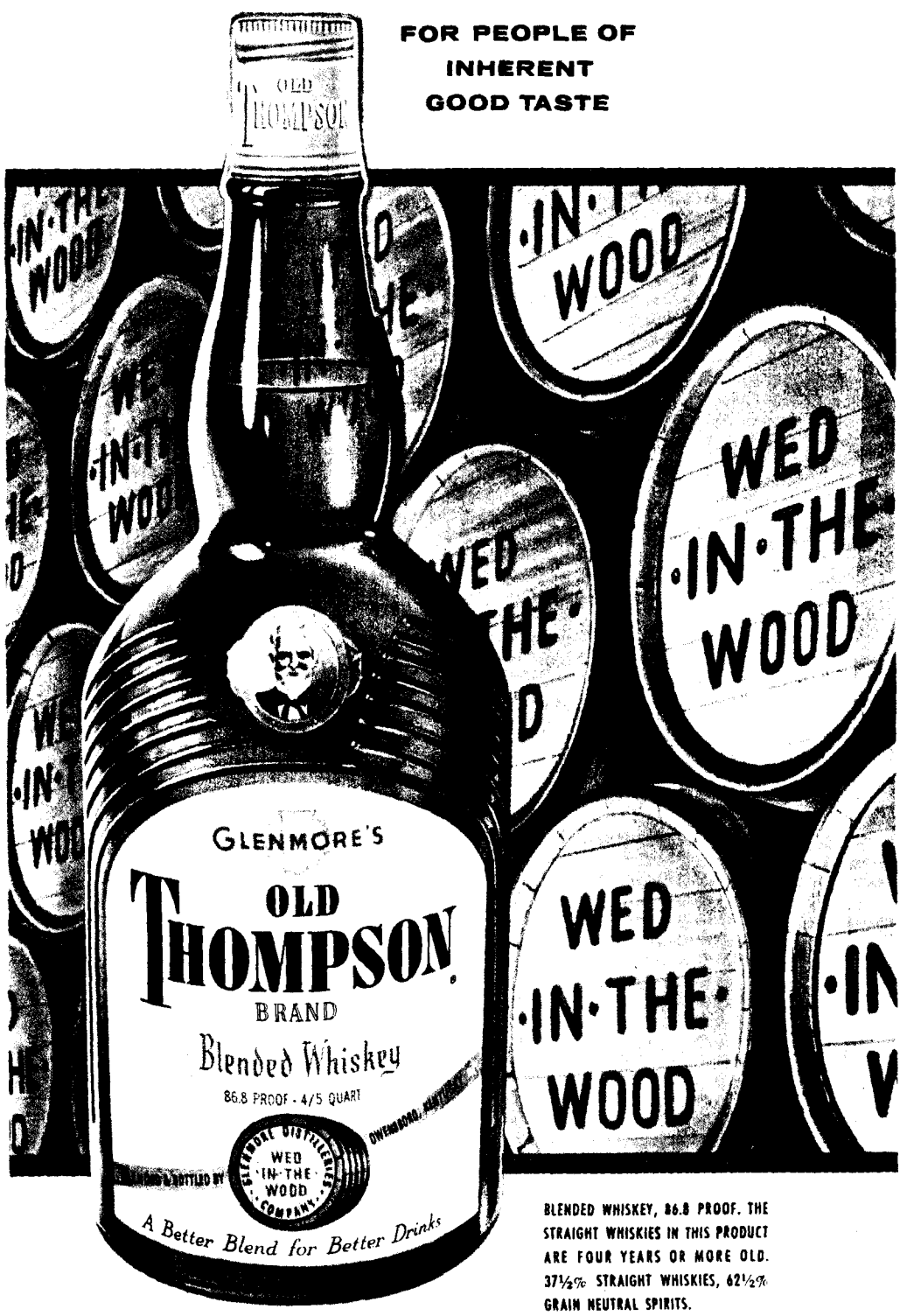
**First the straight whiskies are aged—then blended with fine grain neutral spirits—then, instead of being bottled immediately, the blend is put back into barrels to "Wed-in-the-Wood."*

FOR PEOPLE OF INHERENT GOOD TASTE



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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

stand; the landlocked are suckers for the sea. When I am on a railway train and I see an empty rowboat on a mill pond, that's enough to start it for me, and I will never live long enough to get bored by the sea and ships. I like all kinds of craft, from a sampan to a carrier, as I like all kinds of horses, from an Eohippus to a Clydesdale, with the difference that while I used to be able to shoe a horse, I do not know the difference between a Marconi rig and a balloon jib. I do my sailing vicariously; one of my best friends once won the Bermuda race and made an Olympic team as a yachtsman. I suppose I am what is called a porch sailor.

As a porch sailor I am enjoying a fairly new book called The Boatman's Almanac, subtitled The Year-Round Manual for Boat Owners. Now the odd thing about this book is that it was written by a man who has been a friend of mine for exactly half my life, and yet I never talked boats with him. I knew he had been an ensign in War One, but my association with Herb Crooker was in an enterprise so far removed from sea spray that somehow the subject never came up. Our jobs required us to get the names and pictures of Constance Bennett, Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, Ann Harding and Marilyn Miller, among many others, in the newspapers and magazines. If Bebe Daniels came to town I was appointed to make contact with the boys and girls on the dailies, and Herb Crooker arranged for the magazine interviews. They were busy days for Herb and me, but he apparently kept young and healthy by sneaking off to Long Island Sound. I suppose there *is* one topic easier to talk about and I suppose we *did* talk about it, to the exclusion of the nautical.

Well, Herb's Almanac starts out with a grammatical error in the dedication, which will make his Cornell English teachers shudder, but after that it is loaded to—where else?—the gunwales with information about powerboats and sail, rules and regulations, maintenance problems, racing records, lists of boatbuilders and quite a bit of yachting history, told in language that even I have no trouble understanding. I think he has earned a Well Done.

★ ★ ★

THE NEXT TIME a broadcasting company wants to see if a comedian can make a commentator look ridiculous, the broadcasters ought to advertise the program as what it is and not what it isn't. A professional funnyman figures to have at his disposal a greater fund of wisecracks than a former editorial writer who got famous on the radio. And if the funny fellow's victim is a man so serious-minded and dignified that those characteristics are even revealed in his speech, the funny fellow ought to have an easy time of it. But it didn't turn out that way when H. V. Kaltenborn, a man whom I can't help respecting, was set up as the target for the incessant and tiresome wisecracking of Groucho Marx.

The program was called Remember 1938, a year so rich in material for re-examination on television that it could have gone on for fascinating hours. But instead it reached the TV screen as some clips of 1938 with pre-1938 jokes by Groucho Marx, whose technique seems to be to keep throwing them and one of them will register.

Giving Marx complete freedom of the screen, was, of course, the first mistake. He walked over and talked over everybody else, and he seemed to think that Marx, and not the terribly important year 1938, was what the broadcast was all about.

In 1938 I was taken to a London restaurant by a man who later distinguished himself in the British army. He obviously was a regular customer of the joint, and I will never forget how shocked I was with him and with the place when the customers, most of them young men of the university-graduate type, began to sing the Horst Wessel song. And they were not kidding it.

In 1938, also in London, I had a flat in Chelsea, from which I could easily see the Battersea Power Station. It was generally agreed and expected even then that the power station would be the first place bombed if the Germans decided to strike first and declare war later.

Now those are two ready recollections I have of 1938, indicative of what we were all feeling in greater or less degree. But did the television show recapture any of that? It did not. It had Groucho Marx baiting H. V. Kaltenborn and Oscar Levant telling the audience how unpopular he is and playing and conducting the Gershwin Concerto, two specialties of Levant's that are no more typical of 1938 than they are of 1954. It had Ethel Barrymore in an unexciting sequence from Jalna and some people doing a snatch from a forgotten revue.

Partly because of the show's failure to take advantage of the historical material, and partly because of Groucho Marx's manner, H. V. Kaltenborn came through as the hero of the afternoon. For Kaltenborn was really the show's only live representative of 1938, the only significant connection with that highly significant year.

The man to kid Kaltenborn lives in Independence, Missouri. And I understand he is available.

▲▲▲

Newscaster H. V. Kaltenborn is a man whom I can't help respecting

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Whose electric bills will he have to pay?

Is this youngster going to grow up to help pay a lot of other people's electric bills—just as you do today?

You're actually helping to pay the bills of 4 million businesses and homes that get subsidized electricity from federal government power projects.

Government-subsidized electricity is sold to customers for less than it costs. Who pays the difference? All taxpayers, including you.

If the groups that want the government to build more and more electric power projects have their way, your children some day may have to help pay many more millions of other people's electric bills.

Isn't that another good reason for opposing any more unnecessary federal government power projects?

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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I wanted so much to impress Sally that I agreed to fly to the moon

I'd Sign Anything

By NICHOLAS DI MINNO

IT ALL began when the telephone rang one night six months ago. The caller asked if I were Walter Millett and I said yes. The caller told me everything was ready.

"Ready?" I said. "Ready for what? Who is this?"

"Arnum Phillips. President of the First Beyond-Space Society. You wished to be on the first spaceship to the moon."

I remembered. I'd signed up at the State Fair a couple of years ago. In one of the big tents was a model of the spaceship of the future, and near it a sign telling about this society that was planning to fly to the moon. Anyone who wanted to go along as a passenger on the first trip was invited to sign at the bottom. It was only the second time I'd been out with Sally and I wanted to impress her. So I signed.

"The ship's completed and ready to go," Phillips was saying. "Will you be able to leave tomorrow night?"

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

"Listen," I said. "That was a long time ago. A lot has happened to me since. I've got a wife, a mortgage on my house, a lien on my car. I can't go gallivanting to the moon."

"For every day you're away from earth you'll receive one hundred dollars," said Phillips. "And if—er—something should go wrong, your survivors will be taken care of for the rest of their lives. But there's no danger. You'll be making history, Mr. Millett. How I envy you."

"What d'you mean, you envy me?" I said. "Aren't you going?"

"No, no. I've got to keep in touch with things down here. Besides, I've signed a contract to write a series of columns about the trip. You'll radio to us periodically and I'll write your impressions."

"*My* impressions? What would I know? I should think you'd want to get impressions of scientists."

"That would be better," said Phillips, "but you see, they won't be going. This ship can carry only one person."

"Only one?" I said. "Me?"

"Yes. It will be controlled from the ground to land on the moon and return. All you need do is go along for the ride."

"But what about all the other guys who signed up? There must have been hundreds."

"True, but they're all rather busy, one thing and another. And we happen to know you're not working now. Should be ideal for you."

He was right. I wasn't working. Work was slack at the tire plant and it might be months before there was enough business to call me back. But should I take off for the moon just because things were slack? I didn't like the sound of it. That day at the fair had been sunny and warm and Sally had been standing beside me and I'd had a few beers—of course I'd signed. But now it was different. I had responsibilities.

"Here's a chance for fame and fortune," Phillips was saying. "The chance of a lifetime. The first to the moon! Imagine what that would mean to you, your wife, the society. There'd be enough glory for all of us."

"I'm not interested in glory," I told him. "Is the ship safe?"

"As safe as human ingenuity can make it."

"Well, *is* it safe?"

"That's what I'm trying to convey. Now don't give a hasty answer, Millett. I realize, calling you up at ten in the evening, asking you to leave for the moon tomorrow, all rather abrupt. But we must get the ship off the ground. One of our creditors is getting an injunction to restrain us, says we haven't paid for the aluminum. So we must move quickly. Discuss it with your wife, tell her about the hundred dollars a day and survival benefits and so on. Remember, Millett, it's your chance to go down in history and make a fortune for us all. Good night."

I said something about not wanting to go down in history, but he'd hung up. I went to find Sally. She was in the kitchen washing dishes.

"Who was calling?" she asked.

"Someone who wanted me to fly to the moon."

"You don't have to be sarcastic," she said.

"I'm not being sarcastic," I said. "This man wanted me to fly to the moon in a spaceship."

She stopped washing dishes and looked at me. "Where'd he get your name?"

"Remember at the fair in fifty-three, after Joe had won four kewpie dolls and I hadn't won any, and I wanted to impress you? And so I signed that Space Society card saying I'd like to travel in the first ship to the moon?"

She didn't look pleased. "If you think you're going to leave me flat with all these bills—"

"Oh, this man said they'd give us a hundred dollars a day while I was up there." I joked. "And they'd take care of you in case anything happened."

"One hundred dollars a day?" she said. "H'm. I could buy a dishwasher. I could buy a lot of

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Chevrolet's *red-hot* hill-flatteners!
162 H.P. V8 - 180 H.P. V8

See that fine fat mountain yonder?

You can iron it out, flat as a flounder . . . and easy as whistling!

Just point one of Chevrolet's special hill-flatteners at it (either the 162-h.p. "Turbo-Fire V8," or the 180-h.p. "Super Turbo-Fire"*) . . . and pull the trigger!

Barr-r-r-r-o-o-O-O-OOM!

Mister, you got you a flat mountain!

. . . At least it *feels* flat. Because these silk-and-dynamite V8's gobble up the toughest grades you can ladle out. They love to climb, because that's just about the only time the throttle ever comes near the floorboard.

And that's a pity. For here are engines that sing as sweetly as a dynamo. Big-bore V8's with the shortest stroke in the industry—built to pour out a torrent of pure, vibrationless power.

So most of the time they loaf. Even at the speed limit they just dream along, light and easy as a zephyr, purring out an effortless fraction of their strength.

You don't have to be an engineer to know that these are the sweetest-running V8's you ever piloted. Just drop in at your Chevrolet dealer's, point the nose at the nearest hill, and feather the throttle open. *These* V8's can do their own talking . . . and nobody argues with them! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan. **Optional at extra cost.*

motoramic CHEVROLET *Stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars with the most modern V8 on the road!*

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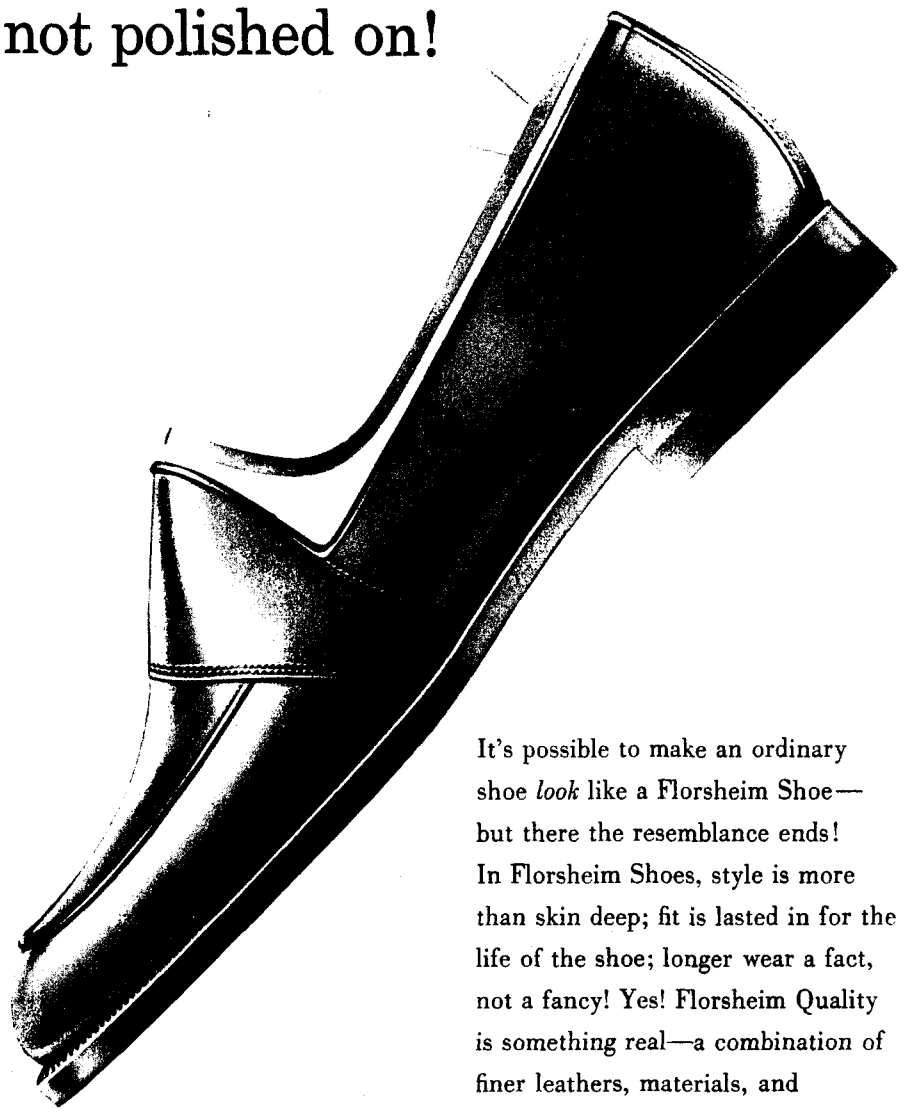
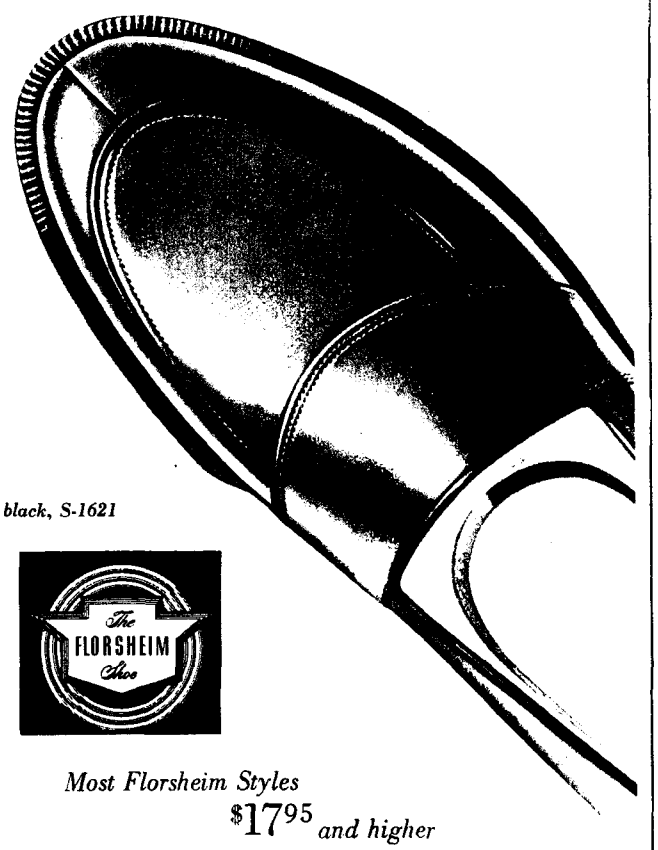
12

Florsheim Shoes

with *QUALITY* that's built in... not polished on!



It's possible to make an ordinary shoe *look* like a Florsheim Shoe—but there the resemblance ends! In Florsheim Shoes, style is more than skin deep; fit is lasted in for the life of the shoe; longer wear a fact, not a fancy! Yes! Florsheim Quality is something real—a combination of finer leathers, materials, and workmanship from tip to top lift—it's Quality *built in*, not polished on!



The BRISTOL, *S-1622; tan calf* LOTOP *slip-on; in black, S-1621*

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Most Florsheim Styles $17.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

stuff. And they'd take care of me if something happened? For how long?"

You'd think we were talking about a trip to the drugstore. She never even asked whether it was dangerous or not. And when she heard what Phillips said about fame and fortune, that decided her. She told me I ought to do it. Since I wasn't working and the bills were piling up, I'd better give this trip a try. It might lead to something. If I passed it up—well, in fifteen years I'd still be recapping tires. And besides, she didn't like cowards.

SO WHEN Phillips called the next morning I said all right. He sent a lawyer to go over the details of the daily payments to Sally, and I began to feel like the late Walter Millett.

Sally was gay that afternoon and all through dinner. She'd cooked a turkey and brought out our wedding silver. I could see she didn't expect me back for some time.

At six I was ready. Sally was in the kitchen figuring what she could do to the house if I stayed away a month. I said good-by, she pecked at my cheek, and went on with her calculations. I was driven out to a wooded area near Black Lake. Phillips met me there, introduced me to the reporters, and had the photographers take my picture.

The reporters wanted to know all about me and why I was leaving the comforts of earth to try the unknown. It bothered me the way they thought I was a daredevil. When I asked Phillips about it he said they made everything dramatic, that was their business.

The launching was set for seven o'clock. Phillips led me over to the ship. It was shaped like a projectile and was on a platform. Phillips said it had automatic controls, and told me the few details I needed to know. He'd be in radio communication with me at all times, and there'd be no trouble at all.

They got me into a harness and oxygen mask and I crawled in. Phillips shook hands with me and whispered that he'd have a hundred contracts and deals lined up by the time I got back. The door closed, the harness tugged on my arms, and suddenly Black Lake wasn't there any more.

Pretty soon Phillips' voice came over the radio asking me what was happening. I described the stars and said I was cold. He wanted to know the colors of the vapors I was passing through, my sensations, and a lot of other stuff. His voice crackling over the headphones prevented me from dozing, and I decided after a while that I didn't like Mr. Phillips.

The moon was getting bigger and bigger, and soon I couldn't see anything else. At one in the morning I landed. The ship bounced off some crumbly stuff and came to rest in a shallow pool. I unhinged the latch and got out. All I could see was a spongelike surface. The air was blue, there were greenish vapors and it was cold.

I got on the radio and told Phillips what I saw. He said they knew that much from telescopes, that I should stroll around and observe. So I strolled around and observed, but a mile away the moon was just like the moon where I'd landed. I told Phillips, and he said to keep looking. He wanted to get at least ten installments out of the story. And the longer I was up there the more money we'd make and the more glory for the society.

I had enough fresh water and chocolate to last a month, so I hung around a few days. I sat in the ship, ate chocolate, and told Phillips about the caves and craters and different-colored gases. On the third day I got tired of the caves, the craters and the chocolate, and thought I'd go back to earth.

But Phillips said I ought to stay until I couldn't stand it any longer. It meant a lot to the society. It proved their theory and would make us all famous. Then he got Sally to talk to me. She said how much those hundreds of dollars were helping and how I had to stay up there. It was my chance to make something of myself, make some real money for a change. So I settled back, ate some more chocolate, and watched the vapors rise out of the ground.

On the fifth day I was good and sick of chocolate, and decided that Phillips and Sally could go to blazes. Not bothering to tell them what I was about to do, I got into my harness, closed the door, and pressed a button. There was a rush of air and the ship shot out into space. I got on the radio and told Phillips I was coming back. He was mad and started mumbling about gratitude—said I'd ruined the advertising scheme, that I was to have been billed as The Man Who Lived on the Moon for Ten Days.

I asked where we'd need advertising, and he said vaudeville, naturally. He and Sally had been signing contracts for me right and left. Then Sally came on and wanted to know why I hadn't stayed up there. She said I'd always been selfish. About then I clicked off the radio.

The ship raced through the black and green vapors, and soon I could make out the earth. After a while I got Phillips on the radio and asked if I'd land at the point I'd started from. He said yes; those little red wires near the floor controlled the flight. I must be careful not to break them, or the gyro would flip over and I'd land Heaven-knows-where.

So I sat and listened to Phillips talking about deals, and every once in a while Sally would break in to ask why, oh, why hadn't I stayed up there a few days longer. The air whistled past and I thought about the vaudeville and advertising and contracts and this Phillips that I'd be seeing so much of for the rest of my life. The headphones were squawking for me to describe the vapor trails, and suddenly I reached down and pulled the red wires. Then I took off the headphones and threw them on the floor.

The earth was the size of a pumpkin now, and getting bigger all the time. Thirty minutes later I jounced down on some soft foliage near what looked like a lagoon. This, I learned later, was Pakupeete in the South Seas.

THAT was six months ago. I'm the king's son-in-law now, and sitting outside the hut waiting for Keilani. She's gone to make a grass fan to shoo away the flies where I sleep. Keilani's beautiful, too. These people know nothing about trips to the moon and care less. If you saw this island, you'd know why.

And it all happened because I signed my name at the State Fair. I guess the moral is: sign anything—either that or pull wires. Do both and you end up with a princess on Pakupeete. Here she comes now. —NICHOLAS DIMINNO

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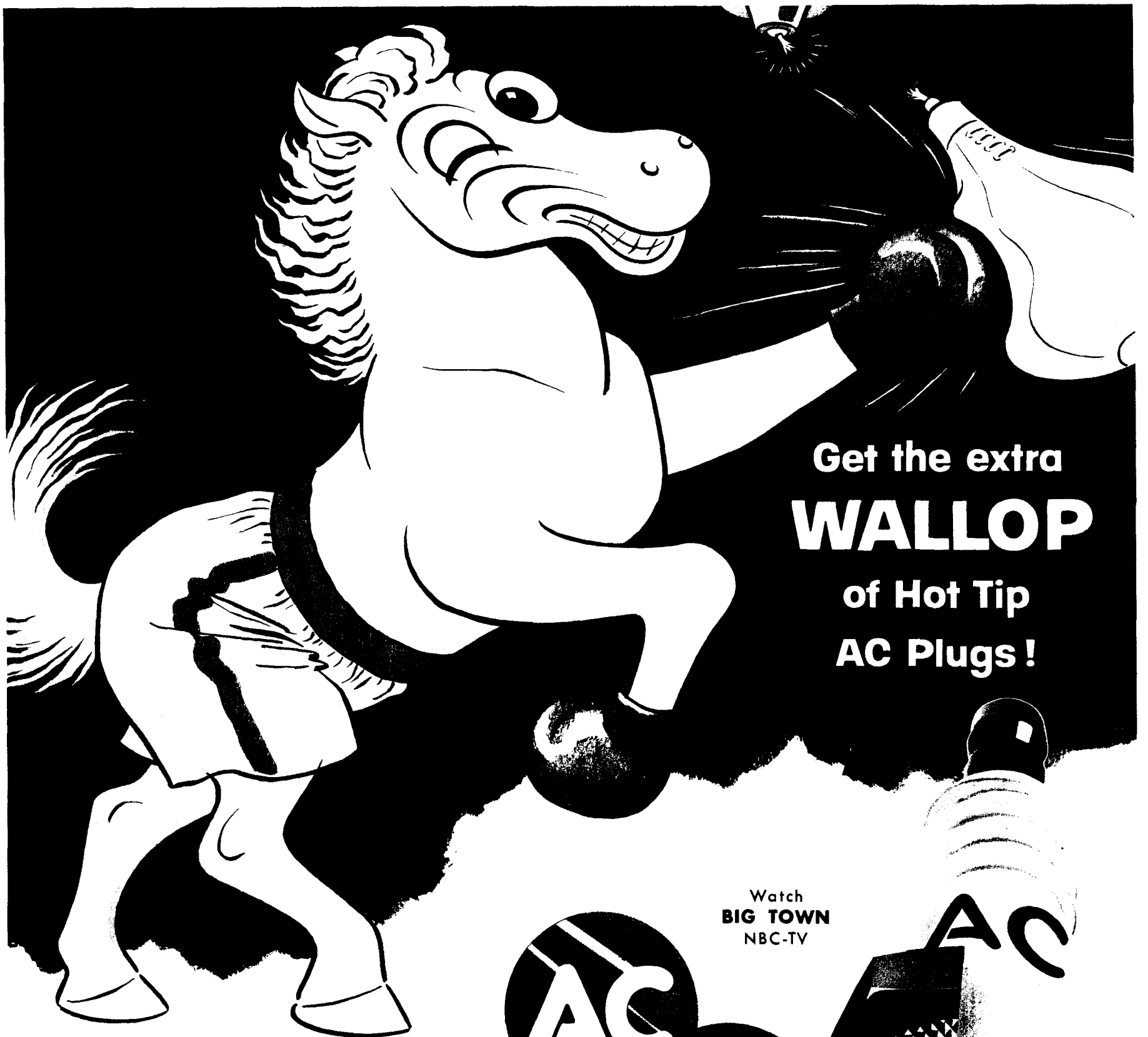

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Extra punch in your spark plugs . . . extra power in your engine!

Fouled plugs cause loss of pep, power and performance. They may result in hard starting, too.

That's why it is so important to have Hot Tip AC Spark Plugs in your car. AC's long, thin insulator tips heat faster than ordinary, thick-tip plugs ever can. Carbon and oil are burned away *before* they can deposit and foul plugs. More "wallop" in your spark plugs is the result — more pep and more power in your car!

Have a new set of lively AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs installed every 10,000 miles.

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CALL FOR
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STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON MORE THAN HALF OF ALL CARS BUILT TODAY!

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Rest assured

when you drink Early Times.

For Kentuckians themselves, who know so much about fine horses and fine whisky, choose Early Times year after year over all other straight bourbons.

It's every ounce a man's whisky.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

JAIME Q. CRUZ

Celso Al. Carunungan made the best of life in an air-raid shelter

IN HIS native Filipino tongue, Tagalog, his last name means "knowledge," and Celso Al. (for Almadin) Carunungan seems to have sought it. Son of a publisher in Manila, he has been a voracious reader since he was a boy. "During the war we spent hours in the air-raid shelters," he recalls, "and that's when I got through the long ones, like Gone with the Wind, Ulysses, The Forsyte Saga and Thomas Wolfe."

After high school and three years at the University of Santo Tomas, Carunungan came to this country in 1949 and entered Columbia University. He received a B.S. degree in 1954, majoring in creative writing, and he's now taking a graduate course in American literature at New York University.

In his spare time he writes fiction stories, such as the one on page 56. Regarding it, he says:

"I was in the Philippines throughout the war, and when I was about thirteen I saw an American flier bail out over Manila. He was never captured, because our people cared for him. That's why I wrote Hideout for a Hero.

"They tell me it violates four fiction-story rules at one time: it has a foreign setting, war background, no girl and a sad ending."

One rule the story doesn't violate: it's good reading.

★ ★ ★

FROM the two New York establishments (Marine & Pet-Land and Coral Aquarium) owned by Earl Schneider came the many tropical fishes needed by photographer Jerry Yulsman for our cover feature.

Schneider recently talked to us about birds, animals and fishes while we eyed his own special pets which surround him in his tiny, cluttered office: a live python, a South American tree frog (suction feet for climbing trees), a pregnant brown mouse, and an infirmary full of poorly parakeets ("If your parakeet feels badly, heat him up —90 degrees or more").

"I've got so many creatures at home that I can hardly recall them for you. My eldest child, Elise, eleven, has been bitten by a flying squirrel, a talking parakeet, a boa constrictor (they bite before they constrict, you know), a rat, a mouse, a dog—and her brother."

★ ★ ★

TECHNICAL advice for the tropical-fish piece came from William T. Innes and his associates, Alan Fletcher and John Anderson. Eighty-two-year-old Innes wrote Exotic Aquarium Fishes, a book which has been gospel on the subject for twenty years. Anything from him is automatically above suspicion—such as the way we're spelling the plural of gourami on the cover —so please let's not have any letters from you people about *that*.

★ ★ ★

IF YOU can spot the culprit early in Sinners and Shrouds, you are a better man than Jonathan Latimer, the author. "My plots come to me in bits and pieces," he writes from his La Jolla, California, home, "and often I'm more than halfway through a story before I know myself who the murderer is. This one was no exception."

Latimer has been writing mystery books and movie scripts for almost twenty years. The movies he likes best to remember are The Glass Key, The Big Clock and Alias Nick Beal.

"I began life as a reporter in Chicago in 1929, for six years doing almost everything, from covering the detective bureau to ghostwriting a beauty-hints column for the Herald-Examiner and for the Tribune. Since then, except for a couple of years in Key West, I've lived on the Coast.

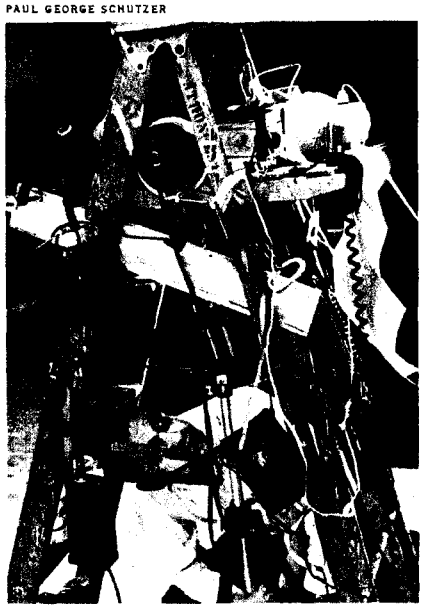
"I write mysteries because I like to read 'em. I have one in work right now. The scene is 125,000,000 light-years away. It's called The Strange Case of the Cosmic Rays." (One sure thing about that one. The butler didn't do it.)

★ ★ ★

ALLEN RANKIN is a free-lance writer who has this to say about Wally Fowler (page 26): "I spent five years in the Air Force and seven years on the Alabama Journal with many a grueling assignment, and on my first story for Collier's some years ago I backed into a 20-foot well and broke a leg. But traveling daytimes with the indefatigable gospel singers and keeping up with them ten or twelve hours a night while they performed—well, that's been the toughest yet."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

PAUL GEORGE SCHUTZER



Jerry Yulsman and his camera try snooping into private lives of fishes

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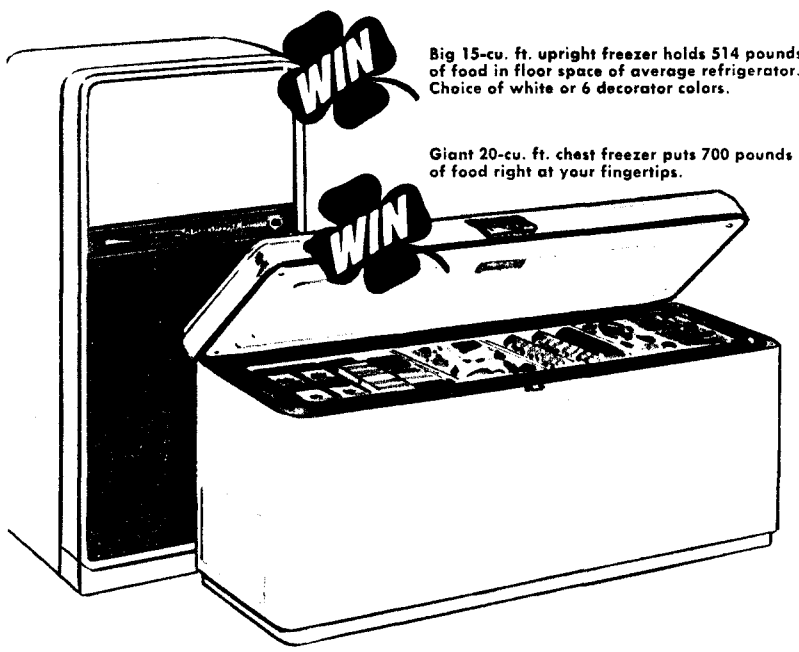
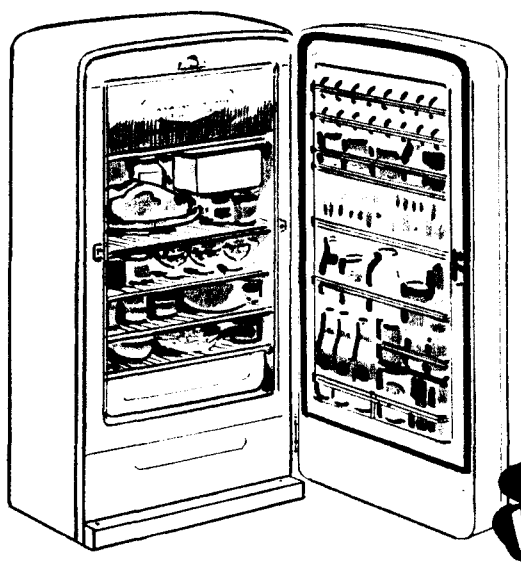
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER'S

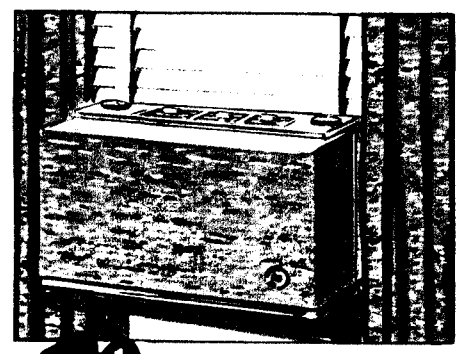
$200,000 SWEEPSTAKES



Big 15-cu. ft. upright freezer holds 514 pounds of food in floor space of average refrigerator. Choice of white or 6 decorator colors.

Giant 20-cu. ft. chest freezer puts 700 pounds of food right at your fingertips.





All-Seasons 1 h.p. air conditioner with no-draft cooling, automatic thermostat. Heats as well as cools.

Big 12-foot refrigerator fits small kitchens! Decorated to match your own color scheme, or in gleaming white.

500 WINNERS — 500 PRIZES!

Win your choice of a New IH Refrigerator, Freezer, or Air Conditioner

NOTHING TO BUY! NO JINGLES TO WRITE!

JUST DEPOSIT YOUR SWEEPSTAKES TICKET WITH ANY IH DEALER!

Five hundred lucky people are going to win first prize in International Harvester's $200,000 Sweepstakes—and one of them might as well be you!

And when you win, you can take your choice of a brand-new 1955 IH refrigerator, upright or chest freezer, or room air conditioner . . . the finest refrigeration products made, each with a retail value of $400 to $500.

All you do is fill in your Sweepstakes Ticket and deposit it with any IH dealer. Drop it in his "Sweepstakes Ballot Box." That's all. No obligation. Simply visit the store—nothing more.

Two drawings—August 15 and September 15. Get your Sweepstakes Ticket in right away!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

See International Harvester products on "The Halls of Ivy," starring Ronald Colman, CBS-TV. See your newspaper for station and time.

250 prizes will be awarded in Sweepstakes closing August 15, 1955, and 250 prizes will be awarded in Sweepstakes closing September 15, 1955. Winners will be chosen by blindfold drawings by Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, Chicago, whose selections are final. Any resident of continental U.S.A. eligible, except employees of International Harvester Company, their dealers and dealer salesmen, their advertising agencies, and their immediate families. This promotion subject to federal, state and local regulations. Sweepstakes entries cannot be accepted in any area in which this type of promotion is prohibited. No entries accepted from persons under 16 years of age. Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners available at IH dealers' stores following selection of winners.

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DEPOSIT YOUR IH SWEEPSTAKES TICKET WITH ANY IH DEALER!

For the best refrigeration products see your IH dealer now. And *remember*, if you are one of 500 Sweepstakes winners you have *your choice of any* of the IH products shown above.

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Print name and address clearly. Deposit with any IH dealer.

Name .....

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My choice of the prizes is: C

- ☐ **IH Refrigerator Model A-120-D**
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Use this ticket or a reasonable facsimile, or obtain a free ticket at your IH dealer's.

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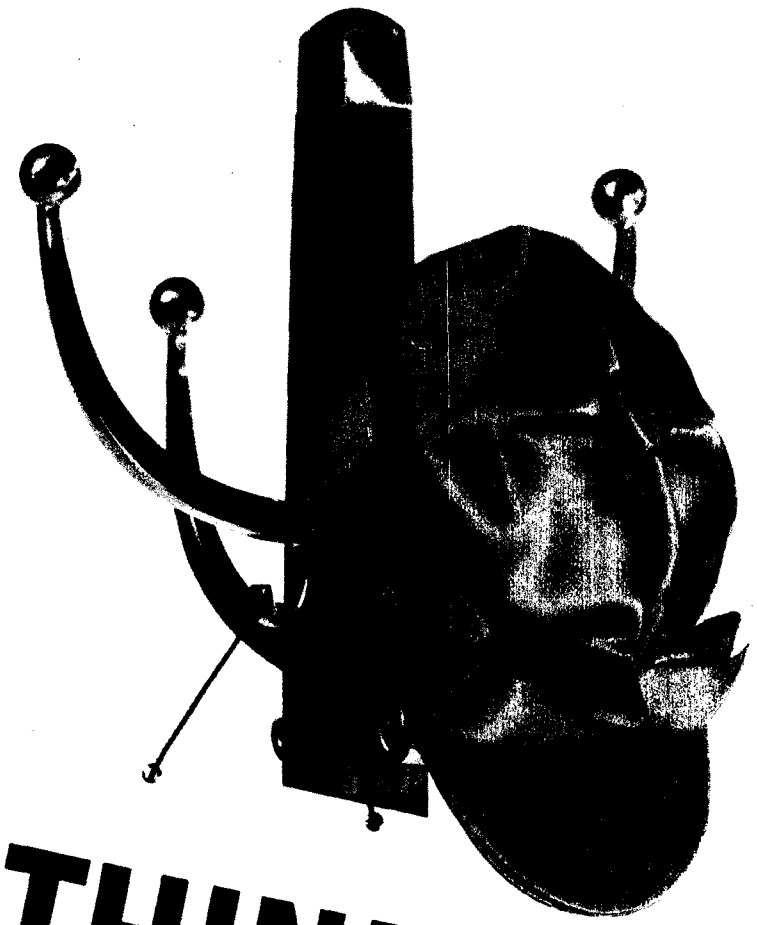

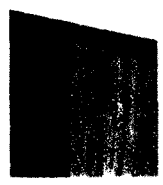

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...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.
NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.
NOW, think of them both together.
That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale!
Next time you're thirsty, think—
and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .
Carling's **RED CAP** *Ale*

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

● See defending champions Julius Boros and Marty Furgol at the Carling-Sponsors Golf Championship, Charles River Country Club, Boston, Sept. 22-25, 1955.

LETTERS

Oregon Acts

EDITOR: Re Bernard Spindel and Bill Davidson's constructive articles on wiretapping (Who Else Is Listening?, June 10th and 24th), after a discussion and debate which continued almost the entire recent legislative session, Senate Bill 165, providing stiff penalties against wiretapping in Oregon and making wire-tapped evidence inadmissible in Oregon courts, was adopted. The only exception was much along the lines suggested by Mr. Spindel in the cases involving grave offenses, and then only for limited periods under strict court order and surveillance . . .

SENATOR MONROE SWEETLAND, Milwaukie, Ore.

. . . The writers forgot to mention just one thing. No honest person has anything to fear from wiretapping. No possible harm can come to you if you lead a blameless life. I prefer to remain, yours, ANONYMOUS, Gary, Ind.

No Hands

EDITOR: I must disagree with your conclusions in the article Stoop or Bend? (May 27th). A man standing on your platform marking time would register a certain amount of energy used. The same man, standing on his hands, and marking time with his hands or arms, would undoubtedly register considerably less because his arms weigh less than his legs, but the assumption that people should therefore walk on their hands is obviously erroneous. Also a man sitting still on your platform would register no energy as would one standing bent over, but what about the strain on his back?

SOL WEINREICH, New York, N.Y.

Dr. Lucien Brouha, who is in charge of the Lauru Platform tests at Du Pont, says it is not true that the man standing on his hands would register less energy, because the weight of his body would be the same. Regarding the second point, Lucien Lauru, inventor of the platform is now working on a device to measure strain in static positions.

. . . The article does not answer the enigma of mental fatigue. Time and motion analysts have been asking themselves questions for years about this strange phenomenon. Industrial psychologists conducting experiments with individuals who have been subjected to extreme mental stress could find no indications of fatigue as they know it. . . .

G. ROBERT HOHLER, Boston, Mass.

Highways

EDITOR: There is a statement in your June 24th Collier's Comment (Life Lines and Deathtraps) that contains a grossly misleading statistic. "In a country that moves 77 per cent of its freight by truck . . ." The casual reader can be expected to assume that 77 per cent of the freight haulage in the country is performed over the highways for which you plead. Not so. Trucks perform about a fifth of all the intercity tonmiles in the country. They moved the rest of the 77 per cent on city streets and comparable thoroughfares . . .

DONALD W. ADAMS, Hinsdale, Ill.

. . . You are including the small delivery trucks such as baker, butcher, grocer, fruit and vegetable . . .

HARRY L. GANGWER, Weatherly, Pa.

The 1953 figures of intercity ton-miles: all agencies of transportation (road, rail and so on), 1,189,000,000,000 ton-miles; trucks, 206,800,000,000 ton-miles or 17.38 per cent of the total. The 1954 figures are not available but are believed to bring trucks up to 20 per cent of the total intercity ton-miles, which would validate Mr. Adams' figure of one fifth.

Name and Rank

EDITOR: The unidentified paratrooper pictured with General Maxwell Taylor in "Mr. Attack" Goes to Washington (June 24th) is Colonel Patrick F. Cassidy, new Chief of Staff of the 11th Airborne Division . . . Colonel Cassidy previously commanded the 511th Airborne Infantry, one of the three parachute regiments of the 11th Airborne Division.

LT. ROBERT W. STEWART, Fort Campbell, Ky.

. . . At the time the picture was taken, Colonel Cassidy was the Commanding Officer of the Second Battalion, 502d Parachute Regiment, 101st Airborne Division.

SGT. JOHN E. FITZGERALD, Wantagh, N.Y.

Light on Africa

EDITOR: In your issues of October 15 and 29, 1954, you gave a comprehensive report on The Negro in America Today, a bold and thorough coverage. Now adding to an already progressive list of liberal and farsighted articles you have printed the most constructive and enlightened piece of writing about Africa that I have ever read (Africa, by Chester Bowles, June 10th) . . .

ARTHUR J. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . In addition to charting a sensible course for our government, he is calling upon voluntary organizations and foundations in the U.S. to take on proj-

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ects that will create scholarship funds, set up hospitals and help develop and train native leaders in these embryo democracies . . .
MRS. NORMAN SCHIFF, Newark, N.J.

Storm Secret

EDITOR: Recently we discussed with Mr. Alfred Lansing the subject of lightning for his article (Lightning, July 8th). We should like to point out that the Air Force is doing more than anyone else to unravel the secrets of lightning and thunderstorms. The key is direct probing of the thunderhead. The Air Force has designed its research program to probe simultaneously inside the thunderclouds by means of instruments installed in one or more B-29s, to probe above by means of instruments carried aloft to 100,000 feet above the clouds by giant plastic balloons, and to probe underneath the clouds by means of radar and other electrical instruments on the ground . . .
P. H. WYCKOFF, Air Force Cambridge Research Center, Bedford, Mass.

Good as Wood?

EDITOR: In skipping through the June 24th issue, I came upon a story by Hope Shelley Miller. I noticed a pho-

tograph in one corner. On my way back through the magazine, I was surprised to see that it wasn't a photo at all but an extremely lifelike painting by Stan Ekman. He's as good as Grant Wood . . .
TRUMAN GRANDEY, Wolcott, Vt.

Another Ekman illustration is scheduled for a late summer issue.

Misfires

EDITOR: In his serial Man of the West (May 27th, June 10th and 24th), what does Philip Yordan mean when he writes that Thomas Early . . . "pulled back the bolt of his rifle"? . . . The illustration on page 84 shows Early with a lever-action rifle . . .

Also what makes Mr. Yordan think that pouring hot water on a cartridge will keep it from firing? I soaked a .38 Special in hot water for thirty minutes and took it out in the garage and fired it . . . The only difference in cartridges now from those of 1879 is that we have smokeless powder and noncorrosive primers.
R. J. SPANGLER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Two misfires: the rifle in our illustration was a lever-action piece and had no bolt. It is also true that getting a cartridge wet would not affect it unless it was defective.

Fiddle-dee-dee

EDITOR: In the May 27th issue of Collier's, I noticed a letter from a boy in which he referred to a trumpet as an old wind tunnel. I am twelve years old and I may take trumpet lessons. I feel that if the boy is going to be so persnickity about the violin he ought to respect the other instruments.
JUDY WHITE, Lakewood, N.J.

Turbines in Traffic

EDITOR: Re your article Turbocars (June 24th), the Rover Company in England had a gas turbine in a car in 1950 and has been driving it in traffic since then. The Austin Company had a gas turbine in its Sheerline sedan last year. The Fiat Company had an experimental vehicle some time ago . . .
WILLIAM M. KUMM, Baltimore, Md.

More Grace Notes

EDITOR: Bravo for Grace Kelly! I noticed in two of her three bathing-suit pictures (The Key to Kelly, June 24th) she was sporting the two-piece bathing suit. May she help bring it back to the notice of our fashion dictators . . .
VIRGINIA BATES, Brewer, Me.

Flat-foot Furor

EDITOR: I wonder how many of the girls kept the Appointment with O'Hara in your June 10th issue to hear Uncle John tell them how to torture their feet like Ma did. I think it is most gratifying to see the younger generation giving their feet a chance to grow and develop . . .
L. A. DELAPLAIN, Lyons, Ore.

. . . Flatties may suit the crew-cut boys, but you get support, Mr. O'Hara, from grass widowers, bachelors and married men above "that" age . . .
ALBERT T. JAMES, Columbus, Ohio

Debit to Credits

EDITOR: Oak Park High School is not in Chicago no matter what Collier's Credits says (June 24th). Oak Park High School is located within the boundaries of Oak Park, the largest village in the world, too good to be dismissed as part of Chicago . . .
PVT. ALAN K. BORSE, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Reader Borse, who graduated from Oak Park High in 1952, remembers better than Hannibal Coons (Class of 1927).

Straight Reading

EDITOR: I get a great deal of pleasure out of your magazine for the simple reason that your stories carry through till they are finished, with no hopping around through the magazine with continuations . . .
BOYKIN A. GLOVER, Andrews AFB, Washington, D.C.

Vacations

EDITOR: The article 20 New Budget Vacations (June 10th) figured a Mexican vacation would cost approximately $7 U.S.A. per person a day. That figure is much too high if one lives in any hotel American plan. In the really fine part of Mexico, at the Hotel Orozco in Guanajuato, the weekly rate for two is 90 pesos a day or roughly $7.25. Just north of there is the Hotel Balneario de Comanjilla—$6.50 per day for two.
A. V. HOWELL, Sarasota, Fla.

makes cold drinks *INSTANTLY!*

Pick the packages with the pitcher on the front for wonderful refreshment any time! One 5c package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep plenty in your refrigerator for the whole family to share. Miracle Aid . . . instant enjoyment!

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These Roads Are the Key to America's Highway Problem–Why?

Although comprising only 1% of all mileage, they handle 20% of the rural traffic; they should be the first roads to be rebuilt to adequate standards and paved with concrete

With concrete highways like the Cabrillo Freeway in San Diego California showed how city traffic congestion could be unsnarled.

Rebuilding and remodeling America's highways to adequate standards for 1975 traffic is a big, complex job. A nation-wide program for tackling this important problem in a systematic manner is now under way.

The systematic solution begins with the reconstruction of the most heavily-traveled and most important roads. These are shown on the map. They constitute the 40,000-mile National System of Interstate Highways authorized by Congress and selected by the several state highway departments and the Bureau of Public Roads.

The Interstate System carries 20 per cent of the country's rural highway traffic, yet it comprises only a little more than one per cent of the total road mileage. It connects 42 of the state capitals and 182 of the 199 cities with more than 50,000 population.

These key routes are essential to the smooth and economical flow of commerce; the swift movement of material and men in defense; the quick and efficient evacuation of cities in emergencies, and the safe, comfortable and enjoyable travel of the rapidly increasing millions of automobile owners and drivers.

Bringing the Interstate System and other main roads to adequate standards means providing sufficient lanes for the anticipated traffic and separating opposing streams of traffic with wide median strips. It means long sight distances, wide bridges and gentle curves so travel speed can be maintained. It means easy grades or extra lanes for heavy, slow-moving vehicles so traffic can keep moving. It means ample shoulders for emergency stops or repairs. In short it means building safe and sound roads and doing it as economically as possible.

That means paving with concrete. Concrete is safer and has longer life and lower annual cost than any other pavement.

As a driver you soon learn from experience that there is a difference between pavements. You discover that when you're driving on concrete you feel much safer and much more relaxed.

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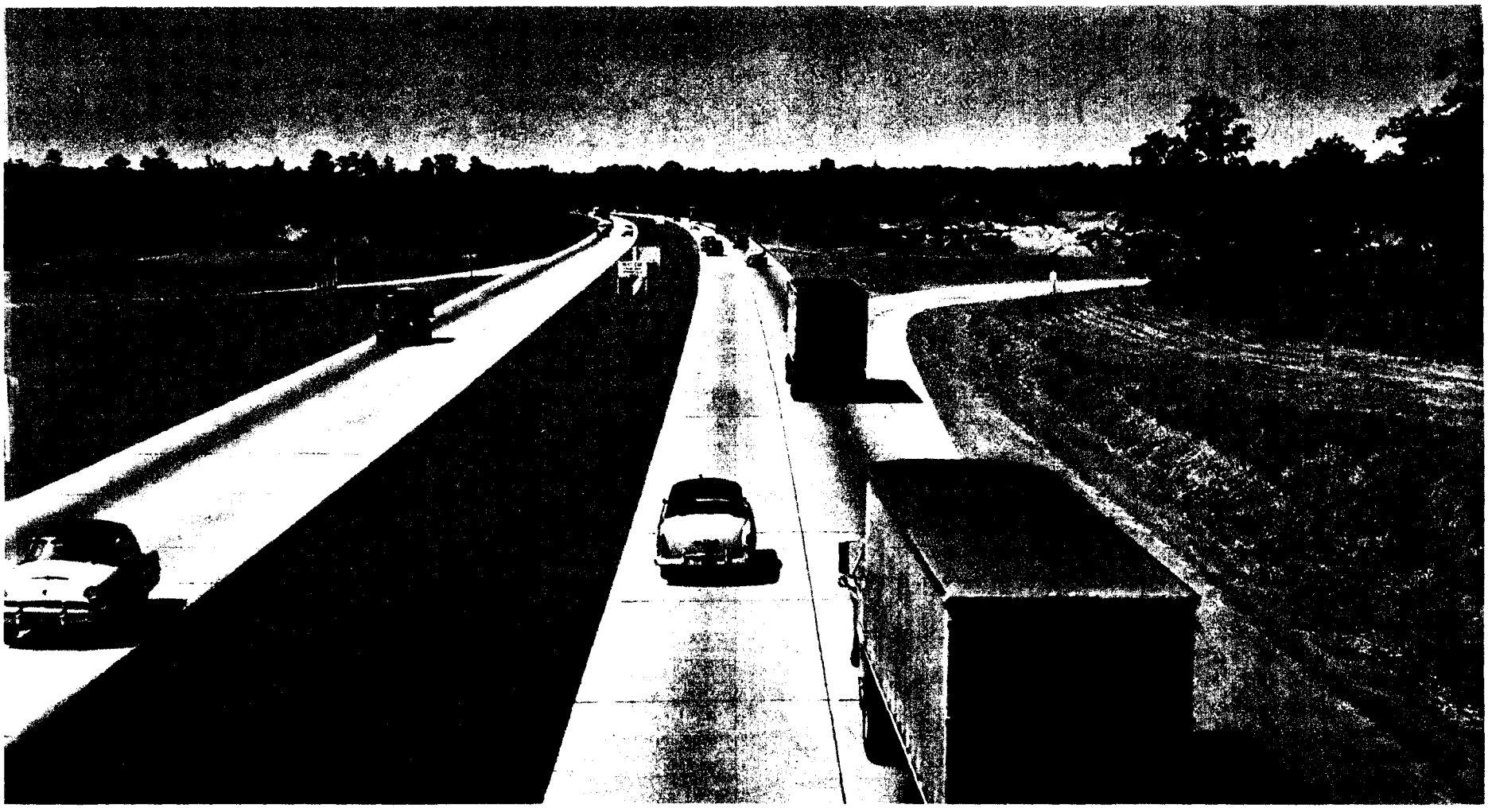

From near the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. Shirley Memorial Highway runs south to Woodbridge, Va., carrying an average of 30,000 vehicles daily. With two 12-foot concrete lanes in each direction, with a median strip from 14 to 70 feet wide and with only eight interchanges in its 17 miles, it is an excellent example of the kind of highway needed on America's main routes.

That is understandable because there are "built-in" safety features in concrete pavement.

One such feature is its gritty, highly skid-resistant surface, which enables your tires to grip—and hold—the pavement when you brake. In emergencies you can stop faster on concrete, *even when the pavement is wet.*

Another safety feature of concrete pavement is its light color, which spreads your headlight illumination instead of absorbing it. This means you can see much farther—and be much safer—at night when driving on concrete. *If you can't see you can't be safe!*

Concrete also is the most economical pavement for main roads. That's important to you because you pay for roads with your license fees, gasoline and other taxes.

Concrete usually costs less to build than other pavements designed for the same traffic. Official records prove concrete costs less to maintain and lasts twice as long. The result is ***low annual cost.*** What's more, improved materials, engineering design and construction methods now assure much better riding qualities and lower-annual-cost concrete roads.

Your money will buy good roads if you support sound highway planning and encourage friends, neighbors, club and business associates and public officials to do likewise.

For more information send for the free booklet, "*Save Lives, Save Dollars, with Concrete.*" It is sent only in the United States and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Dept. A8c-92, 33 West Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work.

Roads like this concrete Atlanta, Ga. expressway, with lanes of adequate width and number separated by a broad median strip, with wide curves, gentle grades and long sight distances speed traffic, relieve congestion and provide new standards of comfort and safety.

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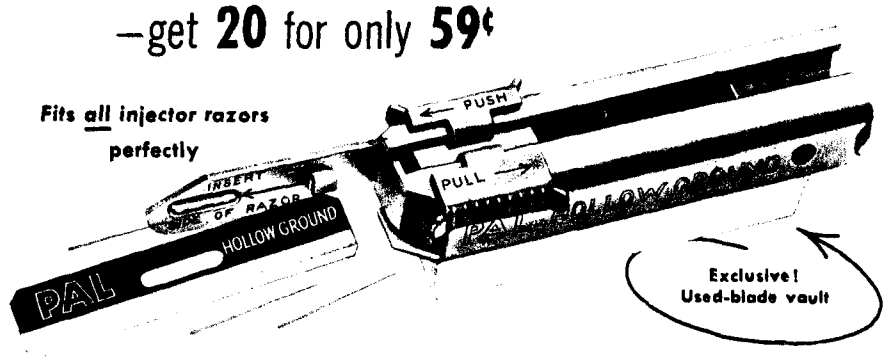

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Enjoy the smooth, clean comfort of a hollow ground blade

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Save Money—Say "PAL"

48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

When the Atlantic City, New Jersey, cops took the man in, the desk sergeant asked him routine questions, such as "Married?" To that one he replied: "No, sir. Never been in trouble before." (This is a good way to start a column. It leaves readers thinking that it may get better later on.)

★ ★ ★

This orator, says Mr. J. Walker, was coming to a nice boil about the advisability of electing him to public office. Got to the point where he told his wildly apathetic Santa Monica, California, audience to think back to crimes of the past. "Let me," cried he, "tax your memory." Whereat that inevitable guy sitting in the back row hollered: "Oh, no! There goes my last five bucks."

★ ★ ★

Chances are better than pretty good that this is the only column in all these 48 this week to tell you what happened in Suffield, Connecticut. And we owe it all to Mr. Charles Brunelle, of Hartford. Farmer called on a Suffield lawyer, told him his problem, and said: "Whole difficulty ain't worth more than five dollars to clear up. When you've given me five dollars' worth of advice, shut up."

★ ★ ★

It is with heavy heart we record the misfortunes of this Midland, Texas, gentleman. Thrice in two weeks he had received word that new gushers had been brought in on his land. Seeking respite from such boredom, he was sitting in at a table-stakes poker game when he was called to the phone. He

IRWIN CAPLAN

tottered back shaking his head sorrowfully. "They struck uranium, too," he sighed. "Ho hum. Gimme three cards." One of his sympathetic playmates tried to comfort him: "Don't take it too hard, Al," he consoled. "Remember the old saying: Into each life some uranium must fall." (If it really happened, things are much worse than we thought.)

★ ★ ★

The sign on the store read: "Men's suits reduced. Two pairs of ants." So Mr. Biff Kubiak let us know, via post card, from Pocatello, Idaho, adding: "Ants are bigger and tougher out here and a guy don't need more than four to keep him hustling."

★ ★ ★

And in Erie, Pennsylvania, a lady who wasn't feeling well was cornered at a cocktail party by a gentleman she didn't like anyway. He told her that

his wife was the best bargain hunter in all Erie. "Must have developed that talent since meeting you," said the lady, feeling better.

★ ★ ★

With all the physical and architectural improvements they're planning for our National Capitol in Washington, D.C., we got to thinking about the stately pile's woodshed. If it hadn't been for South Dakota's Senator Karl E. Mundt, we wouldn't have known there was a woodshed. "Yes, indeed," said the senator, "and a fine woodshed it is—in the Capitol's subbasement." We asked what it was used for. "Wood," said Senator Mundt. "What do you think? We senators drew eighteen cords last winter for our fireplaces here in the Senate wing. Made the place very homey." We said something silly and obvious about old-fashioned uses a woodshed might be put to. But Senator Mundt was much too dignified and intelligent to reply.

★ ★ ★

This Columbus, Ohio, furniture salesman starts out by reporting the newlyweds were young and wanted to buy a few new chairs and tables. "Yes, indeed," this salesman told them. "Now, what's the motif of the furniture you already have, what period?" And the girl said: "Early matrimonial. His mother gave us some from her house and so did mine."

★ ★ ★

To get the bugs out of his business, a Springfield, Massachusetts, confectioner called in a firm devoted to ridding the premises of objectionable animal life. They sealed the windows and the doors, and the fumigating began. The proprietor hung out a sign: "If you see smoke, do not call the fire department. We are merely being exterminated." ▲▲▲

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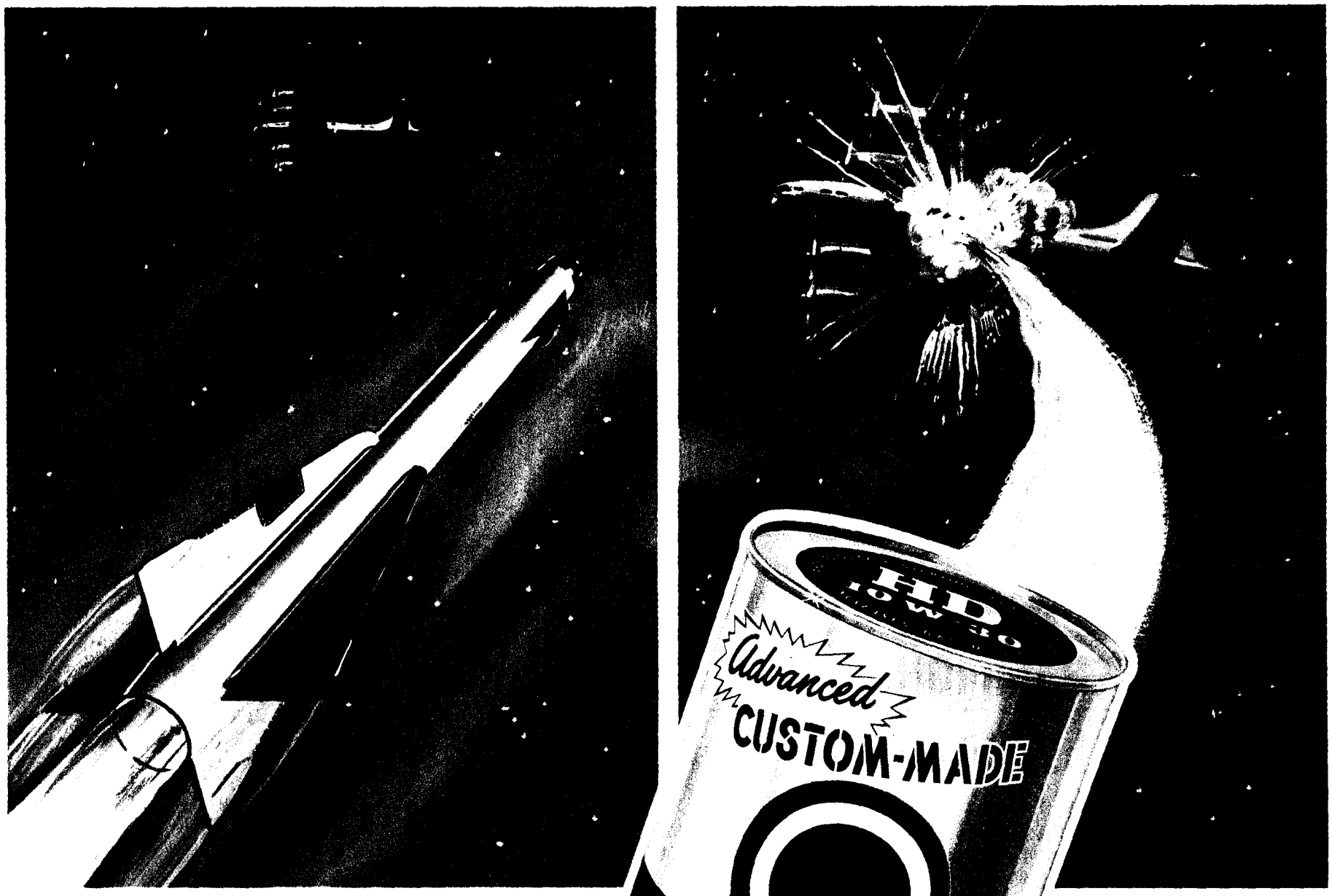
THINKS FOR ITSELF!



NEW U.S. AIR FORCE FALCON, guided missile with an electronic brain that thinks for itself. Air-to-air weapon is launched by interceptor planes, pursues maneuvering bomber and scores hits.

New Havoline Special 10W-30 Thinks for Itself

You no longer have to think about summer oil and winter oil. Here is the motor oil that thinks for itself! It's "light" for *quick* cold starts, yet has body to withstand heat. Keeps your engine *cleaner* because it far surpasses requirements for heavy duty motor oil.

Here's proof you'll get Faster Pickup and better gasoline mileage from a far cleaner engine with Havoline Special 10W-30

This *all-temperature* motor oil surpasses in performance other motor oils in its class! Independent road tests proved Havoline Special 10W-30 gives far better results than 10W-30 oils of other leading competitors.

Get this *sure* protection, particularly if you drive a car with higher compression ratios and greater horsepower. Havoline Special 10W-30 *really* keeps engines clean . . . keeps closer engine clearances from sticking, insures "chatter-free" hydraulic valves.

You want faster starting, better gasoline mileage, eager response and lower oil consumption. Get them all with Havoline Special 10W-30.

See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

it's "light" for cold starts

has "body" to withstand heat

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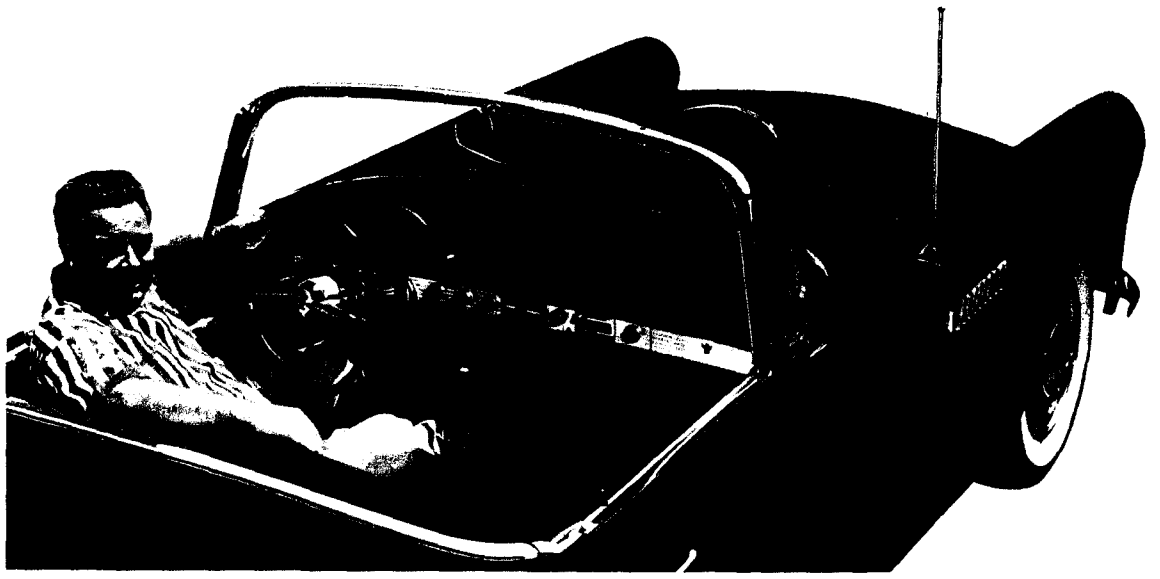

Nancy Cooper, Cypress Gardens' skiing star, gracefully soars through the air from a floating take-off ramp.

Dick Pope

owner of fabulous CYPRESS GARDENS, Winter Haven, Florida,

SAYS...

"The Flawless Performance of 5-RIB CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS Is An Absolute Must With Us"

Riding high! Dick Pope, Jr. performs a Pope-originated thriller in his outboard hydro that is powered by a Champion-equipped Mercury motor.

"Water skiing is one of the world's fastest-growing sports and certainly one of the most thrilling", says Mr. Pope, who is host each year to thousands of vacationing Americans at his Winter Haven, Florida, wonderland.

"Many of the colorful, spectacular and truly beautiful skiing performances which you have seen in magazines, motion pictures and on television originated here at Cypress Gardens.

"Very early in the development of the sport, we learned the absolute necessity of flawless spark plug performance in the boats used to tow the skiers. This is particularly true in formations involving precision groups, where an entire performance could be ruined by a single "missing" engine. Champion Spark Plugs give our boats that reliability.

"In fact, we've standardized on Champion s for all our equipment, including our six Ford station wagons, two Lincolns, a Ford Thunderbird, two Ford trucks, a Ford tractor and the score of boats. We know, from long-time experience, that Champions give us top performance and absolute dependability in *every* engine."

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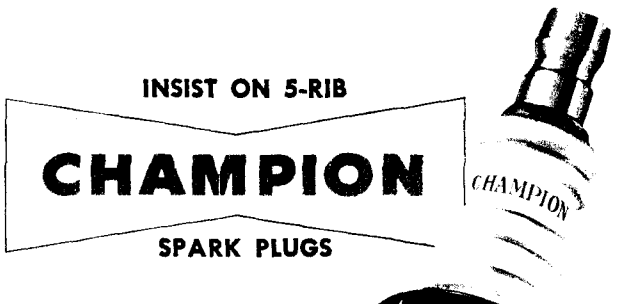
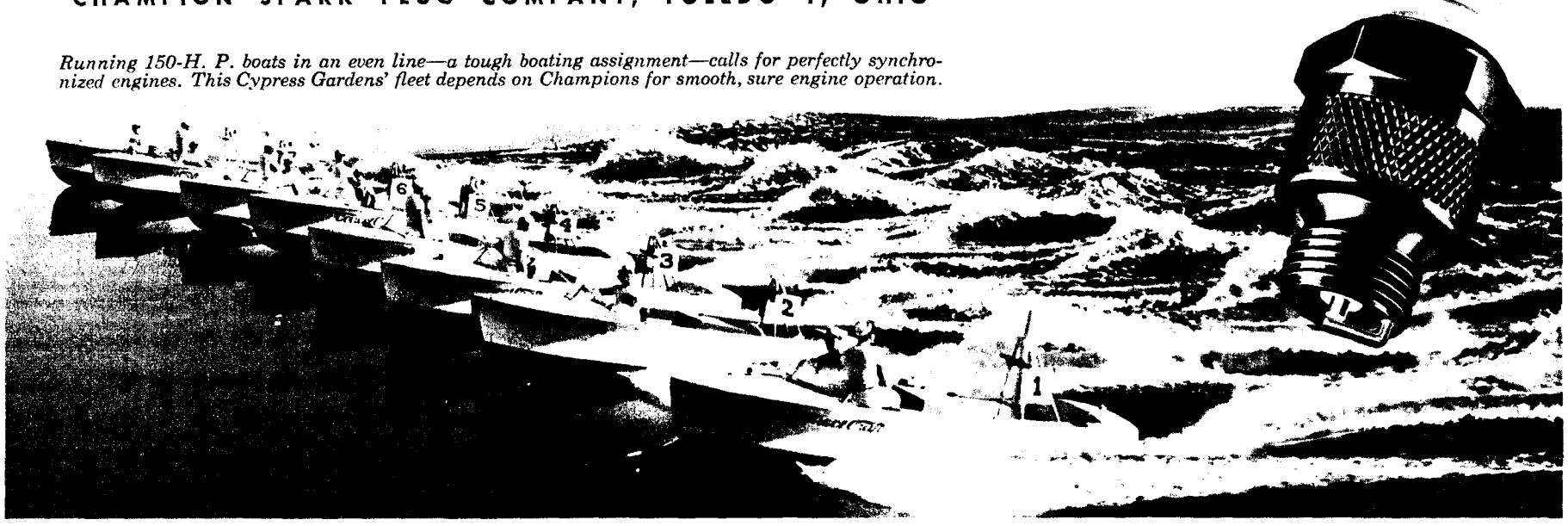


Running 150-H. P. boats in an even line—a tough boating assignment—calls for perfectly synchronized engines. This Cypress Gardens' fleet depends on Champions for smooth, sure engine operation.



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By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

Missile Base in Germany

The latest additions to our defenses in Europe are crack units whose great jet-and-rocket "birds" are poised only 200 miles from Red frontiers. Here's a report on what they're doing

Scene at a launching site near Bitburg, Germany, before a practice test. Missile is shown in its take-off position

Bitburg, Germany

IN a shaded grove several miles from Bitburg Air Base, a sleek, winged missile sits poised on its launcher. Its sharpened nose, which in wartime might house an atomic charge, points menacingly toward the east, where, less than 200 miles away, across the Rhine, lie the borders of the Communist world.

It is X minus six—six minutes before the launching. For more than an hour, a nine-man crew has been swarming over the great aluminum "bird," a 40-foot Martin Matador pilotless bomber, checking and rechecking every component of the complex systems which permit the missile to strike a target hundreds of miles off. Now, with a high-pitched scream and a heavy roar, its jet engine is started and run up to full power.

X minus four. A wave of the crew chief's arm, and his men scurry behind the sandbagged control station 50 yards away. A couple of minutes later, the crew chief pulls the safety plug, which prevents premature firing of the rocket booster, and races for the sandbag barrier. A loudspeaker ticks off the seconds—not only here, but at secret guidance stations all over Germany: "X minus 25 . . . minus 20 . . . 10 . . . five, four, three, two, one, ZERO."

Now there should be a mighty roar, a cloud of smoke and a burst of flame as thousands of pounds of rocket-thrust blast the missile off its launcher.

Instead, at Bitburg, there is nothing but anticlimax. The missile sits calmly on its launcher; the rocket is silent. The roar of the jet dulls to a

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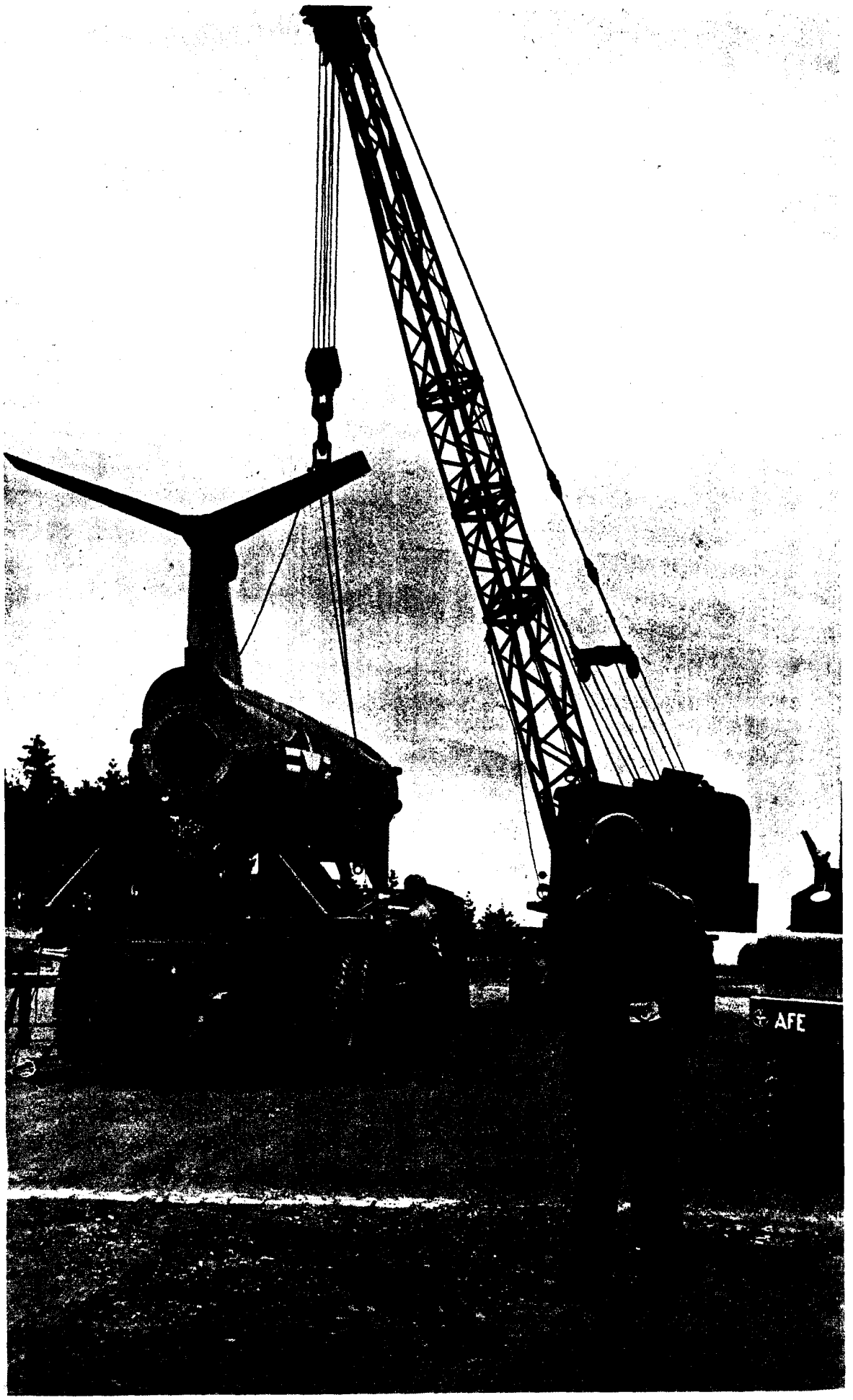
The experts who'll guide the missiles in an emergency are scattered all over



Launching sites are equipped with great cranes to move missiles. Above, a Matador is lowered to launching platform from truck at right. Most equipment used by guided missiles units is mobile, making it possible to shift locations swiftly in emergency

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY YVAN DELAIN

mild whine. "Okay," says the crew chief. "That's it. We'll run through another count-down after chow."

The count-down was, of course, only a practice missile firing, for in populated Western Germany there is obviously no room for a "live launch." The crew was part of the 1st Tactical Missile Squadron, one of three American missile units whose assignment to Germany has moved the much-discussed "push-button warfare" from the realm of fancy to the field of operational practicability.

At Bitburg, the First is on continuous alert, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Three or four times a day the crews run through practice drills—monotonous, frustrating, but vitally necessary. Launching a Matador, with its maze of control and guidance gear, its complex propulsion system, and a communications system all over Germany, is a process so complicated that the launching of a great multi-jet bomber pales by comparison.

At Bitburg Air Base, which lies between the winding Moselle River and the hilly borders of tiny Luxembourg, Lieutenant Colonel Louis O. Carroll, of Atwood, Illinois, commander of the squadron, took me on a tour of the First's installations. It is characteristic of this new type of warfare that Carroll is not a flying officer; he and all the officers of his staff are electronics specialists.

Launching Sites Widely Dispersed

Very little of the First's activity is concentrated on the air base proper, which offers an inviting target for an A-bomb. Dispersal is the keynote. Launching pads—areas large enough to accommodate the Matador's 40-foot launchers—are scattered about, several miles from the base. So are assembly hangars, storage areas, munitions depots. The radar and guidance teams are all over Germany, in secret locations. A bomb in the middle of the Bitburg runway will have little effect on the First's ability to retaliate. Even the control center, from which the squadron's operations are directed, is mobile. Nearby are heavy communications trucks with portable power generators; the control center could evacuate the air base in minutes and operate from any place large enough to park the trucks.

A few miles from the base, we inspected one of the launching pads, and I commented on the lack of secrecy; there was not even a fence around it.

"We have reason to believe the sites have been photographed," said Colonel Carroll unconcernedly. "We couldn't care less. These pads are primarily for training purposes. If we have to start firing for real, we'll be somewhere out there." He waved his arm in a wide semicircle. "They'll have to find us all over again. And we'll be raising quite a bit of hell while they're looking."

Near the pad was a small shack; when the crews are not running through practice count-downs, they remain on constant alert in the shack. Normally, a crew member spends about one night out of every four on alert, a fact that does not overjoy the men who have their families at Bitburg.

I asked Carroll if there was ever a break in the monotony. Were there ever any actual firings?

"Yes, there are," he replied. "Every now and then, we go to Africa—Tripoli—and touch off a few live ones. No matter how much simulated training the unit goes through, you still need some actual firings to ensure proficiency."

In addition, the First employs another method of training in which a Lockheed T-33 jet trainer acts out the part of the missile. The T-33 swoops over the launching pad at exactly "X minus zero" and climbs on course as the missile would, the pilot substituting for the missile's electronic brain. The guidance-system operators, following the jet's flight by radar just as they would a real missile, flash elec-

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ermany—in secret sites

tronic signals which are recorded on a panel in the plane. The pilot maneuvers in accordance with these signals until he reaches the point where he is told the missile's engine normally would be cut off from the ground. By visual navigation he can determine the effectiveness of the guidance crews—which has been mighty good to date. Of course, the T-33's performance doesn't jibe precisely with the missile's, although the Air Force will say only that the Matador, built by the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Baltimore, has a speed of "over 650" mph and a range of "several hundred miles."

The following day I dropped into the control center to talk with Major Ernest E. Davenport, the operations officer, who hails from Weatherford, Oklahoma. He apologized for the confusion.

"Things are always busy around here," he said. "I guess some people must think we're just sitting here with nothing to do but wait for a signal to push the buttons. But this is a new type of unit, so we get new types of problems that no one has an answer for. Our people are spread out all over Germany, so we have one great big communications problem. We have a training problem. We have the continual alert, and we have to keep morale up under trying conditions. We have to treat these missiles like newborn babies. We have to uncrate them and assemble them ourselves—and that's not as simple as it sounds—and every now and then we tear them apart and put them together again."

Why was that?

"Well, these birds come in weatherproofed crates, but there is always something getting out of whack. Leave your car out in the open for a couple of months and then try to start it. These missiles are a thousand times more complicated than a car. And we can't afford a possible misfire."

"I think one of our biggest problems is people," added Major Thomas H. Duffy, of Richmond, Virginia, the missile section chief, and immediate boss of the firing crews. "Our men are electronics experts. They are much in demand by civilian companies, which can pay them a lot more money, so when their tours of duty are over, out they go."

The missile unit draws a good deal of semijocular abuse from the jet fighter pilots stationed at Bitburg. Most pilots resent the "birds" as a skilled craftsman resents a new invention that threatens to take his job. In the officers' club at the air base stands a handsome framed photograph of a Matador poised on its launcher, ready for firing. The current picture is the fifth that has adorned that wall—the first four were removed and destroyed by the jet pilots in fits of pique.

How is morale among the missile personnel?

"It goes up and down," said Major Davenport. "It's up after a session in Tripoli, down a little after a long unbroken period of alert duty. But for the most part our men are of a high intelligence level—they have to be because of the specialized skills required—and they are able to adjust to a situation. Generally, I think, morale is good."

I checked this statement out with several of the enlisted men and found it to be true. The airmen have their gripes—it's a strange military outfit where they do not—but most seem to like working with their metal monsters, regardless of the tedium.

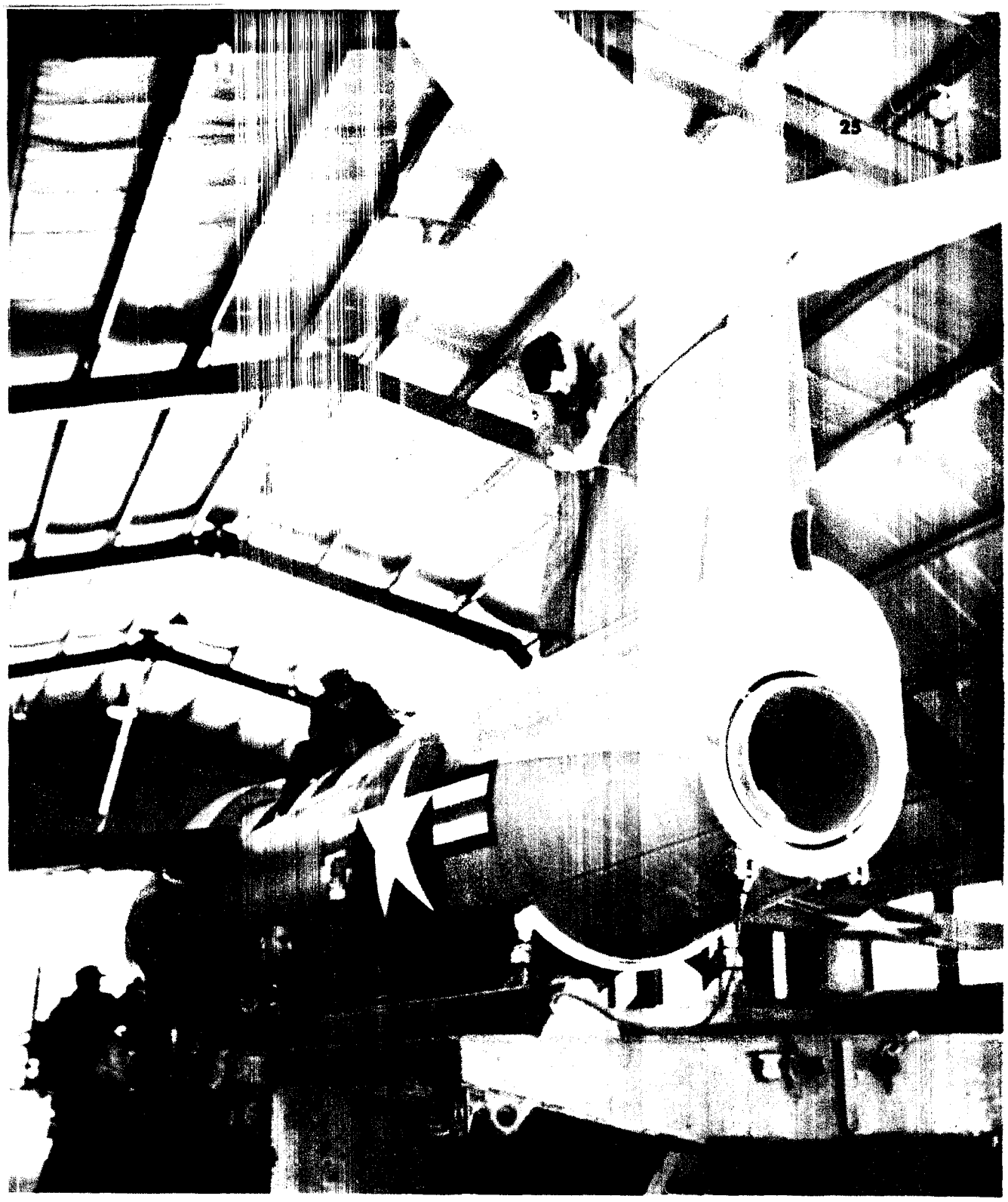
Master Sergeant Stephen Jarombek, of Stamford, Connecticut, a crew chief with 17 years' service, said thoughtfully: "I was on jets before I joined this squadron. There, you fix a bum engine, and when the plane takes off again you feel you've done something. Here, we go over these missiles until we could do it blindfolded and we never see results. But it's not bad duty. A good live shoot makes up for everything. Makes you feel you're doing something worth while after all."

Curiously, since firings are conducted some distance from headquarters, there are old-timers in the squadron who have never witnessed a missile launching. Master Sergeant Paul H. Reeves, of Arcadia, Missouri, squadron supply sergeant, is still waiting to see his first "hot launch," although he has been with the unit since its start.

"Came close, once," Reeves recalled. "I was having breakfast one morning while we were training in Florida a couple of years ago and happened to look out toward the range. I saw a flash and a lot of smoke. I guess it was a missile. I still hope to see one up close one of these days."

"In Africa, of course," chimed in his assistant, Staff Sergeant Richard J. Myers, of Los Angeles.

"Yeah. In Africa. I hope I never see one go off in Bitburg."



While electronics equipment in fore section of Matador is being tested, it gets so hot it has to be cooled by hose running to an air blower

Complicated Matadors are shipped to Europe in crates, then removed and put together in assembly hangars, above. From there, missiles are moved to firing areas. Because big "birds" are so complex, airmen who work on them are among most highly trained in USAF

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They're "Singing All-Nite"

Folks come by the thousands and stay till dawn at Wally Fowler's gospel sings

Above, emotion overcomes a Fowler fan during singing of Rock of Ages. Dark-haired woman behind her didn't get stirred up until a bit later, but then showed great enthusiasm (photos at right). Below, the crowd joins in by clapping time to rousing spiritual

WHAT Broadway or Hollywood showman would even try to hold a paying audience of thousands all night—from 8:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M.? Yet big, bull-voiced Wally Fowler, from Possum Trot, Georgia, performs this feat almost any time he chooses. With his All-Nite Gospel and Spiritual Sing Concert, he is probably doing more than any other one man to convert old-fashioned gospel singing into big-time show business. Even his more usual "short" shows—which end around 2:00 or 3:00 A.M.—hold fans about twice as long as a screening of Gone with the Wind.

Not long ago Fowler and his sacred-singing quartets "of radio and record fame," as they are billed, arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, for a one-night stand. A week earlier, Liberace, the piano-playing idol of TV, had packed the city's 5,200-seat Municipal Auditorium with 5,520 admirers. Fowler drew a record 7,100 clamoring fans, and hundreds more were turned away.

Other cities and towns throughout the South and Midwest have had similar experiences. During the last five years, gospel singers as a group have drawn larger audiences more consistently in these areas than any other regularly scheduled, paid-admission attraction—including concert artists, road companies of Broadway plays, prize fights, and even ice shows.

Wally Fowler's All-Nite Sing is the largest and most successful of a dozen religious musical road shows that attract an estimated 2,000,000 paying fans a year. It plays to audiences of up to 15,000 a week in some 200 towns and cities in 38 states each season. A single such show at Montgomery, Alabama, drew 9,000 enthusiasts, and another at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 10,018.

How does Fowler pull them in? He says he follows a formula well known to more secular showmen: make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em

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in DIXIE

By ALLEN RANKIN

Wally Fowler leads the audience in a song. His All-Nite Gospel and Spiritual Sing Concerts draw crowds from miles around through South

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARNEY COWHERD

laugh again. "That way," he says, "you entertain 'em as well as make 'em feel a spiritual blessing."

In Birmingham recently, I attended a typical Fowler sing. By 8:00 P.M., when Fowler rushed on stage, the house (capacity: 5,100) was packed, with all standing room filled and 400 of the audience overflowing into chairs on the stage.

"Isn't it just wonderful to be here together?" Fowler cried. There was a surflike roar of agreement. Several voices shouted, "Amen, brother!" Then, with the timing of a ringmaster, Fowler began to introduce the gospel stars. There were quartets like The Statesmen of Atlanta, The Blackwood Brothers of Memphis, and his own Oakridge Quartet of Nashville; larger singing groups like the Chuck Wagon Gang of Fort Worth; a series of child prodigies; finally, Jimmy Davis, the musical ex-governor of Louisiana.

As the program progressed, it became obvious that no audience had ever been given more of exactly what it wanted. On sad songs like In My Father's House Are Many Mansions, or Dig a Little Deeper in God's Love, handkerchiefs were unfurled in solid white banks. When a quartet kicked up its heels on This Ole House, so did the audience.

"When you got singing inside of you," said a leather-tanned farmer near me, "you got to let it out—loud! And how these boys can let it out!"

The louder the singers shouted, the louder the listeners clapped, stomped, whistled and whooped. Hymns grew more spirited, swung into waltz time, then jumped into a boogie beat. At 1:45 A.M. pandemonium broke loose as The Statesmen launched into the Dixieland favorite, When the Saints Go Marching In, and began marching up and down the aisles. The house shook as men and women of all walks and ages pounded their feet in rhythm. Children who had been asleep for hours woke up and stared dazedly.

Around 2:00 A.M. I asked a blinking gentleman of ninety-two, "How long do you generally stay up at these sings?" "Son," he replied, "when they've sung that *last* song, that's when I go home. I've sat up and liked it when the last one was as late as four thirty."

Other fans were almost belligerent in their enthusiasm. A sturdy matron of fifty snapped: "Why do I like gospel shows? Because I was brought up in a good Christian home, that's why!" A pretty, prim girl of twenty informed me, "This is the very best way I can think of to spend a Saturday night." Most fans said they liked "the good, wholesome entertainment" plus "the spiritual blessing" they derived from gospel sings. One eighty-year-old lady of Glennville, Georgia, drives to every major sing within 150 miles of her home town.

To understand the zeal of the singers who inspire such enthusiasm, you have to delve into their pasts. Most of them have been shaped by two major experiences: a rugged, rural childhood in which hymns and spirituals were practically the only kind of music permitted in the home, and the memorable emotion of being converted by a revivalist who offered salvation.

Fowler is typical. He was the youngest of 16 children of a Georgia sharecropper so poor, he says, that "many a night snow laid on my bed like a quilt." At seven he went into the fields to work, and the Saturday-night hymn sings around the family pump organ became his chief escape from a hard, drab life. Seven years later, he was converted at Harper's Sunshine Mission in Rome, Georgia. "I went down the sawdust trail and down on my knees and was saved!" he recalls. "I lost all my old shyness and got up feeling bold as a mountain lion. Salvation felt so good I wanted everybody else to feel it like I did!"

A good baritone, Fowler joined a troupe of gospel singers, traveling from church to church to sing for what a collection would bring. Later he fronted a hillbilly band and, riding the crest of country music's popularity wave, he soon was making $75,000 a year as an orchestra leader, composer (of such hillbilly hits as I'm Sending You Red Roses and That's How Much I Love You, Baby) and star on Nashville's famous radio program, Grand Ole Opry. Then in 1948, he gave it all up to return to his first love, gospel singing, but on a new basis.

Since people for years had been staying all day at country churches to listen to amateur or semiprofessional gospel singers, he reasoned, might not they be willing to pay and stay up nights to hear their favorite religious singers of radio and records? They would—and they did.

Fowler's first All-Nite Sing, at Nashville's Ryman Auditorium, brought 1,800 people slogging through a raging ice storm so vicious that police had warned the populace to stay at home. A two-hour broadcast of the 12-hour song fest brought nearly 10,000 fan letters from all over the United States and Canada.

Ever since, Fowler has been keeping vast audiences glued to their seats. Only recently has he abbreviated some of his sundown-to-sunup concerts to six or seven hours—to catch up on lost sleep and let his fans catch up on theirs.

Of course, many Christians prefer their religious music with less ballyhoo and jive. Some have even assailed the road shows as "gospel boogie." But Fowler has an answer for them.

"We're doing what the Lord wants us to do," he says. "If we sing hymns to practically every beat except the tango and the mambo, it's because it doesn't matter how you honor the Lord, just so you honor Him. The Lord doesn't want His children going around with long faces. He wants 'em to be happy." ▲▲▲

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Glistening shapes like these angelfish (c.) and pearl gouramies (l.) now glide through aquariums in 20,000,00

The Big Splash in Tropical Fish

ONE night in 1665, the famous diarist Samuel Pepys jotted down an enthusiastic entry in his journal. That evening he and his wife had visited the home of a London lady—and there had seen "a fine rarity." The rarity: "fishes, kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked, being foreign."

In one respect, Pepys' enthusiasm went too far. Being in a bowl didn't make the fish live forever. But his excitement at seeing his first home aquarium was not strange or exaggerated. It has been matched by millions of people since.

In three centuries since Pepys wrote, the keeping

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American homes. In 10 years, tropical-fish craze has quadrupled in size, now ranks as No. 3 U.S. hobby

of fish behind glass has become one of the world's most popular avocations. It's the third biggest hobby in the U.S. today, ranking behind only photography and stamp collecting. One expert, Christopher W. Coates, curator of the New York Aquarium, estimates that the sale of fish and equipment is a billion-dollar business in this country.

About 20,000,000 Americans keep fish. Some own goldfish, fancy members of the carp family first domesticated in China 1,000 years ago. Some have their tanks filled with diminutive local varieties, seined from nearby lakes and streams. But by far the majority keep the tiny garishly colored fresh-water fish commonly called tropicals, which have been brought into the American parlor from every warm part of the world from Australia to Zululand (although a few popular exotic species have been found right at home—in Florida and other parts of the South). And as if there weren't enough species, the hobbyists have bred scores of new types themselves—not necessarily bigger than Nature, nor better. Just different.

Veiltail guppies, beautiful variants of most commonly kept tropicals, cost up to $15 pair

CONTINUED

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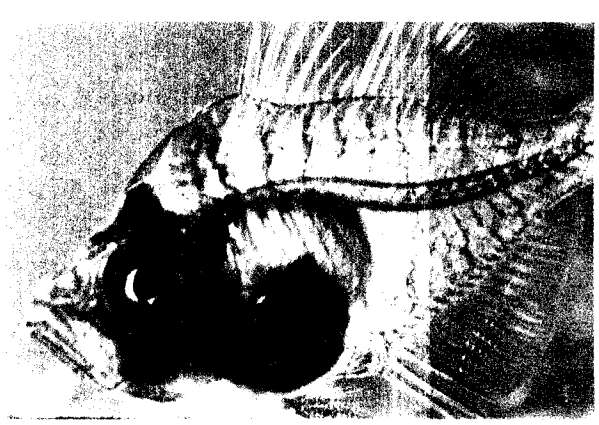
Kissing gourami not only amuses owner by bussing tankmates, but also is a scavenger of sorts and polices up aquarium for the hobbyist

Inch-long hatchetfish is sometimes known as "fresh-water flying fish." The aquarists who keep them must cover tanks with glass

Tiny neon tetra, for his size considered the most colorful tropical aquarium fish, was found near the Amazon in 1936. Now a favorite, he's hard to breed



Glassfish's appeal is its nearly transparent body. Though hardy and long-lived, fish is not easy for amateurs to breed. Length: 1½ inches

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Discus fish, $100 a pair, are elite of aquariums

Although most tropicals are inexpensive, a collector can spend $100 a pair—or more—for the rarer types

WHAT DO THE 20,000,000 American aquarium owners get for the $1,000,000,000 a year they spend on their hobby?

Besides fish, they get millions of dollars' worth of equipment and supplies: tanks, plants, sand, shells, stands, food, gadgets to keep the water clean, gadgets to keep it warm, gadgets that serve no particular purpose but look decorative. But mostly they get fish.

The cost of tropical fish varies tremendously, depending mainly on how easy the fish are to get or breed. The most popular tropicals, the common guppies, can be purchased for a few cents apiece: they're cheap because they're hardy and they breed easily and often in captivity. But exotic and extraordinarily beautiful strains of guppy have been developed by breeders which cost much more. The fancy guppies shown on page 29, which were developed by Paul Hahnel, a Bronx cabinetmaker, cost about $15 a pair. A pair of the hard-to-breed discus fish, shown above, may cost $100 or more (the discus, incidentally, is one of the largest fresh-water tropicals—six inches or so at full growth—and isn't often kept with other fish for that reason). A wealthy fish-keeper who wanted to stock his tank with a dozen of the most expensive tropicals could easily spend several hundred dollars doing it.

Yet in general the cost of the bright little fish is not high. You can also buy an assorted dozen for around $5. The wonderfully luminescent neon tetras, among the prettiest of tropical fish, come from the Amazon River, like the discus, and are perhaps the most reluctant breeders of all the common tank fish—yet they're so plentiful in their native waters that they often can be bought in the U.S. for only 30 or 40 cents apiece.

But whatever their investment, tropical-fish collectors all get much the same return: a tiny, self-contained underwater world, complete and handy in their living rooms—brilliant, ever-changing and constantly fascinating.

CONTINUED

Pugnacious male bettas lock jaws in combat. Often called "Siamese fighting fish," they come in number of colors. Females are inexpensive; males cost $3

Pearl gourami, though relative to species on the opposite page, does not kiss. Gouramies breed well, lay eggs in surface bubble nest which male tends

Scats are a marine species which can be acclimated to fresh water. But such varieties won't breed in captivity and must be imported from the East Indies

Corydoras catfish are hardy, inexpensive—and utilitarian. Never idle, they constantly nibble at the bottom, helping to keep tank clean. Most are bred locally, and grow to 2¾ inches at maturity

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Now you can keep sea fish in your parlor, thanks to a new salt-water substitute

TO TROPICAL-FISH COLLECTORS, one of the most discouraging aspects of their hobby has always been that the gaudiest, oddest—and, therefore, most desirable—fish came from the ocean. And while they were not particularly hard to catch, they were very hard to keep. The main problem was the tank water, which had to be brought from the sea—and which contained organisms whose poisonous decay necessitated a complete change of water every few weeks. The need to keep replenishing the water posed an almost insuperable obstacle, even for collectors on the coasts, since the water in a 10-gallon tank (the most common size) weighs about 83 pounds. Many attempts were made to duplicate sea water artificially, but they met with indifferent success—until recently.

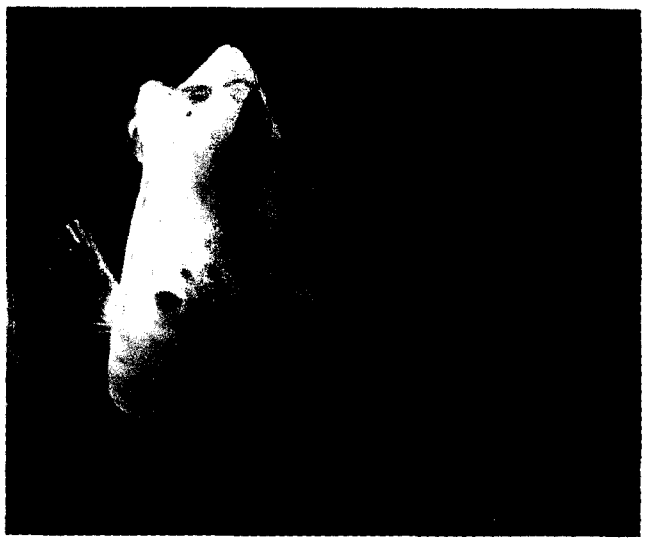
About a year ago, an amateur chemist named John Rork of Fords, New Jersey, and a salt-water-fish specialist named Jon Groetzinger, of White Plains, New York, created a minor furor among fish enthusiasts by introducing an apparently successful salt substitute. Three pounds of their Neptune Salts added to every 10 gallons of tap water seems to keep sea fish flourishing. The public aquarium of Cleveland, which had been having actual sea water trucked and freighted in from the ocean, switched to the new salt and reported "gratifying" results. So did other users. Suddenly salt-water tropicals became the rage.

Maintaining a home marine aquarium is still a somewhat tricky business, even though the water problem seems to have been solved. Tanks must be made of materials impervious to the brine. The fish, which are fairly hardy, are not quite so easy to care for—for one thing, they need frequent feedings—and they are almost impossible to breed.

But to a growing number of enthusiasts, the sea fish are sufficiently spectacular—both in appearance and in behavior—to be worth all the trouble. Some varieties sleep on the tank floor under bubbles which they make themselves. Some hitch rides on larger fish. Others seem able to change color at will. One puffer can blow himself up to many times his normal size; other types wear their skeletons outside their bodies. There are fish which resemble cows, fish which look like lions, fish which look like dragons —and, of course, the handsome fish which resemble horses. The list of species is literally endless; the hobby is so new that varieties previously unknown to marine aquarists turn up every few weeks. And collectors have even found that common big fish—like flounders and pompanos—can be kept in small aquariums if they're caught when they're young. In the restricted area, they grow to be only a few inches in size.

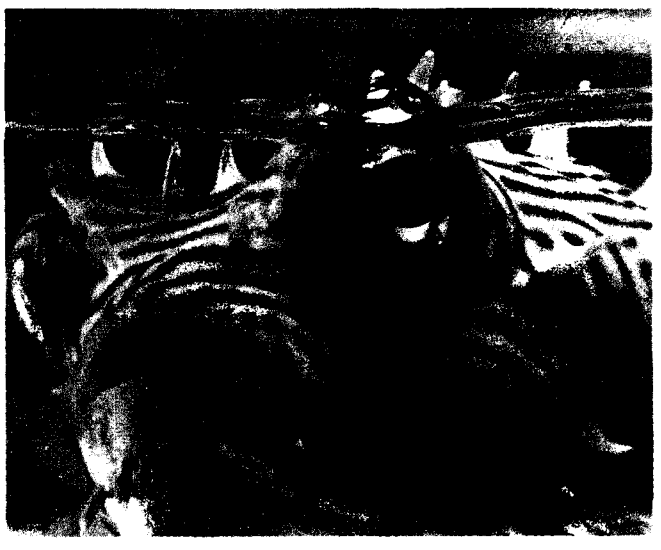
Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the salt-water-fish craze is the opportunity it affords collectors to catch fish for their own tanks. Hobbyists on every part of the American shore line are starting to wade in after specimens. Skin-divers equipped with nets are making new finds. If the practice catches hold it promises to become the end-all of American hobbies: a marriage of the country's third biggest avocation, fish collecting, and its most popular fad: do-it-yourself. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN



Cowfish, so called for hornlike protuberances over eyes, has turtle-hard body. Moderately priced, he's typical of exotic fishes now available to hobbyists

Probably most popular marine species is clown fish. White bands look as if they've been painted on orange body. A hardy Pacific fish, he grows to three inches



Three Atlantic species, easily caught by amateur collectors. are shown here. Needle-nosed puffer (left) expels air and water. When puffer is alarmed, he inhales, swelling up his body in the hope that predator will be unable to swallow him. When danger is past, he deflates, scoots for bottom. Related to the common blowfish, puffer averages two inches long. Spiny boxfish (center) has rectangular shape, delicate colors—but does not live well in captivity. Inch-long sargassum fish (right) swims with handlike fins

Sea horses are among marine aquarists' favorites. They cost $1–$8, depending on size; do best kept in tank of their own

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William Oscar Sellers, of Watertown, N.Y., a U.S. Foreign Operations Administration aide, lunches with students at model Indian school

"WE WANT

By DELIA and FERDINAND KUHN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHORS

A NEW idea is sweeping across old Asia like a prairie fire in a high wind. It is the idea, now catching hold of millions of Asians, that something they call "education" can unlock the door to a better life. The fire is burning most fiercely among the five out of six Asians who have never had a chance at education. Only a few know just what it means. But vast numbers now believe, without question, in its magic powers.

Their cry can be heard from the deserts of Iran to the jungles of Indochina: "We want a school!"

During the last four years, we have heard the cry in a dozen Asian countries, and we have seen some of its consequences. The clamor is filled with hope and loaded with dynamite—for America as well as Asia.

The danger is that millions will be taught in a system that is sterile, out-of-date and unsuited to their needs. Unless the old philosophy of Asian education is junked, the millions who are flocking to schools today will find their faith turned to ashes. Their education will not lead to the better life they expect. It will lead them into a blind alley of unemployment, frustration and, perhaps, Communism.

If that happens, the Asians of 20 years from now will be more resentful, more difficult to live with, than they have been in the past. And if the world is to have a lasting peace, Americans and Asians will have to live together somehow.

The ferment cannot be reduced to statistics; anyway, most statistics in Asia are unreliable or nonexistent. This report can only tell what we saw and learned of education in Asia, and why Americans have a deep and direct concern with what comes out of it.

We encountered the new stirring and excitement where we least expected it—for example, in a village deep in an old princely state of central India. Like almost every other Asian village, Samodun had no electricity, no safe water, no doctor, nurse, hospital or shop. It was just a community of about a hundred farm families living in mud huts. You could have called it a typical Asian village—except that all its people were what used to be known as "untouchables." That is, their status was the lowest in India's cruel and now outlawed caste system, and they were among the least-privileged human beings on earth.

About two years ago, these villagers held a kind of town meeting to discuss their many needs. The most urgent need, they decided, was a school. They could not wait for the wheels of government to grind. They set to work and built a school with their own labor, their own materials.

The day came to dedicate the schoolhouse. After the speeches had ended, the villagers chose a fifteen-year-old boy to lead them in the Indian version of community singing. He stood before them and im-

School is great adventure for Asian children. In one village, they staged a sitdown to force classes to start three weeks ahead of schedule. Bel

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A SCHOOL!"

provised a hymn to education. As he chanted it, the people chorused each line after him:

"Without education, man is an animal;

"Only with an education can you earn a living;

"Only with an education can you become a magistrate or a police officer;

"Those without education go from pillar to post and nobody cares for them;

"Those who are educated don't quarrel among themselves and don't file lawsuits;

"Education is the truth of life."

No one questioned these claims. In the villagers' minds, "education" was a cure-all as marvelous as the red powders peddled by witch doctors. You swallowed a dose of "education" and you would get wisdom, wealth and prestige.

All over Asia, children find school a great adventure. Take what happened in Dastgerd, a village in central Iran, while the people were preparing to open their first school. A month before the beginning of the term, the children gathered in the schoolhouse to have their pictures taken by an American Point Four technician.

A week later, the American passed by and was surprised to hear a hum of children's voices coming from the school. He found the class in session, although the scheduled opening date was still three weeks away. The teacher explained: the children had staged a sit-down strike and had refused to move until he promised to start teaching at once.

On a hilltop in the little Himalayan protectorate of Sikkim, we saw what a school means to the people of remote mountain areas. The boys' faces told the story. From Nepal, Bhutan, Assam, even from Communist-controlled Tibet, many of them had plodded hundreds of miles on foot or muleback over mountain passes for a chance to go to school. For this chance their parents had paid a few rupees a month, since there is little free education in rural Asia. A two-meal-a-day diet of rice was all the school could afford to feed its 40 boarders. Yet they looked full of energy and mischief. Each winter the boys make the long trek home for their annual vacation. Then they teach their sisters, parents and grandparents what they have learned.

These youths (shown chatting with principal) are students at India's Antri Training Center

re fourth-graders in Gangtok, Sikkim

A Familiar Scene in Asian Villages

The passion to learn is more intense, if possible, among Asian adults than among the children. In many countries, if you happen into a village on a warm evening you are likely to find an adult literacy class. Farmers who have worked in the fields since dawn may be sitting cross-legged on the ground in the village meeting place. By the light of oil lamps, each will be tracing a letter of the alphabet in the dirt with a finger, laboriously copying what the teacher has written on a blackboard.

As we walked into a village in Cambodia a few months ago, a woman came out of her bamboo house to meet us. She held a small box in both hands for us to see. What was in it? Ordinary chalk. Where had she got it? The people of her village had sent her to the nearby town to buy it with pennies contributed by all. Why? They hoped that if they bought the chalk, the "authorities" might send them a teacher and a blackboard.

The pent-up urge to learn, to become persons in their own right, has lured many Asian women out of their four walls for the first time. We came upon a strange scene one day in central India: 28 women from surrounding villages sitting in a semicircle under a canopy. Their veils symbolically pushed back, their faces upturned, they were taking a 10-day course on literacy, child care and home economics. These women had never before been away from their villages.

Here in rural Asia, seeds of hope and learning are taking root in what, since the beginning of time, has been an educational desert. There are oases in the desert, of course; a few countries, notably Japan, Turkey, Israel and the Philippines, have pioneered in free public education. But they serve to point up the contrast with the intellectual wastelands where perhaps five sixths of Asia's millions have lived and died without a school.

Until a generation ago, the rulers of most of Asia, whether they were colonial masters, native kings or dictators, did not think it wise or necessary to give the masses of their people even the tools of reading and writing, much less the skills to improve their lives or the knowledge to think for themselves. Their concern was to educate a small learned class who would run the affairs of the country as they had always been run, and keep the power where it had always resided.

Now that tight little system is in rags and tatters. In its day its private schools and universities produced some topflight scholars, poets and administrators. Today the aristocratic concept of education cannot be stretched or patched to serve the needs of Asia's long-neglected rural masses. It cannot even cope with the stampede of city youth into the understaffed and ill-equipped universities.

In big Asian cities such as Tokyo, Bangkok and Calcutta, we saw swarms of these young people and talked with dozens eagerly searching for "education." We found that, among others, Thailand's Chulalongkorn University (named for the crown prince immortalized in the Broadway hit The King and I), the University of Rangoon in Burma, and the University of Kyoto in Japan had doubled or tripled their enrollment in the last 10 years.

In central Burma we stayed with a college president, a Cornell graduate, whose student body had

All across Asia, millions are clamoring for education. But there's a grave danger that the kind they'll get may lead them to Communism

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Education for girls still lags in Asia, but among pioneers is Gangtok, Sikkim, school where physical-education class was photographed

mushroomed from 300 to 1,500 since 1948. "We have enough buildings," he said, "but where can we get enough qualified teachers?" It was a familiar theme we were to hear again and again. His new college library could be open only four hours a day. He could not get a trained librarian; he had to use overworked teachers to staff it.

Shortages of teachers and equipment are not the worst handicaps facing Asian educators. Far worse, in our opinion, are at least three kinds of intellectual poison which infect the thinking of students and teachers almost everywhere in Asia.

The first of these poisons is the tendency of educators to discourage independent inquiry. The students themselves are aware of it, as we discovered. We asked an intelligent Burmese student what he thought was wrong with his college teaching. "We are being what you would call spoon-fed," he said unhesitatingly. "We don't have a chance to question and discuss what our lecturers tell us."

We heard the same complaint from a group of students of English literature at the University of Tokyo. They were bursting with ideas they had gleaned from Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot. They talked freely about their problems and their hopes for the future—until their professor appeared. At once the students froze. Not one of them dared to express an independent judgment in his presence.

If a teacher says a thing is so, it's so—in Japan and elsewhere in Asia. If a student can cite a printed authority for a statement, his examiners are satisfied. In Japan, it seems, to paraphrase W. S. Gilbert:

> *" . . . the prospect of a lot*
> *of Japanese, in close proximity,*
> *A-thinking for themselves, is what*
> *No man can face with equanimity."*

It was the failure of the Japanese to think "for themselves" that made it easier for the militarists to lead them to ruin a generation ago. The new Asia also will be easy prey for demagogues and dictators if it does not shake off the old poison of intellectual authoritarianism in the classroom.

The second educational poison, in every Asian country, is the worship of the university degree. An educated Indian puts a record of his degrees on his visiting card. We even heard of a youth whose card bore the legend: "University of Calcutta, B.A. (Failed)." It gave him more prestige to have tried and lost than never to have tried at all.

We heard few Asians question what a degree fits them for. The universities grind out graduates, year after year, with a little knowledge of history, literature, theoretical science and not much more. They go out to join the unemployed.

In Calcutta, four out of five graduates of the university fail to get a job in their first five years out of college. The Japanese universities pour their eager thousands into the same dead-end streets. A Japanese editor told us that 1,600 new college graduates bombard his newspaper every year with applications for jobs; he can hire only 30. Too many university students are being trained for the all too few white-collar jobs, or for no jobs at all. Only in the underpopulated countries, like Burma and Thailand, does a university student have a fair assurance of a job when he leaves college.

Averse to Working with Their Hands

The third and deadliest of the poisons in Asian education is the rigid tradition that an "educated" man doesn't work with his hands. Every Asian country suffers from it. Many educators are aware of it. But the prejudice against manual work is deeply rooted.

We saw many examples of this poison at work. One hot-eyed Indian student came to beg 88 rupees from us—about $18.50—to finish his year at college. We suggested that he might work to earn the money, and so avoid charity.

"That would delay me," he said, in a lofty tone.

We asked what he intended to do when he got his degree.

"I will beg my way through my master's degree, and then my Ph.D.," he answered.

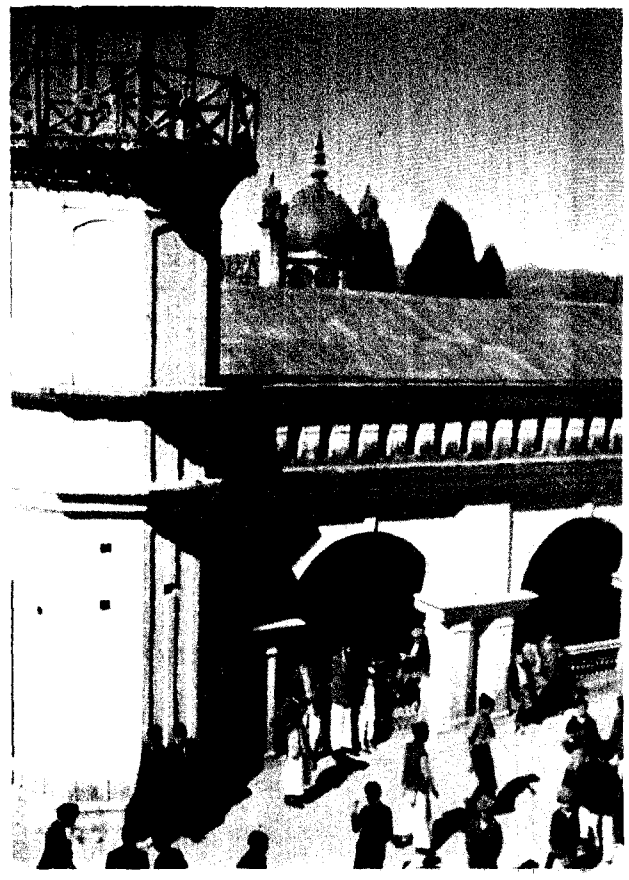
"And what will you do then?"

"I will get the Nobel prize," was the curt reply.

The boy's subject was theoretical agriculture. He would not have known what to do on a farm, although India's crying need is to apply science to the growing of food. When we suggested that he try working on a farm, we got no response. The conversation went on for an hour. Finally we asked: "Why should we give you this money?"

"Because you have it and I haven't," he an-

Many Asian schools are run by religious sects. Moslems conduct this one in Darjeeling, India



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What's wrong with Asian education? It doesn't fill the people's needs

swered. We sent him on his way without the $18.50.

It would not be fair to deduce from this story that most Asian youth want charity or suffer from arrogance. Our Nobel-prize aspirant was simply one of many who are on the wrong track: a track charted and beaten by the feet of their ancestors, a track that now leads to frustration and trouble.

We also encountered a few young Asians who are striking out bravely into the educational unknown. In the Damodar Valley, India's Tennessee Valley development, we ran into a young soil conservationist, P. M. Mirchandani, who had spent three years at the University of Arizona. Mirchandani had gone to Arizona with Indian bachelor's and master's degrees in agricultural engineering, and studied at Tucson for a Ph.D. in alluvial soils. We asked him if his experience in the United States had been worth while.

"Worth while?" he repeated, as if we had asked a foolish question. "Why, it changed my whole life! On my first day in Tucson, my professor said to me: 'Come on, Mirchandani, let's go to the Experimental Farm and dig up some soil.' He slung a bag of manure over his shoulder and handed me a hoe. Do you know, it was the first time in my life I had ever held a hoe? Imagine! With all my fancy degrees in agriculture, I had never held a hoe!"

When Mirchandani came back to India with his Ph.D., he turned down a good desk job in the Agriculture Department of his home state. With his wife and baby, he went out to the Damodar Valley to help set up its first soil-conservation service.

Problems for U.S.-Trained Asians

Not all the 12,000 Asian students who train in the United States each year are as lucky or as resourceful as Mirchandani. Even if they were, they could only make a dent in the walls of tradition and prejudice in their own countries. They can, and do, bring new attitudes, new ideas and fresh energy to a job that must be done in Asia, for Asians and mainly by Asians.

One student who proved this truth and made a very large dent is Y. C. James Yen, founder of the Chinese Mass Education Movement and now president of the International Committee of Mass Education Movement (U.S.), Inc. "Jimmy" Yen can fairly claim to be the father of mass education among illiterate Asian villagers.

His concept of education goes far beyond reading and writing. Even while Japan was invading China, millions of Chinese farmers and their families were learning simple agriculture, health and local self-government in village classes initiated or inspired by "Jimmy" Yen. But after World War II, the tottering Nationalist government failed to support Dr. Yen's movement, and the Communists finally put an end to it.

While Dr. Yen was struggling to develop his ideas in China, a parallel experiment was starting at the other end of Asia, in up-and-coming Turkey. (Although Turkey today is European in outlook and associations, most of the country lies on the continent of Asia.) Just before World War II, practical-minded Turks woke up to their need for village teachers in a country where eight out of ten people are farmers. Without a penny of outside help, the Turkish Republican People's party government built 21 "village institutes," each of them equipped to board and train 600 rural teachers.

Farm boys were chosen by examination to live and work for five years at one of these pioneer institutions. The boys got free high-school education, plus the rudiments of public health, better farming and carpentry. On the bleak Anatolian plateau we have seen them at work making their own tools, pruning their orchards, milking cows and tending their beehives after classes.

At the end of five years they go back to the villages, to teach school on long-term contracts with the government. Turkey's present government has lost interest in the original idea behind the village institutions, however. After coming to power in 1950, the more conservative Democratic party changed the emphasis from practical to old-fashioned academic subjects on grounds that the institutions were breeding "unhealthy" liberal political ideas.

Thus Turkey is forfeiting her leadership in rural education to other Asian countries. Israel, Iran and India, among others, are out in front with bold experiments to fit their different national needs. One of the most imaginative of these experiments, under way in India, is training a new kind of rural teacher: a multipurpose "village worker." Forty-three government training centers—partly equipped by the American Point Four mission, partly financed by the Ford Foundation, and staffed by Indians—have already turned out about 7,000 young men and women with some knowledge of farming, public health and village organization.

Their six-month training is all too short and superficial. Yet the program is important, for it is a conscious effort to root out the poisons that infect Asian education.

The first rule at these training centers is that all students must be willing to do menial work. Even before they are admitted, they must go through a week of testing. They must sweep the dormitories, empty latrines, and scrub the bowls from which they eat—a set of requirements revolutionary in Asia's schools. The students must get down to earth and prepare a seedbed with nothing except their bare hands. Thus they can win the respect of the farmers with whom they will have to work when they leave school.

The students are encouraged, secondly, to think for themselves. The relationship between pupil and teacher is one of informal give-and-take.

At any one of these training centers, you can get a glimpse into the future of Asian education—if the leaders decide to train their young people for useful work, for citizenship, for modern life.

But if Asian governments simply multiply schools and teachers and allow them to perpetuate the old educational taboos, then more and more young people will pile up in the same old dead end of unemployment, frustration and despair—the soil in which Communism and other political extremisms thrive.

Mental Habits That Are Hard to Change

Americans can do little to influence the choice. No outsider can persuade the proud and independent people of Asia to change old habits of mind. But if the people do decide for practical education, Americans can—to a modest extent—help them make it work. Asian students in American colleges can test out the values of practical training and independent thinking. If they are taught and treated with understanding in the United States, they will go home eager to adapt our freer system to the uses of their own people. American teachers at work in Asia can convey new attitudes in education by their own ways of living and working.

Of course, the spread of independent thinking and practical training will not necessarily make Asians contented or easy to get along with. The countries that reform their systems will probably be racked with growing pains. Millions of men and women with skills will be more self-respecting but also more obstreperous. People who have been taught to think for themselves will be more curious about Communism—and the alternatives to it.

But whatever lies ahead, the people of the awakening East seem determined to get the education that they believe can be their salvation. They are sure that truth is on their side when they sing:

"Without education, man is an animal!"

▲▲▲

First requirement for enrollment in India's new training centers for village teachers is that the candidates be willing to do menial work. Here they prepare seedbeds with hands

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BASEBALL IS A DIFFERENT GAME NOW

By PEE WEE REESE with TOM MEANY

REGINA FISHER

Furthermore, says Brooklyn's star shortstop, it's a better game than when he broke in 15 years ago—no matter what the old-timers may say

I WASN'T around in Ty Cobb's day, so I can't say if baseball today is played better than it was then. I do know this—they're playing better baseball now than they were when I broke in with the Dodgers in 1940. It's a different game now in many respects, to be sure, but it also is a better one. There were a lot of star players around the National League then, as there are now, but I believe the average ballplayer is better today. Put it this way—there may not be any more great ballplayers today than there were in 1940 but there are more good players.

Let an old-timer buttonhole you and his first beef about modern baseball is that there are more home runs and less base running. This is true, but it isn't a just complaint. Modern players simply have learned to adjust themselves to altered conditions.

You'll hear a lot of reasons advanced as to why there are more homers—the lively ball, poorer pitching, all-out slugging—but rarely is the principal cause mentioned. Home plate is nearer to the fences today. Every ball park in the National League—except Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia and the Polo Grounds in New York—has had a new look to its foul lines since I broke in. County Stadium in Milwaukee, now in its third year, hasn't been changed but I believe it's easier to hit a home run there than it was in the Braves' old park in Boston.

New box seats have chopped off part of the playing field at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field; new bleachers have done the same in Wrigley Field in Chicago; the right-field pavilion screen was removed in Busch Stadium, St. Louis, and home plate moved nearer to the fences in Crosley and Forbes Fields in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh (although "Greenberg Gardens" in the latter park—the area set aside by a low fence some years ago so Hank Greenberg could drop in more homers—was dismantled last year).

You don't have to be a profound student of

Dodger captain Reese joined Brooklyn in 1940 and has been the regular shortstop ever since, except for war years. Only two other players now in league were around when Reese came up

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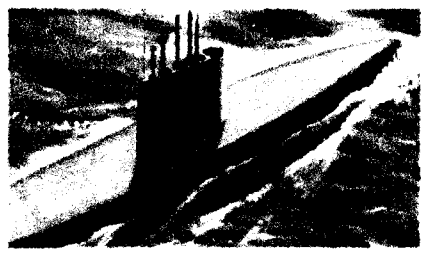

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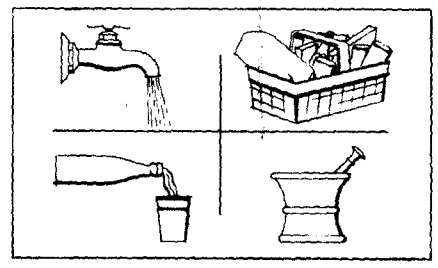

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Sure, home runs are more common, says Reese.
One reason is that slugging is now a real art

PEE WEE REESE'S ALL-STAR TEAMS

(1940 – 1955)

DODGERS	POS.	OPPONENTS
DUKE SNIDER	OF	STAN MUSIAL, *Cards*
DIXIE WALKER	OF	ENOS SLAUGHTER, *Cards*
CARL FURILLO	OF	WILLIE MAYS, *Giants*
GIL HODGES	1B	JOHNNY MIZE, *Cards, Giants*
JACKIE ROBINSON	2B	RED SCHOENDIENST, *Cards*
COOKIE LAVAGETTO	3B	WHITEY KUROWSKI, *Cards*
* * * *	SS	ALVIN DARK, *Braves, Giants*
ROY CAMPANELLA	C	WALKER COOPER, *Cards, Giants, Reds, Braves, Pirates, Cubs*
WHIT WYATT	P(r.)	SAL MAGLIE, *Giants*
PREACHER ROE	P(L.)	MAX LANIER, *Cards, Giants*

logistics to realize that when the fences are nearer, it's easier to hit the ball over them. And I also believe that the home-run hitters—the power hitters as distinguished from the place hitters—have become increasingly skillful in the last 15 years. The complainers never take into consideration that home-run hitting is as much an art as place hitting.

It's easier to hit singles than homers, although there are days, of course, when even a loud foul isn't easy. The proof is in the pay-off. Your home-run hitter is higher salaried than the punch hitter who bats .300, even though the slugger may hit considerably below that. The home run is like the forward pass in football: Why butt your head into the middle of the line for a few yards' gain if you can pick up 40 or 50 by passing?

Baseball now adopts defensive alignments against certain sluggers. We'll leave the right side of the field open for a right-handed pull hitter like Hank Sauer of the Cubs or the left side open for Ed Mathews of the Braves. They may chop one into the hole, but a single hurts less than a double or triple. This position play was comparatively rare when I broke in. The only player I can recall putting on a definite shift for was Wally Berger, a right-handed batter then with Philadelphia.

The old-timers snort and tell you what place hitters like Eddie Collins or Edd Roush would have done against such overshifting. I recall the criticism of Ted Williams of the Red Sox, as good a hitter as ever lived, when he was bamboozled by the Boudreau shift in 1946. Sure, Williams could have compensated for the shift by choking up and punching the ball into the opposite field—but he knew what the cost would be. He might louse up his delicate timing, get his swing out of its natural groove, and waste days, or even weeks, trying to regain his stride and stroke.

When Joe DiMaggio was going good, he was asked why he didn't try hitting to right field at Yankee Stadium, where the target was far more inviting than in left. Many of the Clipper's long drives to left and left center were caught (remember Al Gionfriddo in the '47 World Series?). "I'm getting paid to hit the long ball," explained Joe, "and I hit best by pulling to left. If I changed my swing and tried to punch it to right, I might lose my rhythm and not be able to hit it anywhere."

This is something the critics of current baseball won't admit: that the power hitters have made a study of their own skills—as careful and as scientific a study as any made by the place hitters of

"First Maglie gives you the tight inside curve . . . then the outside curve . . . the fast ball . . . then—zingo—and that's all, brother"

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other years. Don't get the idea that the home-run hitter is just a big dumb ox, an all-or-nothing guy. He isn't. He knows exactly what he's trying to do and if he strikes out more often than the punch hitter, it's not because of wild lunging; it's a calculated risk.

Does the increase in homers mean that pitching has deteriorated? Absolutely not. There were some fine pitchers around the National League when I broke in—like Bucky Walters and Paul Derringer with Cincinnati, Mort Cooper and Lon Warneke with the Cards, Claude Passeau and Larry French with the Chicago Cubs, Carl Hubbell with the New York Giants, Kirby Higbe and Hugh Mulcahy with the Philadelphia Phils and Whit Wyatt and Fred Fitzsimmons with our club.

Second-Line Pitchers Are Tougher Now

That's a strong list, but there are still plenty of good pitchers. The Giants have Sal Maglie and Johnny Antonelli, and there is Robin Roberts with the Phils, Warren Spahn and Gene Conley with the Braves, Bob Rush and Warren Hacker with the Cubs, and Harvey Haddix and Luis Arroyo with the Cards. Furthermore, the so-called second-line pitchers of today—like Billy Loes and Johnny Podres of Brooklyn—are much tougher than the second-line pitchers around the league when I first broke in. What's wrong with Curt Simmons of the Phils, Jim Hearn and Ruben Gomez of the Giants, Sam Jones, Paul Minner and Hal Jeffcoat of the Cubs, or Bob Buhl of the Braves?

Not only are there more good pitchers around the league now, but they have a better variety of pitches. When I broke in, Wyatt threw the first slider I ever saw. Now every pitcher has an extra delivery—in addition to the fast one, curve and change-up. And today's pitcher is effective with what everybody claims is a shrunken strike zone (although you can't expect me, as a batter, to admit that the strike zone is smaller than it used to be).

The reason fewer pitchers hurl complete games now than in the past is simple. A manager doesn't hesitate to remove his starter for a pinch hitter, because he usually has a batter on the bench who is a home-run threat. And the manager knows he can get adequate pitching from his bull pen. It used to be that a club had one strong reliever—such as Hugh Casey with us and Joe Page with the Yankees—and that was all.

Just as the home run has cut down on the number of completed games, so has it mitigated against stolen bases. I've led the league in stolen bases, but I'm not going to take a foolish risk and break up what may be a big inning. Why get tossed out going from first to second when you have sluggers like Duke Snider and Roy Campanella behind you, just panting to knock you home all the way from first?

That there are fewer stolen bases these days doesn't mean that base running, as distinguished from base stealing, is a lost art. You'll still see plenty of heads-up running by men going from first to third. And I doubt there ever was a more exciting base runner than Jackie Robinson.

Robby, of course, isn't as fast now as when he came up in '47, but he still is the most upsetting—and therefore the most dangerous—runner in the game today. He helped us win a game in St. Louis in late June with his tactics.

We were leading the Cards 5-4 and had the bases filled with two out in the eighth. I was at bat, and Robby was on third, dancing up and down. The Cards' Tom Poholsky was trying to pitch to me with one eye on Jackie. Solly Hemus, playing third, was forced to keep running over to the bag to hold him on. Nobody knew whether he was going to try to steal home or not, including me. Poholsky threw me a curve and I lined it toward left. Hemus was in motion and the ball flicked off his glove for a two-run single. Solly might have caught it if he had been in his normal position and I'm sure Poholsky could have got more on the ball if Robinson hadn't distracted him. It was scored as a hit for me but Jackie really deserved an assist on it.

Baseball has changed its habits and its equipment as well as its tactics. More than half the players in the National League now wear helmets at bat and a few wear them in the field. In fact, the entire Pittsburgh team wears helmets at all times. Yet in 1940, I was the first player ever to wear one.

Jake Mooty of the Cubs beaned me and the blow gave me a severe concussion. I must have been an inviting target, for I was the only player he hit that entire season. Larry MacPhail, then running the Dodgers, ordered a special protective piece for me to wear while batting. It slipped into a zippered pocket on the left side of my cap. Next came protective liners, which were worn inside the hat by a few players. Today the player who bats without a helmet is a rarity.

You hear a lot about bean balls these days, but I don't think there are any more or less than

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

Running? "I doubt there ever was a more exciting base runner than Jackie Robinson"

Much-injured Dodger Pete Reiser "was the best one-season ballplayer I ever saw"

Shifting against pull hitters makes sense to Reese. "They may chop one into the hole," he says, "but a single hurts less than a double or triple"

Pee Wee is dubious about big glove now used, despite "better pocket for tricky hops"

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there were 15 years ago. I remember a game in Boston in which Wyatt and Manuel Salvo of the Braves were not only knocking down all the opposing regular batters, but were throwing at each other as well.

There was a game in Chicago in 1942 in which Hiram Bithorn sent Billy Herman into the dust. Billy got up and hit the next pitch out of the park. Jimmy Wilson, managing the Cubs, then lifted Hi—and as Bithorn walked to the Cub dugout, he suddenly turned and flung the ball at our bench. which was riding him plenty. Mickey Owen caught the ball barehanded and fired it back at him.

Sal Maglie has often said that he doesn't dust batters off, he just brushes them back. It's a very fine distinction, sometimes too fine if you happen to be the batter. But Sal knows how to pitch and it's in the books that he hit only three batters all last season (when my old teammate Rex Barney was wild, it seemed like he could get that many in an inning). Maglie's pitching pattern is as simple as it is effective. First he gives you a tight curve inside to move you back a bit, then the outside curve to get you leaning over the plate. Then—sst!—a fast ball whistles under your chin. And while you're leaning backward wondering whether your insurance premiums are paid—*zingo,* there's the curve over the outside corner. And that's all, brother.

I've mentioned that I was the first player in the National League to wear a helmet. Something else new has been added. When I first came up, no infielders wore sunglasses. They were strictly for the birds in the outfield. Infielders would rub dust or lampblack on their cheekbones to soften the glare.

"Sometimes I wish I had a father who wasn't so handsome but was nicer to his little boy"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

Now nearly all infielders wear sunglasses. The reason, of course, is that afternoon games now start an hour and a half earlier, the sun is higher in the heavens and the infielders haven't the protective shadow from the stands they had when the games started later.

Another change in equipment involves the bats, which are much lighter now. When I broke in, 40-ounce bats were nothing unusual; but now even the sluggers use 32- and 34-ounce jobs. The theory is that the bat can be brought around more quickly, thus getting the fattest part of the hitting surface on the ball and pulling it. I believe Stan Musial's success with light bats had a lot to do with this trend.

With gloves, the pattern has been in the opposite direction. Although the glove I now use is at least half again as big as the glove I wore when I broke in, I'm blessed if I can see the reason for it. It gives you a better pocket for tricky hops but sometimes you have trouble getting the ball out of the pocket.

The big glove helps pitchers and outfielders, but actually I think I did as well with my old model. Maybe it's just a question of keeping up with the Joneses and not being out of step. An outfielder or a pitcher can hold on to a ball which would only have been deflected with the old glove, but an infielder lacks the finger grip he had with the smaller glove.

Night ball has changed the living habits of ballplayers entirely. In 1940, Brooklyn played seven night games at home and five on the road. There were no lights in Boston then, just as there still aren't any in Wrigley Field. And you had an open date after each night game then. By comparison, the 1955 schedule calls for the Dodgers to play 65 night games, 35 of them on the road. If any of them is followed by a day off these days, it merely means that it's raining.

On the road, the players usually eat their big meal at about 4:00 P.M. and settle for a sandwich and a glass of milk afterward. At home, where you have to get to the ball park earlier, your eating habits are even more scrambled. If you have children, there's no such thing as a family meal when you're playing night games. Still, while the players don't like night games because their routine is upset, most of them realize that the receipts from night games go a long way toward meeting the payroll.

I think the increase in night games —both in the majors and in the minors, where six night games a week is not unusual—means the end of the 20-year player. I also believe it accounts for the number of major-leaguers wearing glasses today; the lights in the minors are considerably weaker than in the majors and I wouldn't be surprised if frequently the player's vision is impaired.

I was lucky in that I played only two years in the minors, and in the top minors at that. Baseball is no cinch as a career when you figure that before you reach the big time you must give up four or five years of your youth, at less pay than you could make in dozens of other jobs.

If you're a bonus baby, that's a different story. There weren't many bonus players when I came up. Pete Reiser, who was the best one-season ballplayer I ever saw (in 1941), came

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to the Dodgers for $100, after Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, then baseball commissioner, ordered the Cardinals to make him a free agent.

Some people insist that the bonus holds a player back, that because he has his pile made he won't go out and hustle like the hungry player. This is an unfair generalization, from what I've seen of bonus players. It all depends on the individual. If he's sincere in his desire to play ball, the money won't make any difference.

I do believe the present bonus rule, which keeps a player sitting two years on a major-league bench, is an injustice. My old boss, Chuck Dressen, now managing Washington, has a sound suggestion. He thinks the player should count against the major-league roster but that he should be allowed to play in the minors. Thus the Yankees, for example, with Frank Leja and Tom Carroll, would be allowed to carry only 23 players instead of 25, but Leja and Carroll would be playing daily—and learning—in the minors.

Elsewhere on these pages you will see my choice of the top players I've played with and against from 1940 until now. Shortstop is left open on the Dodger team simply because I've played that position for Brooklyn regularly all through this span, except for the three years I was in the Navy. For the All-Dodger team covering my 15 years, only the two pitchers (Wyatt and Preacher Roe), Lavagetto at third, and Dixie Walker in the outfield aren't members of the current club.

If you think there are quite a few Cardinals on my opponents' team, I've got news for you. I could have picked an All-St. Louis team and not been far wrong. I debated before I picked Willie Mays over Terry Moore and Al Dark over Marty Marion. And when I first came up, Mort Cooper was just as rough for us as Maglie is today.

I might explain picking Max Lanier as my opposing left-hander over current southpaws like Spahn and Antonelli. When we had Walker, Reiser and Dolph Camilli among our big guns, we saw more left-handers than we do now, and Lanier used to give us fits. Incidentally, 12 of the 19 players I picked are still active, which seems to make my point about the moderns being able to take care of themselves.

Two of the 19—Duke Snider and Cookie Lavagetto—also figured in the plays I remember best after 15 years.

The greatest catch I ever saw was one made by Snider in 1954, when he climbed the wall of Connie Mack Stadium like a mountain goat to take an extra base hit away from Willie Jones of the Phillies.

The most dramatic hit I recall was that famous pinch double of Lavagetto's off the right-field wall at Ebbets Field in the fourth game of the 1947 World Series with two out in the ninth inning. That hit ruined a no-hitter for Yankee Pitcher Bill Bevens and won the game for the Dodgers, 3 to 2.

The 1953 Series, again with the Dodgers playing the Yanks, had the best-pitched game I've ever seen: the tight third game, during which Carl Erskine of Brooklyn set a Series strikeout record by fanning 14 Yankees, to win 3 to 2.

Now that I'm one of the veterans of the National League—Clyde McCullough and Walker Cooper, Cub catchers, are the only players still in the league who were around when I came up—many people have asked if I have any managerial ambitions. The answer is a flat *"No."* A manager suffers more than I'd care to suffer, and worries more. After Dressen had been released and before Walter Alston had been hired, I told Dodger president Walter O'Malley how I felt on the subject. The impression got around that I merely meant that I didn't want to be a playing manager, but the fact is I have no desire to be any kind of manager. (I reserve, of course, the right to change my mind if what I consider the right job comes along.)

Since I've been in baseball practically all of my adult life, I don't know if I'd be happy in any other profession. I might like to stick around as a coach, but it's too early to think about that. I still have some good years left—I hope.

Regardless of what I want after I've stopped playing, I know one thing I want while I *am* playing—and that's to be on the winning side in a World Series. I've been on five losing teams. That's a record and one I'm not happy about.

Maybe this year is the "next year" we've been talking about for so long in Brooklyn.

COLLIER'S

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Special Representative, Harmony Pictures
The Tuscany Hotel
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, do you suppose that Brooks Brothers would have anything in that Daniel Boone deerskin to fit you? If not, rush to Abercrombie & Fitch. You're to leave at once to join the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and if you wore that race-track tweed of yours I wouldn't blame any Indian in the country for loosing an arrow at you.

Incidentally, I have not gone crazy. It's just that the thundering response to that Davy Crockett stuff on television has set us all off on a great coonskin-cap binge. For years half the studios in this town have been planning to make a Lewis and Clark picture, and suddenly we're all off to St. Louis, ready for a mass mushing up the Missouri River to Oregon. Whenever one of these new cycles starts, whoever gets out with the first can of corn usually rakes in the bulk of the boodle, so everybody's planning to make real speed on the Lewis and Clark trail.

And for once, George, we have a several-month head start on the whole town. At least, we thought we had. The other studios are planning to do their winter scenes at Fort Mandan during the first snow of fall, whereas our beloved boss Lou Bentley, man of action, got a jump on the opposition by rushing through our Fort Mandan snow scenes during that last blizzard they had this spring. Fort Mandan, as I trust you know, being the fort that Lewis and Clark built on the upper Missouri some sixty miles north of Bismarck, North Dakota; here they spent their first winter, got acquainted with the Indians, and sort of organized the whole expedition for the trials that lay ahead.

Incidentally, we are doing our Fort Mandan stuff *at* Fort Mandan, or at least on the spot where it once stood. After the recent almost fatal decline of this movie dodge, one of the things that brought us back to solvency was the making of pictures about Africa actually in Africa, and pictures about Rome actually in Rome; so from now on, laddie, authenticity is the watchword.

Anyway, Bentley got our snow scenes at Fort Mandan shot this spring, so that during the summer we could speed up the Missouri from St. Louis, pause at Fort Mandan for the interior shots, which we're now doing, and go on across the Rockies to the Pacific. Well ahead of the competition.

At least, that was the plan. But like most plans here at good old Harmony Pictures, it isn't working out very harmoniously. In fact, at the moment, anybody who mentions Lewis and Clark around here can prepare to duck a tomahawk.

Due, George, to as ridiculous a situation as has ever plagued

Joan walked along in her strategically torn deerskin, her chauffeur carrying the gold-plated Geiger counter

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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No harsh bitterness! Your taste can actually "feel" the difference between Schlitz and any other beer. A soothing, cooling, refreshing difference you can really feel as well as taste. What a wonderful feeling! No other beer refreshes like Schlitz.

In the Schlitz original HALF-QUART can (packed 24 to the case), also in the convenient 6-pak with the handy handle that makes it so easy to carry.

If you like beer you'll love Schlitz

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Even when you are away you can be close to them

...by Long Distance

One of the fine things about a Long Distance call is the way it helps keep the family together.

Just by picking up the telephone you can be in touch with those you love. It's easy to do. And the cost is small. Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	**40¢**
Cincinnati to St. Louis	**75¢**
Boston to Baltimore	**85¢**
Atlanta to Cleveland	**$1.00**
San Francisco to Denver	**$1.35**

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

this crazy business. What do you think is driving us nuts now—uranium! For the last year it's been getting increasingly impossible to make an outdoor picture anywhere west of the Mississippi, because everybody in the whole crew wants to spend all their time hunting uranium. You have to use bloodhounds to get half the crew together at any one time, and the minute you turn your back they're all off across country again with their Geiger counters and scintillators, probing for clicks and flashes.

We first noticed it last year when we made that picture up at Moab, Utah, which is right in the middle of the uranium furor. When we finally got it done, half the crew didn't even come back to Hollywood; they just said good-by right there. turned up the volume on their Geiger counters, and took off across the hills. With properties around there that were worth only fifty cents six or eight years ago suddenly worth twenty million, let me tell you it's getting hard to keep the outdoor hired hands interested in the movie dodge. They say there are 12,000 people hunting for uranium on the Colorado Plateau alone.

But if most of the uproar is out around Colorado and Utah, how can it be causing us trouble in North Dakota? Well, that's interesting too. When this Lewis and Clark picture first came up, we were amazed and delighted at the instant enthusiasm throughout the studio; everybody wanted to go along and help make this historic cinema. And now we know why—because Lewis and Clark's route lies right through some of the dandiest uranium hunting in this country. When our crew got to the Fort Mandan site and unpacked, everybody had at least four Geiger counters along, and they've since been prospecting like mad all over North Dakota. Not expecting to find anything there, but getting used to their electronic guide dogs so they'll be experienced prospectors by the time they get on out to the good stuff.

Some of the gadgets won't work if it's cold, and some won't work if it's wet, and you have to learn how many clicks or flashes really mean anything. All in all it's been a busy time at Fort Mandan.

Which I trust will explain why our great Lewis and Clark picture, on which we had such a fine head start, may never get finished at all. But if you ever need any uranium, call us. We'll have some.

The whole situation's naturally ridiculous. These men are being paid good salaries; you'd think they'd have enough simple honesty to keep their eye on the ball long enough to get the fool picture made. I say when you're working for a man, work for him.

But. And indeed but. Meaning that if everybody else around here is chasing uranium, I don't intend to get left out just because I'm chained to this infernal desk. And I have just been given a splendid chance to join the hunt.

As follows: The only girl on the expedition was Sacagawea, the sixteen-year-old Indian wife of a French interpreter who joined up there at Fort Mandan. This girl's role has naturally been built up so that it's around four times as important as that of either Lewis or Clark. She was of aid to the group, both as an interpreter and as a finder of edible roots when they were all starving, but according to our version she handled practically the whole expedition with hardly any help from anyone. And for this mighty role we have chosen our biggest current star, Miss Joan Blaine, who doesn't look much like an Indian but who can make a deerskin chemise look like a night in Paris.

And what has all this got to do with uranium?

Well, Miss Blaine cut her hand slightly yesterday there at Fort Mandan, on a broken perfume bottle, and if there were no such thing in this world as uranium I would still rush you out there at once, to issue hourly bulletins from the bedside telling the nation how the gorgeous and brave Miss Joan Blaine had become terribly wounded in a too-realistic knife-fight scene with forty-three Indians.

That part of it's routine.

But this time you will have additional duties. Because I want you to take along the best Geiger counter you can find, and every minute you're not busy with the bulletins, I want you to get out and find me some uranium. Do you hear me? Some good, high-grade uranium. And a lot of it.

And now listen carefully, because this is why I think you might find me some. I spent a couple of summers around that Fort Mandan area when I was a child, and several miles upstream where the Knife River joins the Missouri, there were once a lot of Indian villages, and there's a lot of funny-colored clay around there that people said the Indians used to make war paint.

Well, George, that might be it. Ever since this uranium craze came along, I have had a strange urge to get back there with a Geiger counter and see if that goofy-colored clay had any clicks in it. As I think back on it, it looked like uranium to me.

Incidentally, you'll have no trouble finding Fort Mandan. Just get off at Bismarck, North Dakota, and start up the Missouri River; you'll see our group. Lewis and Clark did the whole expedition with about forty men and $2,500; with our customary frugality, we're reproducing it with only 2,500 men, and $5,000,000.

You can't miss our version of Fort Mandan, believe me. Only hurry.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THERE'S NO URANIUM IN NORTH DAKOTA. YOU FIND THAT JUNK IN ROCKY MINING COUNTRY. WHAT ELSE IS NEW? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE TUSCANY HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN NORTH DAKOTA; MAYBE IT'S URANIUM. GET GOING. CLICKETY-CLICK. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, EVEN IF I FIND ANY, WHAT GOOD IS IT? ABOUT ALL YOU CAN DO WITH URANIUM IS MAKE ATOMIC BOMBS, AND WHAT GOOD ARE THEY? WE'VE DROPPED AROUND FORTY ON NEVADA, AND THE PLACE HASN'T SURRENDERED YET. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE TUSCANY HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

WELL, LISTEN TO THE FUNNYMAN. YOU HALF-WIT, URANIUM IS GOING TO CHANGE OUR ENTIRE LIVES. AND I WANT TO BE RICH ENOUGH TO EN-

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JOY IT. SO GET OUT THERE AND FIND ME SOME. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
WELL, I'VE DONE EVERYTHING ELSE FOR YOU, I MIGHT AS WELL HUNT URANIUM. HAVE BOUGHT LARGE AND HIDEOUS GEIGER COUNTER, ONE GUARANTEED TO WORK IN THE FRINGE AREAS, AND AM OFF TO NORTH DAKOTA. FEELING LIKE AN UTTER FOOL. GEORGE

THIRD STOCKADE ON THE LEFT
Fort Mandan, North Dakota
July 23, 1955
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I'm here, and you wouldn't believe it. The extent of this uranium idiocy, I mean. The whole crew is out prospecting every morning at dawn, and let me tell you: if you want to see a shattering sight it's a bunch of men in Daniel Boone outfits, plus several hundred Indians in full war paint, all out with Geiger counters hunting uranium.

Frankly I had no idea that people were this nuts over the stuff. Why, some of these farm hands who haven't got a whole pair of pants have a fifty-dollar Geiger counter, and are out prospecting like Death Valley Scotty. The poor souls, they don't know that there can't possibly be any uranium within hundreds of miles of here.

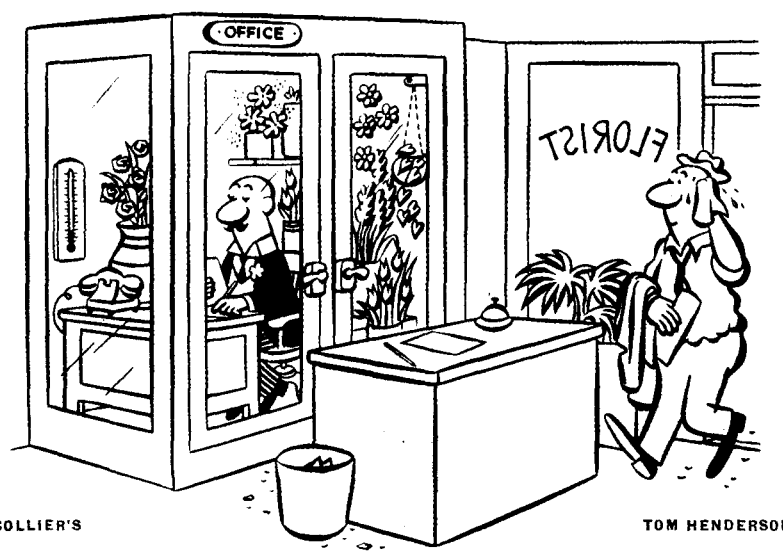
But, Dick, if everybody in the whole West is looking for uranium to this extent, we're bound to find quite a bit of it. In six months they'll be selling it in ten-cent stores. There'll be hundred-pound sacks of ready-mixed uranium for the do-it-yourself set, enough to make all sorts of things.

But let's not get carried away. The point is that if all these people can't find any uranium around here, what reason is there to think that I can? This is ridiculous—you have to ask somebody else with a Geiger counter to move over before you can even start hunting. During meal hours the Geiger counters are lined up around Fort Mandan like bicycles in a schoolyard. Personally, I'm about ready to have mine rewired, so that I can at least get the noon news on it.

Seriously, haven't you any other sort of work I could do?

Oh, speaking of work—I've done some. First, your boyhood clay. I found it, held the wand of my super-powered Geiger counter directly over it, and the thing immediately stopped even the normal clicking it had been doing up to then. We will make no bombs out of that clay, I assure you. But a guy has built a small factory there and is making some excellent pottery out of it. In other words, as happens to so many of us, your boyhood dreams have gone to pottery.

And unfortunately, Miss Blaine's wound is nothing but a scratch and is causing her no inconvenience whatever. Particularly since she brought her chauffeur along anyway to carry her gold-plated Geiger counter for her. The sight of the two of them out prospecting, he carrying the Geiger counter and she walking alongside in her strategically torn deerskin, is something to shatter the nerves. Anyway, I



COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

haven't the gall to send out a phony report on this wound to anybody. All we'd accomplish would be to damage our reputation for veracity, which is on thin enough ground at best.

So I guess I might as well get on back East. Eh?

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HARMONY PICTURES
FORT MANDAN N DAK VIA BISMARCK
NO, GEORGE, YOU STICK RIGHT THERE, BOY. WITH ALL THOSE BUTTER-FINGERED ACTORS WIELDING AXES AND KNIVES AND BOWS AND ARROWS AND TOMAHAWKS, SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO GET HURT SATISFACTORILY ANY MINUTE NOW, AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT ON HAND TO SEND OUT THE NEWS. MEANWHILE, FIND ME SOME URANIUM. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YES SIR. CHLOE. . . . . CLICKETY-CLICK. . . . CHLOE. . . . .
GEORGE

LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
Mandan, North Dakota
July 26, 1955
Airmail Special

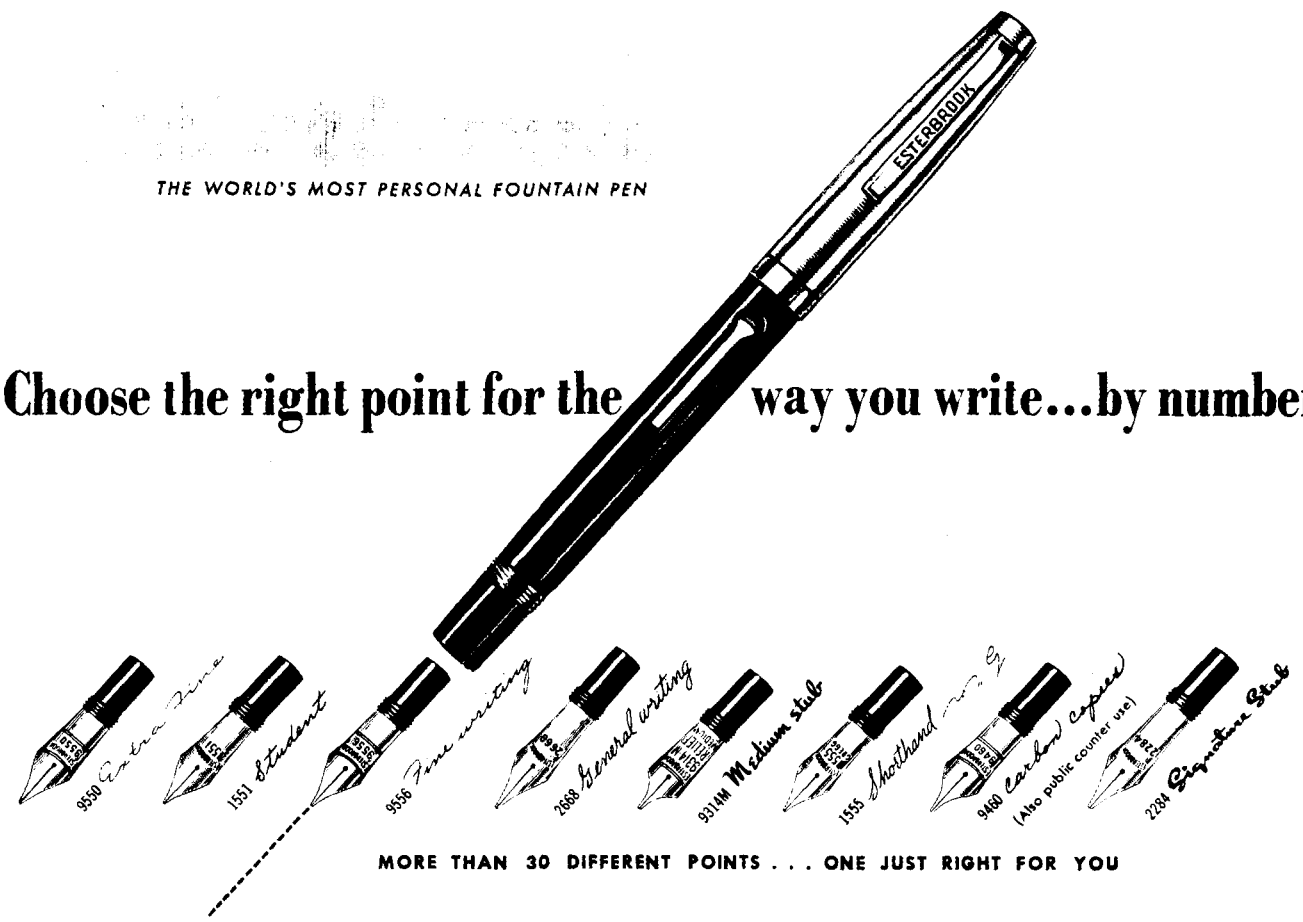
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Dick, whatever you're doing, drop it and listen! I came down here to get

THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN

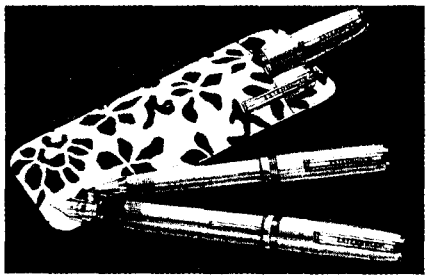
Choose the right point for the way you write...by number



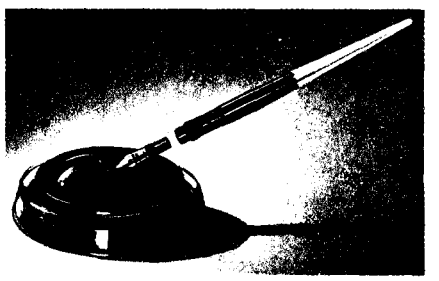
MORE THAN 30 DIFFERENT POINTS . . . ONE JUST RIGHT FOR YOU

THREAD THE POINT OF YOUR CHOICE . . . INTO THE BARREL

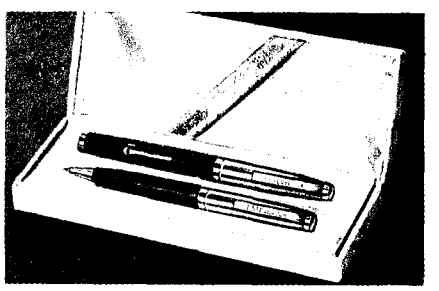
This is the pen YOU put together . . . right at the pen counter.
First, you choose your point—by number—the point that writes the way you like to write. Then you choose the size barrel you prefer.
Then you screw the point into the barrel to have a pen that's yours and yours alone. Pens and matching push-pencils in your favorite color, at any pen counter.



In your purse • Petite pen with your personal point and matching Push-Pencil in handy findable case. Dainty pastel colors.



On your desk • Your favorite point in a pen that fills itself from an ink fountain in the base. Try one on a 30-day money back guarantee.



In your pocket • The pen, personalized for point, size, color. Matching Push-Pencil feeds up to 360 new points as you push the cap.

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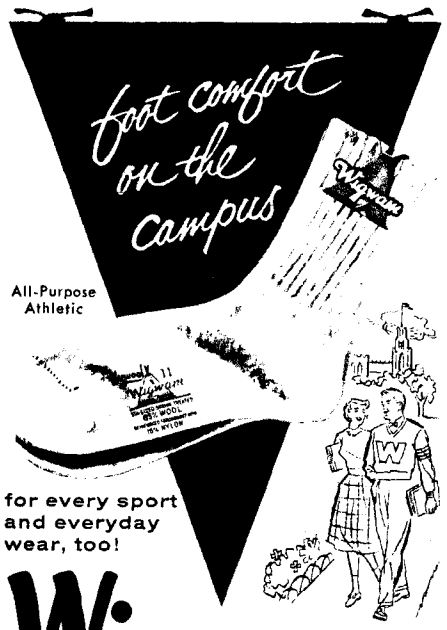

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Soft, cushiony Wigwams give l-a-s-t-i-n-g comfort — in class...on campus ...for sports or leisure. Available in regular sizes or new "Foot Hugger" s-t-r-e-t-c-h styles at leading sporting goods and department stores.

HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO.
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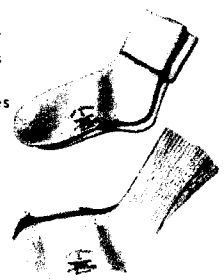

Ladies' anklets and men's slack socks... in white and colors.

Wigwam Socks FOR EVERY SPORT

Mothers!

Wonderful New First Aid for Children's Skin Injuries!

Unlike iodine and other harsh liquid antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works these four ways:

1. Relieves pain fast!
2. Provides long-lasting protection against infection!
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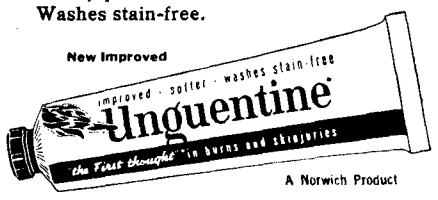
4. Prevents gauze from sticking to the injury!

For sunburn, too—new Unguentine relieves, provides real burn medication. Washes stain-free.

New Improved



A Norwich Product

The First-Aid Dressing
UNGUENTINE

this written and mailed, because I didn't want the slightest chance that the wrong eyes would see it. This present town of Mandan, incidentally, bears no relation to Fort Mandan, which is fifty or sixty miles on up the river. This Mandan is right across the river from Bismarck. Which hasn't anything to do with the plot—I just wanted to make it clear.

And please pardon me for being delirious. Dick, I've hit it, so help me, barrels of it! Right in the middle of North Dakota. If anybody needs any uranium, just tell them to call the Lewis and Clark Hotel, and ask for George.

It happened in the darnedest way, just like every really great mining strike that's ever been made. The guys who found the real bundles back in the old gold-rush days were always out hunting a lost burro, or had just stopped to bury a kindly rattlesnake or something. I guess it's just the hand of Providence, rewarding the deserving.

But to get on with it. I don't know whether you know it or not, but you naturally turn off a Geiger counter when you're not out prospecting with it, the same as you turn off a radio when you're not listening to it. Well, last night I went to bed up at the fort a little late, after a riotous night in Bismarck, and in checking to make sure my precious Geiger counter was properly turned off, I must have turned the fool gadget back on. Because I was awakened shortly before dawn by the thing clicking away like the Super Chief legging it through Kansas. Leaping out of bed, I turned the volume down so that it wouldn't wake up anybody else, and stood there transfixed listening to the now subdued but still frantically persistent clicking.

What could have happened? Then I suddenly saw what had happened. A sheer case of the grass being greener on the other side of the fence. The minute the whistle blew each day on the fort set, everybody had grabbed their Geiger counters and gone rushing off in some direction before even pausing to turn on their dowsing rods; whereas the only uranium in North Dakota had evidently been right under their feet all the time.

Anyway, dressing stealthily and turning my truffle hound down to the merest whisper, I crept out into the still dawn; and right there in our own stockade that Geiger counter clicked like the middle wheel at a ham raffle. Outside the stockade the clicks diminished, but they immediately resumed their frenzy as I walked back into the fort. Dick, as fantastic as it sounds, right under that set of ours must be the mother lode of all uranium history. God bless Mr. Geiger.

Anyway, I've hit it, we're rich, and that's that. What a relief. All I have to do is to wait till tonight, then get a shovel and sneak out into the middle of that fort set and dig up a sample of the ore. I'll have it analyzed first thing tomorrow morning at the assay office in Bismarck. If it proves out, which it's bound to do, all we have to do is to take a continuing lease on the ground the fort is on, making sure to get the mineral rights. The minute the studio moves its junk off, we'll move right in with the bulldozers and start digging up the stuff like mashed potatoes. In no time, we'll be rich boys.

Of course, it all depends on my getting a sample of the ore without anybody seeing me, and getting it analyzed. But I'll get at that tonight.

Hurried regards,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
MANDAN N DAK

GEORGE, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT ALL I'M GETTING ON MY OWN GEIGER COUNTER IS A SMALL VOICE SAYING LOOK OUT. THAT FORT MANDAN SET COST US THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND THE MERE THOUGHT OF YOU GOING TO WORK ON IT WITH A SHOVEL CHILLS THE MARROW. WE'RE ALREADY FIVE WEEKS BEHIND SCHEDULE THERE, AND IF I DID ANYTHING TO INTERFERE WITH THE FINISHING OF THAT SHOOTING, NOTHING WOULD INTERFERE WITH MY SHOOTING. LET'S THINK THIS OVER FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES. I'LL WIRE OR AIRMAIL SPECIAL YOU LATER TODAY. MEANWHILE, DON'T DO ANYTHING TO THAT SET. DON'T EVEN BREATHE ON IT. DICK

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 27, 1955
Airmail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Harmony Pictures
Lewis and Clark Hotel
Mandan, North Dakota

Dear George:

Okay, I've thought, and here's what we'll do.

In the first place, George, it's entirely possible that you've really stumbled onto something. But there's item two—meaning that any way I look at it, we just don't dare touch anything around that fort set till the studio's through shooting there. Which should be only about another week or two.

On the other hand, your idea of protecting the site with some sort of lease seems sound. So find whoever owns the land and get us a short-term lease on it for the two weeks immediately following our departure. Tell him you want the mineral rights included—ha-ha—because you want to look for arrowheads. Tell him anything, only sign it up, and for as little as possible.

Then, the minute we pull out, I'll give you the next two weeks off—you've had a vacation coming for nine years—and you can spend the whole two weeks digging and analyzing to your heart's content.

And if the place really is a gold mine—I mean a uranium mine—you can take a long-term lease on the place, George, and we'll make a fortune.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

HOW DOES THAT GO AGAIN? IF I FIND A URANIUM MINE ON MY VACATION, WE MAKE A FORTUNE? WHO IS WE? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
MANDAN N DAK

YOU AND YOUR OLD FRIEND DICK, YOU IDIOT. DON'T WORRY, I'LL GIVE YOU HALF OF EVERYTHING YOU FIND. DICKIE BOY

LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
Mandan, North Dakota

July 29, 1955
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, now we can get down to business. I was naturally just using that last exchange of fun-loving wires to keep you occupied till I could get the ore sample, get it analyzed, and see where we were.

Because, Dick, sitting out there in Hollywood you just have no idea how fast this uranium thing is moving. Even here in North Dakota if you asked anybody for a two-week lease on anything including mineral rights—ha-ha or otherwise—it would be the work of a child. The old rancher who owns this property is no fool. He's seen all these Geiger counters around here, he's sent off to Sears Roebuck for the best scintillator they have—don't laugh; Sears sells them—and he's already down in the Bad Lands prospecting.

So I had to move fast. If I had really found uranium, speed and secrecy were of the essence. So last night I got the sample. I crept out about 3:00 A.M., hurriedly pinpointed the center of the deposit, and started digging. And no

"That will be $36.98, including practice swing"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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COLLIER'S **"Hold it! He's going towards the hole!"** DANA FRADON

more than two feet under the surface of that soft earth, where any expert in the world would have told you there couldn't possibly be any uranium, the shovel clanked on rock—a big pocket of the funniest-looking gray-black rocks you've ever seen. We had probably a million dollars' worth of uranium right here. Anyway, I dug up all I could find in this first pocket and lugged the buckets to the car—the stuff's heavier than waterlogged lead. Then I covered up my tracks, got in the car, and drove back down here.

And I was at the assay office the minute they opened—I helped the man unlock the door—and Dick, what we have found is nothing but a huge deposit of the purest uranium ever discovered in this country. Millions of dollars' worth of it! I'm telling you, that whole fort area clicks like a girl cricket looking at Clark Gable.

So we're off. I'm leaving at once for the Bad Lands, to chase down the old guy who owns the fort property and sign us up a long-term lease on the whole area, at whatever price he wants. It doesn't matter what he wants—it's peanuts. Wire me five thousand at once to pay down on the lease. Make it ten; they say he's hard to deal with.

Oh, what I did with the bucket of uranium. You may never have thought of this, but if there are any Geiger counters around it is extremely difficult to hide several buckets of uranium. Then I had an inspiration. I'd just have the guy at the assay office keep it for me till I got back. To allay the gleam in his eye I'd already told him that a friend of mine out West had sent it to me as a gag, and the only reason I wanted it assayed was to see if he was pulling my leg. Ha-ha. So would he please keep it for me for a couple of days, till I could figure out a way to pull a better joke on him? "Sure," he said, "I hear they've gone real nuts out there in Utah."

"They have indeed," I said. "Thank Heaven we're still calm here." And I leaped into the car and took off for the Bad Lands at around four hundred miles an hour, skidding to a stop at the hotel to write this.

Wire me the money here. I'll keep the local Western Union office advised on where they should forward it.

In great haste,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
MANDAN N DAK

YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! GET THAT URANIUM BACK INTO THAT HOLE THE FIRST INSTANT YOU CAN, AND THEN DON'T EVEN LEAVE THAT HOTEL TILL YOU GET AIRMAIL SPECIAL PRACTICALLY ON WAY. WHEW.

RICHARD L. REED

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

August 1, 1955
Airmail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Harmony Pictures
Lewis and Clark Hotel
Mandan, North Dakota

Dear Stupid:

Well, there's no fool like an old fool. Maybe next week you can buy the Brooklyn Bridge at a discount. Meaning that the minute you mentioned somebody playing a joke on somebody, my backbone shriveled like a piece of cheap bacon in a hot skillet. Oh, no.

And I began some frantic gumshoeing around here, and within thirty minutes my worst fears were realized. You have fallen for the oldest gag known to mining—the "salted" mine. The great deposit of uranium you've been going nuts over is nothing but a few buckets of it that Art Hagen, the director, borrowed to play a gag on Miss Blaine.

And incidentally on that whole crew there, as a desperate means of trying to get them back on the movie track. Art figured that if he planted some actual uranium, helped Joan and her chauffeur to "find" it, let her get highly elated, and then haw-hawed her all over the place right in front of everybody, it might bring that whole Lewis and Clark crew back to earth. Lou Bentley went to untold trouble and expense to get hold of around fifty thousand dollars' worth of high-grade uranium, and get it sent to Art.

And what do you do, you stumble-footed oaf? Within minutes after Art has finally got it there and got the trap set, you've found it, dug it up, and are off to lease the state of North Dakota.

Either get that uranium back into that hole at once, intact and undetected, or send me a fast flash so I can at least get a start out of here ahead of the mob. You blithering idiot.

No regards,
Richard L. Reed

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NO OPTION MONEY RECEIVED YET AT MANDAN WESTERN UNION OFFICE. BUT AM CARRYING ON. HAVE LOCATED OWNER OF PROPERTY AND AM WAITING HERE IN BAD LANDS FOR HIM TO RETURN FROM DAY OF PROSPECTING. DON'T WORRY. WILL CLOSE LEASE SOMEHOW. GEORGE

URANIUM ASSAY OFFICE
BISMARCK N DAK

UNDERSTAND INSANE FORMER EMPLOYEE OF OURS NAMED GEORGE

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LINDEN NEW JERSEY
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ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
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52

STILL

THE LEADER

...AND STILL

GOING STRONG

As the summer season rolls on, big time tournament after big time tournament shows the same result — *more players are playing the Titleist than any other ball.*

They are doing this for a very good reason. These leading pros and amateurs have discovered that when the chips are down, when every last yard of distance is important, when every hair's breadth of accuracy counts, Titleist is *the* ball — the *only* ball.

Have you discovered this yet? You can — in *one* round.

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GOLF BALLS

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•

Ask your Pro to specify the Acushnet best suited to your game

SEIBERT RECENTLY BROUGHT YOU SEVERAL BUCKETS OF URANIUM FOR ANALYSIS. THIS URANIUM WAS STOLEN FROM DIRECTOR ART HAGEN AT OUR FORT MANDAN LOCATION UPSTREAM. PLEASE SEE THAT IT IS RETURNED TO MR. HAGEN AT ONCE AT OUR EXPENSE. AND WHEN MR. SEIBERT RETURNS HAVE HIM ARRESTED, HAVING LOCAL POLICE WIRE ME AS SOON AS HE IS IN CUSTODY. REGARDS TO YOUR GRAND CITY. RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS ALL THE UPROAR ABOUT? I'M NOW BACK HERE AT BISMARCK, AND EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE. AS YOU'LL SEE IN AIRMAIL SPECIAL PRACTICALLY ON WAY. STOP THIS IDLE JITTERING AND GET TO SOME CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH YOUR BONUS.
GEORGE

LEWIS AND CLARK HOTEL
Mandan, North Dakota
August 3, 1955
Airmail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Dick, in these times prostration is everywhere; learn to lean on me more.

Not that there aren't, even for me, times that are a little breezy. When I got back here with my three-year lease on the Fort Mandan property, got your letter at the hotel and discovered the true situation, I must say that there was a moment there when the only solution seemed to be to try to leg it over the Canadian border. That's one nice feature about North Dakota—it's sure handy to the Canadian border.

But then reason reasserted itself. Surely there was a way out of this. I began to think.

First I should explain how I managed to get the long-term lease on the property without paying anything down, other than the fifty-four dollars I happened to have on my person. I took a lease that did not include the mineral rights. Which, oddly enough, seemed like a smart move at the time. Because despite my best blandishments, the old guy absolutely refused to include the mineral rights on any basis whatever. "No sirree Bob," he said. "I don't think there's a spoonful o' uranium on that place, but I'm holding it. There's some funny-colored clay on part of it, and maybe next they'll be paying out a lot of money for funny-colored clay. In the meantime, I'm not selling. Not the mineral rights."

So, since there was nothing else to do, I got a brand-new idea. I would lease it for three years without the mineral rights, to grow wheat, which is why I had told him I wanted it in the first place. But, since he was in no hurry, I got him to include a proviso that nobody else, including him, could do any prospecting for minerals on the property during the three years of my lease. Wheat is tender, and I didn't want people tromping on it. Naturally not, he said; and we signed.

My thought being that I would then "discover" the uranium, and since nobody could get it out without my permission, they'd pay us off handsomely rather than wait out the three years. If I do say so, a sound plan.

Of course, the minute I got back here to the hotel and got your letter, I saw that it wasn't. But then I thought of something else.

And I went over to the assay office to pick up my buckets of uranium. I mean Mr. Bentley's buckets of uranium. "Well," I said, as I walked in, "I'll bet you've had some pretty hilarious telegrams from that fellow out West who's trying to play a joke on me."

"You're right as rain," he said, "that fellow's a caution." And he showed me your telegram. "If you tried to pull jokes like that anywhere but in Hollywood, you'd get arrested."

"We do have our lighter moments," I said.

And with quite a bit of tugging he helped me get the uranium back into the car, and I left. I drove back upriver to a small promontory from which I could see the fort, and there I sat. Until 3:00 A.M.

Then I crept in, redeposited the deposit, and crept out.

And during the noon hour today Art Hagen, blissfully unaware of what had occurred, led Miss Blaine and her turned-on Geiger counter past the trap; she and the Geiger counter both threw a fit, and Hagen let her get clear out to her station wagon to rush to the claim office before he let loose the first guffaw. He then gathered her and everybody else around, and had Bob Palmer of the Colorado Mining Association give them a short talk on some of the problems of uranium hunting. It is not all peaches and cream.

And tonight you can buy a good used Geiger counter around here for about four dollars. Our Lewis and Clark crew is back on the lot.

Which leaves only our lease. Because the fact remains that I signed up for an ironclad three-year lease on that whole fort area, and the further fact is that since I was so short of cash I signed Bentley's name to it, thinking that the signature of one so illustrious might bear weight. Which it did. With a down payment of only fifty-four dollars, Mr. Bentley is the happy possessor of a three-year lease on quite a hunk of North Dakota. Rent, a thousand a month—with no uranium rights, or even uranium possibilities.

But, Dick, there are all kinds of uranium. Just as in the old gold-rush days a few smart lads made fine fortunes selling the gold-happy miners copies of used newspapers at a dollar each, and pairs of serviceable pants at fifty dollars per leg. Perhaps the day could be saved by some similar feature of my seemingly overextended uranium holdings.

And I suddenly saw the answer: If any studio in Hollywood intends to make an authentic Lewis and Clark picture, they will perforce have to use the Fort Mandan site. And by the sheerest happenstance, I happen to have a three-year lease on the whole area. Well, well, well.

I immediately started calling various acquaintances of mine in the other studios out there, and everything's just dandy. Yes, they were of course planning to use the Fort Mandan site; no, they hadn't leased it yet—they were waiting till we moved on, or rather off, figuring that they could then maybe save a few dollars on the rental. Economy, at least the appearance of it, being of the essence out there these days. When I informed them that Bentley had a lease on it not for four months, as they'd heard, but for three years, the howls of pain were heart-rending.

And as soon as they have examined the box they're in, they will be in to see Mr. Bentley, hat in hand, to make a deal. There is just nothing else they can do. If they try to use any other site, we can pillory them in the public prints.

Which should make Mr. Bentley rather grateful. It'll give him a fine all-around bargaining tool for all sorts of little financial shenanigans, from the use of hunks of their stock film to advantageous theater deals.

Spend your bonus wisely, and don't forget mine. Uranium mine, that is.

As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS

COLLIER'S "Someone in Tourist Class whistled at me!" MARY GIBSON

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MATISSE

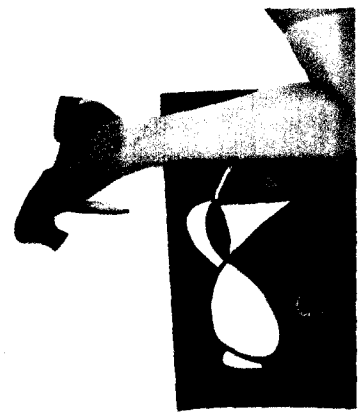
A Pair of Picassos—Please

EVER since women's hemlines rose off the ground shortly after the turn of the century, exposing feminine underpinnings to public gaze, shoe designers have been an increasingly important element of the fashion world. And, possibly in reaction to the high-button shoe, their efforts to beautify boots have grown more and more fanciful over the years. They've spiked the ladies' heels, exposed their toes to the weather, decorated their insteps with buckles and bows, put wedges under them, and splashed their feet with the varied colors of the spectrum. Now, undeterred by masculine dismay, they've turned to modern art for inspiration, in what may portend the most garish trend of all.

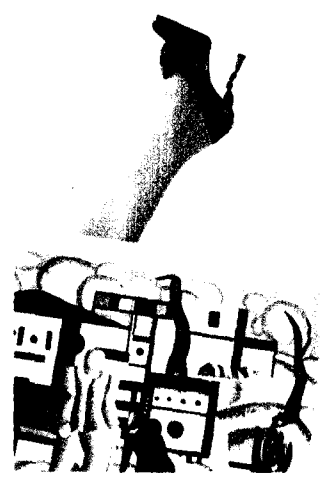
The designer responsible, a man himself, is André Perugia, a Parisian who has been likened in his own field to Dior, the famed *couturier*. M. Perugia has patterned 10 new designs after the works of modern masters, utilizing the colors of one, the favorite subjects of another, and so on. Thus, Perugia's "Van Gogh" is in the artist's vibrant orange and green, and features the shaggy sunflower Van Gogh painted so often. Because Georges Braque displays fish in several of his best-known still lifes, the "Braque" shoe is fish-shaped, with simulated eyes and scales.

Adaptations of the shoes have already gone into production, for sale in the fall at I. Miller stores across the country. As a result, it may soon be possible for ladies with artistically inclined arches to step right up to the shoe clerk—and solemnly ask to try on a pair of Picassos. —LEE CAMPBELL

PICASSO



BRAQUE



LEGER

VAN GOGH

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN STEWART

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BEAUTY TIPS by Cara Nome

Here are two rare, half-price specials this month—better stock up and save!

CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM really *stops* perspiration. The regular 2-oz., $1 size, now just half-price during August only!..... **50¢**

CARA NOME FACE POWDER is pure, mild, safe for the most delicate skins. This finer, longer-clinging powder is ½-price now! Large size, regularly $2.50, now only... **$1.25**

CARA NOME SUNTAN LOTION — double your money back if you don't agree it's the best you've ever used! This creamy lotion has a "sun screen" of special filtering ingredients that help prevent burn; let you tan evenly. An exceptionally good buy, too. 4-oz. bottle..... **$1.00**

CARA NOME SPRAY HAIR NET is the new, *non-sticky* modified lanolin formula that keeps hair picture perfect but *soft*. No board-like feel! Leaves your locks as lustrous as a model's. Big, 5-oz. Aerosol push-button container, only..... **$1.25**

Now be sure to check every one of the 8 beauty buys below—each is a must for summer loveliness!

Cara Nome Compressed Bath Powder, 3-oz., choice of 3 fragrances: Cara Nome, **$1.50;** Springwood, **$2.00;** or White Mink, **$2.25**

Cara Nome Perfumed Spray Deodorant in a pretty plastic spray-bottle..... **$1.10**

Cara Nome's New Liquid Cleansing Cream deep-cleanses the neat new *liquid* way. Generous 6-oz. squeeze-bottle, a buy at only... **$1.50**

Cara Nome's Pat-A-Way Stick hides blemishes at a touch! *Truly* conceals spots, freckles, even lines and shadows! In propel-repel case, **$1.50**

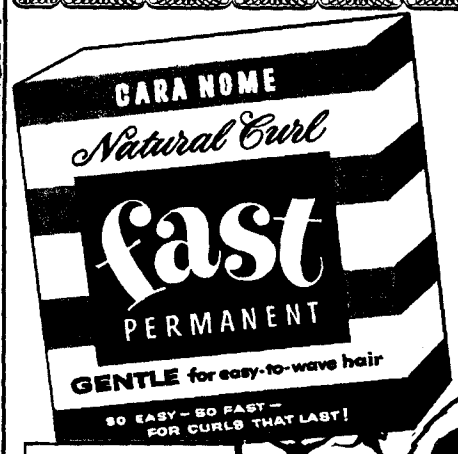
Only a first kiss could give you that warm, radiant look you get with **Cara Nome Liquid Blush,** the wonderful new dot-on rouge.. **$1.10**

Cara Nome's New Lipstick is called *Permacreme* because it stays on, yet stays *creamy*—thanks to a miracle derivative of lanolin. Ten exciting new shades, each only..... **$1.10**

Cara Nome Liquid Foundation blends naturally, smoothly with your complexion to give you a flawless, youthful look..... **$1.25**

Cara Nome Dusting Powder is extra soft, due to fine talc base. 5½-oz. box..... **$1.50**

Save in August on Guaranteed



NOW! NO PERMANENT OUTLASTS New fast

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GENTLE REGULAR SUPER EACH **$1.50**

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New S-T-R-E-T-C-H Nylons

($1.65 Value) ONLY $1.00 1 Pair with Box Top from *Any* Cara Nome Permanent

Super-sheer Spuntex – 60 gauge, 15 denier; dark or light seam; lovely summer and fall shades! Ask your Rexall druggist for coupon to send with $1 and box top from *any* Cara Nome "Natural Curl" permanent: Fast, Pin Curl or Little Girl's (each, $1.50).

Even a *beauty shop* permanent won't outlast FAST, thanks to 3 FAST secrets:

fast has *professional* waving lotion, with Thioglycolate—the same costly chemical used in $25 permanents at luxurious Hollywood beauty salons!

fast has famous *Neutralock Neutralizer*—a Cara Nome exclusive—to lock the curl instantly at the exact softness you want, prevent kinkiness, keep the curl from weakening when you comb out your wave (you can even shampoo at once, if you wish)!

fast end-papers are *fabric*—to help the waving lotion saturate every curl thoroughly. This special fabric is not paper-flimsy: won't cling to wet fingers; makes curl-winding easier.

fast is faster, longer-lasting, softer from the start—no frizz, no broken ends, no breaking-in period with new FAST.

Buy FAST this month—with special Stretch Nylon offer. Only Rexall druggists can sell Cara Nome's new FAST.

FAMILY REMEDIES

Rexall Aspirin. None faster-acting at any price! 5 grain, 100-tablet bottle, only.... **54¢**

Rexall Tiny Tot Aspirin for Babies. ½ gr., raspberry flavored. Bottle of 100..... **35¢**

Rexall Glycerin Suppositories. Give prompt relief. Adult or infant. Bottle of 12..... **43¢**

Rexall Rubbing Alcohol. An excellent, non-irritating compound for quick relief from minor muscular aches. Full pint bottle.. **69¢**

Rexall Hygienic Powder. 6 oz., only... **75¢**

Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen. 3% solution. Cleanses cuts, often checks cold sores in early stages. Full pint bottle, only..... **45¢**

Rexall Thermodex Tablets help prevent heat cramps, exhaustion. Bottle of 100, only.. **49¢**

Rexall Nasothricin Nasal Spray. Relieves "stuffed up" nose, contains the modern antibiotic, Tyrothricin—to fight bacteria. In handy ½-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle, only..... **89¢**

Rexall Poison Ivy Lotion. 2-oz. bottle, only **55¢;** 5-oz. push-button Aerosol, only... **$1.69**

Rexall Liquid Saccharin Drops. Calorie-free sweetener already dissolved in handy plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle. Two drops are equivalent tsp. sugar. 25 cc, only..... **65¢**

Heartburn? Belching?

REXALL BISMA-REX

4¾-oz. powder Only **89¢**

Gives fast, 4-way relief from discomfort of acid-upset stomach. Exclusive "relay" action of Bisma-Rex ingredients starts fast yet prolongs relief. Bisma-Rex is sold only at Rexall Stores.

Bisma-Rex Gel. Liquid form. ½ pt..... **$1.19**

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SAVE 60¢ ON NEW GIANT BOTTLE!

REXALL MONACET

QUICK, 3-WAY PAIN RELIEF

Proven combination of aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine gives quick, 3-way relay relief from simple headache, neuralgia, and minor muscular aches. Caffeine helps relieve depressing effect of colds. Aspirin goes to work fast, while phenacetin takes over later – so you get not only quick, but prolonged relief. Rexall Monacet sold only at Rexall Stores.

Regularly 100 for 79¢ Now bottle of 200 Only **98¢**

NOW! SQUEEZE-A-DROP EYE RELIEF!

REXALL EYELO DROPS

1 oz. Only **79¢**

Give quick, soothing relief to irritated eyes. Always have some with you to relieve irritation from strong light, wind, dust, etc. In unbreakable plastic tube—no dropper needed. Always keep one handy.

Rexall Eyelo Eyewash. 4 oz., with eyecup... **39¢**

CHECK ATHLETE'S FOOT

REXALL FUNGI-REX

1½-oz. tube Only **75¢**

Greaseless ointment gives fast, effective relief from itching, burning discomfort.

Rexall Fungi-Rex Powder. 4 oz... **59¢**

Rexall Fungi-Rex Salve. 1½ oz... **75¢**

Rexall Fungi-Rex Liquid. Easy to apply. 3-oz. bottle, only..... **75¢**

Rexall Fungi-Rex Aerosol. Push-button spray. 4 oz., only..... **$1.59**

Rexall Fungi-Rex Combination. Salve, powder, and Rex-Salvine, only... **$1.79**

Rexall Fungi-Rex Lotion. For effective relief from simple ringworm infection of tender body parts. 2 oz., only..... **79¢**

ITCHING, BURNING SKIN?

REXALL GYPSY CREAM

8 oz. Only **69¢**

Greaseless lotion for protective, soothing relief from sunburn, other minor skin irritations. Can't stain clothes.

Ointment, 4-oz. tube, only..... **69¢**

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Can be used anywhere because it fits all faucet sizes. Fine for shampooing hair—has massage brush ring. Anti-kink coil springs keep hose straight. Red or Green.

QUICK HAIR CARE! STAG "READY GROOM" CREAM HAIR TONIC

Creamy foam at your finger tips! Non-sticky; keeps hair neat, manageable.

5-oz. Aerosol **$1.25**

SPEED SHAVING TIME! STAG "READY SHAVE"

Clean, smooth shaves in minutes! Just foam rich lather on hand, smooth on face. Pleasant Stag scent.

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3 oz., Reg. 98¢ Now **49¢**

Easy to apply, quick vanishing anti-perspirant that preserves after-shower freshness all day. Will not stain clothes; has subtle Stag scent.

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Complete **$1.35**

Contains 7 basic first aid items plus a handy manual.

Large Size Kit. 11 basic first aid items plus an informative manual, only.....**$2.50**
Rexall Cotton Balls for first aid, nursery and cosmetic application. Box of 65...**39¢**
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Rexall Rex-Salvine for minor burns. Relieves pain, checks germ growth. 1½-oz. tube, only **57¢**; 5-oz. Aerosol, only.....**$1.39**
Rexall Sunburn Cream, Aerosol. Swift and prolonged relief. 5 oz., only.....**$1.49**
Rexall Motion Sickness Tablets help prevent queasiness in car, train, boat, plane, bus. Contain no narcotics. Box of 12...**89¢**
Rexall Skin Antiseptic for minor cuts, scratches. Superior new formula. 1-oz. bottle with glass-applicator top, only.....**33¢**

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Choice of 3 styles: you get 32 plain white; 36 return address; or 36 air mail. 6¾ size. Reg. 25¢.. **19¢**

Lady Fair Plastic Household Gloves

Oil and acid resistant; non-slip finish. Regularly 69¢, now **49¢**

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Big pound roll of utility cotton. Tear off as you need it for all household uses. Special during August... **57¢**

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Black or bronze, 90 regular or 72 rubber-tipped. Reg. 25¢ card, now 18¢ or 2 cards for **35¢**

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Complete **$1.98**

No swat, no sweat! Just set it anywhere, indoors or out—flies can't resist it, yet it's completely odorless to humans. Refill, 98¢

Elkays Aerosol Insect Killer Cut 40¢. 12-oz. Aerosol, regular $1.29; now only...**89¢**
Elkays Insecticide Powder with DDT, 10%. Really economical at 4 oz. for....**39¢**
Elkays Non-DDT Insecticide. Safe for use as directed. Controls flies, mosquitoes, ants, etc. Pint, only **69¢**; 12-oz. Aerosol...**$1.59**
Elkays Insect Repellent. Comes in 3 forms:
Liquid, in 2-oz.bottle, only.....**59¢**
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Aerosol, in 5-oz. push-button can....**$1.19**
Elkays Ant & Roach Killer. In easy-to-use push-button Aerosol. 10 oz., only....**$1.19**
Elkays Rose & Plant Spray. Insecticide. Effective indoors or out. 12-oz. Aerosol, **$1.69**
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED

Summer heat and activities make extra demands on your energy. That's why you may need Super Plenamins *now* more than ever—to help restore lost vitality. One tablet daily supplies *more* than your minimum requirement of *all* vitamins with known minimums—plus other important vitamins and 12 valuable minerals. Exclusive at Rexall Drug Stores.
10-Week Supply of 72 tablets...only **$4.79**
Economy-Size Bottle, 144 tablets, only **$7.95**

NEW ANTIHISTAMINE RELIEF FOR IRRITATED SKIN REXALL HISTACALMA CREAM

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Now! 3 tested remedies combined—for 3-way relief from insect bites, simple hives, poison oak and ivy. Antihistamine relieves itching and smarting, calamine soothes, benzocaine relieves pain fast. Flesh-colored.

1½-oz. tube **87¢**

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Quickly relieves sniffles, sneezes and watery eyes.

25 mgs. 15 for only **49¢**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED

Freshen Breath REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC

Famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle, multi-purpose antiseptic for the whole family. *Full pint* bottle gives you more for your money.

Full pint Only **79¢**

Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic. Famous ruby-red mouthwash and breath sweetener. Pleasant-tasting cinnamon flavor. Pt., **79¢**
Rexall Mineral Oil for Sluggishness. Odorless, tasteless, calorie-free. Pint, **69¢**
Rexall Rex-Eme for Irritated Skin. Greaseless cream quickly relieves smarting, helps promote healing. 2 oz.....**33¢**
Rexall Prickly Heat Powder. Cools, soothes and absorbs moisture. 4 oz...**35¢**
Rexall Poison Oak Cream. Soothes, cools, comforts—relieves itching. 3 oz., **69¢**
Rexall Asthmatic Powder. 6 oz.....**98¢**
Rexall Corn Solvent. Removes corns and calluses painlessly. ½ oz., only.....**35¢**
Rexall Foot Powder. Relieves burning, and absorbs perspiration. 4 oz. .....**39¢**
Rexall Pabizol for Stomach Upsets. Gives quick, effective relief from simple diarrhea and stomach upsets caused by too much food or drink. Pleasant-tasting peppermint flavor. 4 oz., only.....**55¢**
Rexall Tiny Tot Zinc Stearate. Relieves diaper rash and chafing. 1 oz., only..**49¢**
Rexall Toothache Drops. ¼ oz., only **35¢**

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We read comics together, and I thought of Mike as the shining, handsome knight

HIDE-OUT *for a* HERO

By CELSO AL. CARUNUNGAN

Had the American made this wonderful promise only to save his own life?

DURING the last war, when the enemy bombed the town of Santa Cruz in Luzon, Philippines, Uncle Ciano and Aunt Clara moved to our town, for their house was destroyed and their son, Manuel, was killed in action on Bataan. Uncle Ciano was a good carpenter and he missed his shop, and when they lived at our house, he would carve little boats for me at night, using the sharpened kitchen knife.

There was very little to do around the house during those days, for there were many of us living together and the chores were few. After we children helped Father and Uncle Ciano build the air-raid shelter under the house, there was almost nothing for us to do. Uncle Ciano hated staying around doing nothing all day, so he went out every morning, going from one farm to another looking for odd jobs to do, and returned at night before dinner.

Each night he brought something home with him. Sometimes he brought things to eat, like melons and Batangas oranges and cassava cakes, which some village women cooked along the roads. This was during the hard last years of the war, and food in any form was uppermost in our minds. We liked Uncle Ciano very much.

But one night Uncle Ciano came home late, around twelve o'clock, and the whole household was already asleep. Mother had thought that he was not coming home that night; there were times when darkness overtook him on the way from town and he would seek shelter in some friend's house—for there were many enemy sentries along the way with fixed bayonets, and they asked many questions.

It was I who awoke first. I heard Uncle Ciano talking in whispers to someone with him—and in English! It had been many years since I had heard him speak English, and it was odd hearing him speak it at such a strange hour, and in whispers.

I got up, rubbing my eyes and hearing my father snore his loud, rhythmic snore. I heard their footsteps soft on the bamboo floor going toward the kitchen. Uncle Ciano lighted the coconut-oil lamp, and as I raised the mosquito netting under which I slept, I saw the man with him. For a moment I did not know whether to go to the kitchen and meet

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him or crawl back under my netting, but I decided to go to the kitchen.

Uncle Ciano smiled when he saw me. His face was dirty and his hair was white with dust. The man stood up from his bench and he was dirty too, his clothes full of oily spots. And he smiled too.

"Juancho," Uncle Ciano said in English. "This is our new friend, Michael Cooper. He's an American."

During those years, seeing an American in our town was like seeing a man from another planet. You had to rub your eyes hard to see if you were dreaming or not. And if you weren't, it was still hard to believe.

"How do you do, Mr. American," I said in my best English.

"Hi," he said, extending his hand to me as if I was a real grown man. He made me feel warm all over and I did not rub my eyes any more to see if I was dreaming.

"I found him on my way home," Uncle Ciano said simply, as he turned toward the stove and started a fire.

I saw Uncle Ciano's sack on the table. It was empty. It seemed that he had brought nothing home that night but an American whose face was dirty and whose clothes were oily and who smiled and made me warm all over.

As Uncle Ciano placed some fire sticks on the stove, I looked closely at Michael Cooper and saw him wiping his face with the sleeves of his shirt, and perspiration shone on his face and neck in the dimming coconut-oil light. I forgot all the things to eat that Uncle Ciano did not bring that night; I went to the cabinet under the cupboard where our towels were kept and gave a white one to the American.

"Thank you," he said and I saw that he was missing one lower tooth. I also saw that there was a small scar on his forehead—thin like a line—but he was a nice-looking man.

AFTER a while Uncle Ciano turned to us beside the table, and he asked me to get some cups and we would have some *salabat* to drink.

"The *salabat* is our favorite drink," Uncle Ciano said as he poured some into our cups. "It is made by boiling small pieces of ginger and adding cane sugar to taste."

The American lifted his cup and carefully tasted the *salabat*. I did not drink because I was watching him eagerly. Somehow it was interesting to see an American drink *salabat*. After sipping, he exhaled and lights shone in his eyes, and I knew he liked it. "Hey!" he said. "That's good."

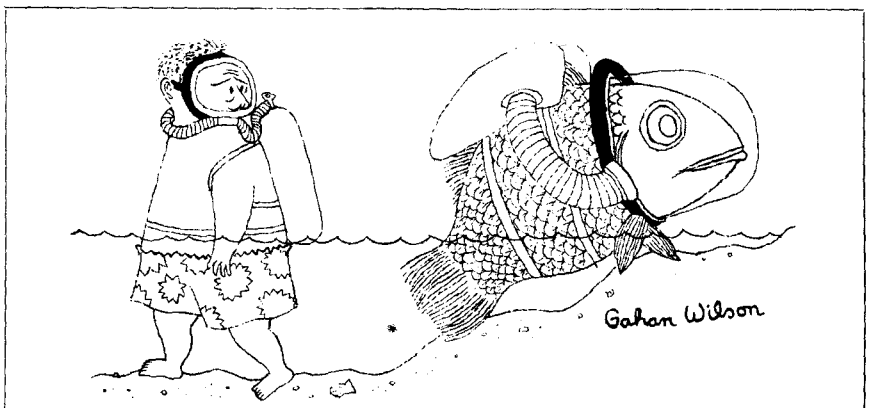
"I'm glad you like it," Uncle Ciano said. "That's all we can afford to drink nowadays."

Then Uncle Ciano turned to me and placed his hands on my shoulders and walked me toward my mosquito netting. "Juancho," he said, "I wonder if you can let him sleep under your netting tonight. You can sleep beside me, and I'll tell you how I found him."

Uncle Ciano knew my fondness for stories. "All right," I said. "I'll sleep beside you."

I watched the American slip under the netting. He could not stretch his legs, for my netting was short and my mat was not too long either. But I know he was satisfied, for in a few moments he was snoring—not as loud as my father, but it was a peaceful and soft snoring that was like the passing of the wind through the thorny bamboo groves. I felt sleepy too, and I yawned.

After Uncle Ciano had blown out the light, I waited breathlessly for his



COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

story, but after he stretched his arms and legs he fell asleep at once. I felt cheated, but I knew that he was tired and that I would hear his story the next morning; for he loved to tell stories, and only exhaustion and hunger could keep him from telling them.

THE following morning we were awakened by my mother's scream. Uncle Ciano and I hurried out of our netting, for we both knew why she had shouted. We knew, although we had forgotten, that each morning Mother woke me up so that I could go downstairs to get some firewood and to feed the chickens. This morning, Mother must have lifted up my netting only to find someone else sleeping there.

Father was there quicker than we, and so were Aunt Clara and my younger brothers and sisters. They were all looking at the American, who was now sitting inside the mosquito netting and staring at the people outside. The children were twittering and Mother was pale and nervous, and Aunt Clara had her hand covering her mouth and her hair was unkempt, for she'd just waked up. It was a funny sight and I laughed.

Michael got out of the netting when Uncle and I came. Uncle stood beside the American and all of us lined up in front of them, and it was like the time when my teacher introduced our new principal in school. "I want you all to meet our new friend, Michael Cooper," Uncle Ciano said. "He's an American."

Father shook Michael's hand and smiled, while Pedro—my youngest brother, only seven years old—asked Uncle if he did not bring home any fruits or cakes to eat. "No," Uncle Ciano said. "But I brought home the American." He said it proudly.

"It would have been better if you'd brought home something to eat," Aunt Clara said, her voice bitter.

"Don't mind her," Uncle Ciano said, turning to Michael. "She cannot forget our son, Manuel, who died on Bataan. Every time she sees a soldier she gets like that."

The American said nothing. But Mother went up beside him and looked at him from head to foot. "You need a bath, Miguel," Mother said in Tagalog.

I told Michael what it meant, for he looked at me bewildered-like. When I told him he winced a little, but he looked down at himself and then he turned to Mother. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I certainly do."

We all laughed, because we thought he was funny when he bent to look at his dirty clothes, and the sound of his voice was warm and he was smiling. He turned to me and I saw his light blue eyes shining and I knew he was more or less feeling at home. . . .

That night Uncle and Father told us that Michael was going to be with us for a while. "It's our duty to protect our friends," Uncle Ciano said.

"He's not our friend," Aunt Clara said. "If it were not for the Americans,

"I figured there was no point in getting all steamed up until I found out whether you had any openings"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

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we wouldn't have been involved in this war. And Manuel—"

"Clara," Uncle Ciano said sharply. "Can't you forget your son for even a minute?"

"Look at him," Aunt Clara said. "He says 'your son,' when God knows he was 'our son.' "

"All right, all right," Father said. "This is no time to quarrel."

"He's a nice man," Mother said. "His eyes are clear blue and he talks nicely."

"He can sleep in the air-raid shelter downstairs," Uncle Ciano said. "It's comfortable enough, and it's safer there."

"Yes," Father said. "That's a fine place for him to stay."

"I still don't—" Aunt Clara said. But she stopped abruptly when she saw Michael coming up the steps from the garden.

He looked nice and fresh and his smile was good to see. "Good evening," he said softly.

"Good evening," Uncle Ciano said.

"Buenas noches," Mother said. She did not know how to speak English.

Then we all ate our dinner, and Uncle Ciano told us how he found Michael near the Malamig River, sitting near the falls like a dazed man and not knowing what to do.

"My plane was shot down a week ago when we raided the airfield near Manila," Michael told us after Uncle Ciano finished his story. "I bailed out and dropped near some mountains, and I walked for several days. I ate fruit from the trees along the way, and the other day I caught and ate a wild chicken."

MOTHER looked at Michael as he talked. She did not understand what he was saying, but she liked to hear him, and her face was soft and glowing in the coconut-oil light.

"I avoided the provincial roads because of the sentries and the patrols. I walked in the wilderness, hoping I would find some wonderful people like you to help me out. I prayed very hard."

"Ask him if he's a Catholic," Mother said, nudging Father. We were all Catholics, and Mother went to church every day and made devotions to St. Anthony.

Father asked Michael, and he said, "No, I'm a Protestant."

"He also believes in God," Father told Mother. "He's also our brother."

Mother smiled. It was sweet, like the taste of ripe summer mangoes. "He's nice," she said.

But Aunt Clara got up from the table and went to her room, and she stayed there sulking all evening. She did not finish her meal, and since the gizzard was untouched on her plate, I reached out my hand and took it—for that's the part of the chicken I like the most.

Michael laughed at me, and I felt superior to all my brothers and sisters, for I was the first one to meet him and last night he had slept on my mat.

After dinner I went down with Michael to the air-raid shelter, and he told me about America and the tall buildings and the long, long bridges; and I asked him about the Lone Ranger, for I've read many comic books about him. We talked till midnight and he said that I should call him Mike next time, because that was what his friends called him in America. When Mother called me upstairs, so that Mike could rest and I could go to sleep, we shook hands like I was really grown up.

That night I dreamed that I was in a big, big boat that had music coming from nowhere; it was like a floating city, and it was passing under huge bridges that were so high up the boat passed under them with many feet to spare. And then I saw the Lone Ranger, and his horse bowed to me, and I was laughing like a boy going crazy with joy.

THE following morning Uncle Ciano told me that I was snoring louder than my father, and I knew it was because of the dream. I told Mike about the dream and he said, "You must love America too. As soon as I get back, I'll try to see if I can get you to come and visit us."

I could not speak. There was a stone in my throat and my heart was so overflowing with gladness that the words would not come out. But later that night I told Father about Mike's promise, and he only smiled—a kind of amused smile, as if someone had told a nice joke.

I believed Mike, though. I believed, too, that someday I would meet the Lone Ranger and see the long bridges and the tall buildings of America.

"America is ten thousand miles away," Father said. "You have not even been to Manila."

I said nothing. Father had never been to Manila either. In our family, only Uncle Ciano had been there. He had been to many places.

One night Uncle Ciano came in with Nicolás, who used to be our neighbor and was now with the mountain guerrillas. He had a big bolo hanging from his waist and he spoke fast but softly. I sat quietly near the door to Aunt Clara's room, because Father would drive us children away if we interfered with important talks like this.

"Ciano told me about the American," Nicolás said, his voice low.

"We must help him," Father said. "He's downstairs in our air-raid shelter. Would you like to meet him?"

"Yes."

I stood up quickly. "I'll call him," I volunteered.

"All right, boy," Father said. I rushed downstairs and saw Mike reading some old comic books. He had already read my books from school and all of the books in our house; it's a shame we did not have books that were for men like him. Father never read much and Uncle was more interested in carpentry, so all the reading matter in our house was either my books from school or the comic books that I got in exchange for the tomatoes I raised.

When I told him about Nicolás, Mike stood up and almost hit the ceiling, for he was tall and he did not stoop. He walked fast and climbed the steps two at a time and I was left behind. When I got upstairs he was already talking with Nicolás.

"We receive communications by short wave in our camp at the Makiling Mountains. We send messages from there too," Nicolás said.

"I must get back to my outfit very soon," Mike said. "I don't want to impose too much on these kind people. If the enemy finds me here, it will be terrible for these friends of mine."

"Yes, I know," Nicolás said. "They were searching every house around the Makiling Mountains last week. They have heard of your bailing out in that area."

"If you'll write down your name and outfit," Uncle Ciano said, "Nicolás will try to contact the U.S. Army in Australia for you. Maybe they can get

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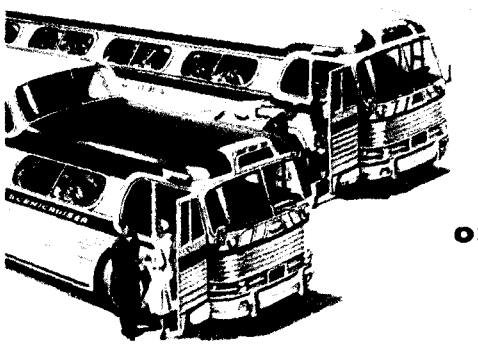

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you on the next U.S. submarine that stops near Batangas Bay. That is about a hundred kilometers from here."

"All right," Mike said, and he wrote on a piece of paper and gave it to Nicolás. After Nicolás had left, we all went to the air-raid shelter, and there Mike told us again how thankful he was for our hospitality.

"You're very nice," Mother said in Tagalog. "We like you."

Mike knew it was a kind remark because Mother's voice was tender and her face was soft and sweet. "Thank you," he said.

THEN Aunt Clara came down. Her eyes were red and she was nervous and her face was flushed. She had been crying again. In her hand she held the picture of my cousin Manuel.

She went to where Mike was sitting and stared at him for a moment, and then, holding the picture close to Mike's face, she said, "This is my son. See—he was handsome and good. Now he's gone and he's the only one we had. He's gone and dead and it's because of—"

Uncle Ciano rushed forward and held Aunt Clara. "You're going mad, Clara," Uncle Ciano said. "Don't you see that Michael is suffering enough already. He's also in the war—and he's fighting for us too."

"But he's—he's alive," Aunt Clara said, sobbing. "And my son—my only son is dead."

Uncle Ciano walked her toward the door and up the bamboo steps to her room. From upstairs, I could hear the voice of Uncle Ciano like a raspy whisper and Aunt Clara's sobbing, muffled as if she had her face on her pillow.

"I'm sorry for her," Mike said to me when they had all left.

Then, suddenly, we heard the sound of boots overhead, and we knew it was not a good sound. Enemy boots! They always sounded hollow, for they were too big for the men that wore them. In a minute we heard a knock upstairs.

"Kempeitai!" a growling voice said. "Military Police. Open the door."

Someone opened the door and I prayed fervently, closing my eyes, that it was not Aunt Clara. I breathed easier when I heard Father's voice, although I was still nervous as I thought about what Aunt Clara would say if she was asked.

"Ah, Señor Yamamoto," Father said. "Good to see you."

Yamamoto was the owner of the candy factory in the town of San Pablo, and he used to buy coconuts from my father before the war. "No longer Señor Yamamoto, Tomás," the man said. *"Captain* Yamamoto now."

"Excuse me, Captain Yamamoto," Father said. "What can I do for you?"

"An American bailed out some time ago. We're searching every house for him." Yamamoto's voice had changed since the last time we saw him before the war. It was no longer pleasant.

"Nobody's here but my family and my relatives," Father said. "With the price of living nowadays, I can't afford to feed another soul."

"I am no longer an economist, Tomás," Yamamoto said. "I am a loyal servant of the Emperor, and I wish to die serving him well."

"But what I mean," Father said, "is that there are no other persons in this house outside of my family and relatives. You know me, Captain Yamamoto—I never cheated you."

"I know," Yamamoto said. "You count your coconuts well. But—oh, well, I guess you're all right."

Then he went out, and soon I heard the hollow sound of the boots marching away. I rushed upstairs. Mother was pale and my sisters were all hunched behind the chair in the dining room. I wondered what happened to Aunt Clara, so I went to their room. I saw Uncle Ciano on the bed, his hands clamping Aunt Clara's mouth. She was very red in the face, and perspiration beads were shining on her face and neck, and her blouse was torn, for she was struggling to free herself.

When Uncle Ciano saw me he let Aunt Clara loose. She stood up immediately, brushing her skirt and pulling at her torn blouse. *"Diablo!"* she said, glaring at Uncle Ciano. "I was not going to do anything. Why did you do that to me?"

"I have never trusted angry women," Uncle Ciano said. Then he turned to me. "Has Yamamoto gone?"

"Yes, Uncle," I said. We both walked out, and as I turned near the door I saw Aunt Clara holding her rosary; she was praying before the statue of St. Anthony, who was the patron saint of people who lost things.

COLLIER'S **"Hey! Maybe this is where we get off!"** STAN FINE

A FEW evenings later when Uncle Ciano came home for dinner, he told us that the U.S. submarine was arriving the following night—at a point on the shore of Batangas Bay, which empties into the stormy China Sea.

Mike was informed after dinner. Since the night that Yamamoto had come so unexpectedly, he never had dinner with us upstairs. I always took food down to him.

"We have to leave very early tomorrow morning," Uncle Ciano said. "We have to be down at the river before daybreak. A banca will be waiting for us near the stone bridge, and Nicolás will be there. We hope to be near the shore of Batangas Bay before eleven tomorrow night. The submarine will be up at eleven."

Mike hardly said anything. When Uncle Ciano left him, I sat beside him on his bunk. The silence bothered me, but I did not want to speak either. Something terrible was inside me and I did not know what it was. I wanted to shout or scream like Aunt Clara when she learned Manuel had died, or like my sister Maria when her dog Rajah was run over by a truck. I was quiet, but inside me, it was terrible.

"Don't worry, Juancho," Mike said finally. "As soon as I get back, I'll send for you, and you'll study there as I've promised you before. You'll meet my family. They live in Brooklyn near a baseball park."

I said nothing. I was thinking of the nights when he had told me stories of the Lone Ranger, and when we had just sat there doing nothing but fingering the comic books that we both had read hundreds of times.

"In fact," Mike said, "as soon as I get to Australia I'll write to my folks about you and tell them how nice you are and how your family had saved my life."

"But now—now, you're going away," I said at last. "And I'll miss you."

"Isn't this what we've both been waiting for, Juancho?" Mike asked. "A good chance for me to get away?"

"Yes," I said sadly.

Then I stood up and saw the comic books lying on the air-raid-shelter floor, and one of them was torn. I kicked it and the pages flew out, and Mike looked at me and his face was sad although he was smiling. "I'll keep my promise to you, Juancho," he said. "Don't worry."

But I was not thinking of his promise any more. "Good-by," I said, hiding my face with my arms, for now I was crying.

"So long, pal," Mike said.

Then I ran upstairs and laid my mat on the floor and my pillow became damp with my crying. . . .

When I woke up the following morning, Mike and Uncle Ciano were already gone and Mother was in the kitchen washing the dishes that they had used.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was up early and the fields had a yellow shine because of the golden rice stalks, and birds were fluttering overhead. I used to throw stones at them and sometimes I used a slingshot, but now I just watched them; and when Father followed me to the fields we both just looked at the birds silently.

Uncle Ciano came back the following evening. His clothes were dirty and there was a dried bloodstain on his left shoulder. Aunt Clara cried when she saw the stain. She ran to him and sobbed on his chest.

Father came from the well, and when he saw the stain, his eyes opened wide. "What happened, Ciano?" he said after a while.

"The enemy tried to shoot our banca near the town of Bauan," Uncle Ciano said, "but we paddled faster. I was hit, but it's nothing."

"And Miguel?" Mother asked.

Aunt Clara looked bitterly at my mother. "I can't understand you," she said sternly. "You think of nothing but that—that American. You're not even worried about Ciano. Look—the bloodstain on his shoulder."

"He looks all right," Mother said.

"I am all right," Uncle Ciano said.

"And what happened to Michael?" Father asked. "Did he—"

"He's safe now. We saw him board the submarine. He's all right."

"Thank God," Mother said.

Then Uncle Ciano went to the sink and Mother helped Aunt Clara wash the wound on his shoulder, which was really nothing but a scratch. Aunt Clara cried again as she bandaged the wound.

That night it rained very hard, and although the rain seeped in through the roof, nobody stirred; we all slept well.

A FEW months later, in February, the Americans came and liberated our town. We all rushed to see the first American GIs, hoping that Mike would be among them. He wasn't. No one in that company knew him.

One day Mother made some rice cakes and we all went to see Major Jones, the Army commander in our town. We asked him if he knew or had heard of Michael Cooper. He looked over many papers and opened many boxes, and finally he said that Mike's name was not there.

"However," Major Jones said, "if his name turns up in any of our files, I'll let you know right away. Leave your name and address with us and we'll see what we can do."

"Miguel is a wonderful man," Mother said. "We all loved him." Mother spoke in Tagalog and the major smiled because he did not understand her. Mother smiled too.

That night when we arrived home, Aunt Clara was in the kitchen, already starting to cook. "Did you receive any news about your friend?" she asked.

"No," Mother said. "Nothing."

"I knew it all along," Aunt Clara said, smiling. For months, this was the first time I had seen her smile. "They do that all the time. You help them now—they forget you later."

"Miguel is a fine man," Mother said firmly.

"He'll never forget us," I said. "He promised me."

"I don't believe a word he said," Aunt Clara said. "Now that he's safe, nothing else matters."

Uncle Ciano came into the house with some canned goods. He was now working at the Army camp; he never brought home fruits any more. Sometimes he brought American apples or grapes, but that was very seldom.

When he entered the kitchen, Aunt Clara turned to him. "These people are still hoping your friend will remember them," she said, gesturing with her hand. "If he was *really* your friend, he would have at least written to you by this time. I bet you my new slippers that he'll never show up any more."

"I know it's been a long time," I said glumly.

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"He's probably busy," Father said. "You know how it is during a war."

"He's forgotten you, that's all," Aunt Clara said, her voice loud and strong.

We ate dinner quietly, and as soon as we were through, Father and Uncle Ciano again went downstairs to the chicken coop. The air-raid shelter was gone now. We had already filled it up with earth and put more chicken coops on top of it.

ONE night, several weeks after our visit to Major Jones, I dreamed that Mike came, and he was like a tall, handsome knight with a shining uniform and a great big sword. When he smiled, his missing tooth was back and we couldn't help but smile back at him, and Aunt Clara was so impressed that she embraced him. We were all laughing and he patted and mussed my hair and told me to get ready, for we were both leaving for America that night. I shouted and tears were in my eyes and I told Aunt Clara, "You see—you see!" And she said nothing. She went to the kitchen and cooked for us all and it was a wonderful dinner. Aunt Clara was very happy and she sang as she cooked, and Mike said that it was the most delicious dinner he had ever tasted in his life.

Then I woke up and it was dark in the house, for the windows were closed. The brightness of the dream made the house seem even darker. But suddenly I heard the voice of my sister Maria from the garden, and when I opened the window I saw that the sun was high, and there was an American who was not a soldier standing at the foot of the steps.

He was a middle-aged man and he wore a Panama hat and he carried a cane under one arm and a brown box under the other. He looked like a politician.

My father opened the door of our house after commanding me to fold my mat quickly. "Come up," Father said to the man.

"It took me a long time to find you," the man said when he reached the living room. "I'm an officer at the American Embassy in Manila."

"What can I do for you, señor?" Father asked, after taking the man's hat and hanging it on the nail behind the door.

"Well, Major Jones gave me your address," the man said. He sat down and laid the brown box on the floor and his cane on the table. "He told me that some time ago you came to him inquiring about a Michael Cooper."

"Yes, yes," Mother said when she heard Miguel's name. "Yes" was the only English word she knew.

"Well, I've got some news for you," the man said. "I received a letter from his parents in Brooklyn, New York, asking me to help locate a boy named Juancho Cruz and a man named Ciano."

"Yes, yes," Mother said.

"I am Juancho," I said.

Uncle Ciano came out of their room. "I'm Ciano," he said.

"That's fine," the man said, taking a letter from his coat pocket. "I have a letter here with instructions from the Cooper family."

Aunt Clara came in from the kitchen and she saw the man who looked like a politician.

"It's about Miguel," Mother said to her proudly.

"He's coming?" Aunt Clara asked.

"Wait," Mother said. "Let's listen to the man."

The man bent down to open the brown box on the floor, and then he read the letter. "The carpentry tools are for Ciano; the dress materials are for Tomás' wife and children; the jacket is for Tomás; and the light blue nylon blouse is for Clara," he said.

"I'm Clara," my aunt said.

My heart beat very fast because I thought Michael had forgotten me, but the man spoke again after taking another envelope from his pocket. "And here's a paid-for ticket to America for the boy, Juancho," he said, and my head whirled and I thought I was suspended from a tall coconut tree, head down.

It was like the Christmas the priest came to our house, giving us presents of different medals, and the times when our grandfather was alive and would bring us many toys because he came from Manila.

"But how's Mike?" I asked.

"He wrote to his parents when he was in Australia. He asked them to send you these gifts," the man said.

"And where is he now?" Uncle Ciano asked.

"Michael Cooper was with the American bombing group that cleared the way for the return of MacArthur's forces to Leyte last November," the man said.

"And what happened?" Uncle Ciano asked, moving closer to the man.

"Well," the man said, "he—his plane was shot down, unfortunately . . ."

"You mean—" Father began.

"Yes, señor," the man said softly. "He's dead."

MOTHER put her hands on her mouth and her eyes closed for a second. Then she started to sob. I held onto Uncle Ciano's arm and I felt him tremble and he could not talk.

"I was instructed to help Juancho with all the arrangements . . ." The man went on talking, but no one was listening to him any more. My heart was beating so loud that the whole house was full of its beating. I wanted to cry, and finally I screamed and ran out of the house and I went down to where the air-raid shelter had been. For a moment, I thought that the shelter was still there—but suddenly, I heard the chickens flapping their wings and I realized that I was lost for a moment and I was terribly embarrassed.

I returned to the living room and saw that the man was now talking with Uncle Ciano and Father. I saw Aunt Clara go to her room and I followed her. I wanted to say something mean to her, for she had been cruel to Mike, but I saw her take the rosary from the table and start to pray. When she saw me, she stopped praying and embraced me.

"He was a hero like my son Manuel," she said, her eyes welling. "God bless him."

I knelt down and started to pray with her, and soon my mother and father and Uncle Ciano came into the room and we all prayed. I could hear my mother sigh as she prayed, and Uncle Ciano was murmuring words I could not understand. But Aunt Clara's voice was the loudest of all, for she led in the praying.

"Forgive us our trespasses," she said, "as we forgive those who trespass against us . . ."

We all bowed our heads for a moment, and when I raised my eyes I saw that Aunt Clara's face was shining and her eyes were sparkling with tears.

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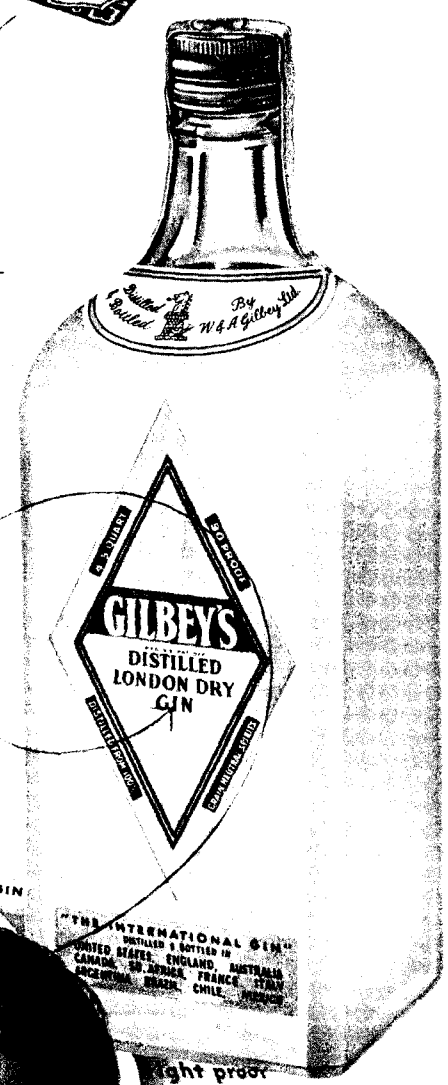

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Sam saw the maid come in and pull back the blanket, saying, "Wake up, honey—" Then she screamed and ran

SINNERS *and* SHROUDS

BEGINNING A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

Sam Clay woke up in a strange blonde's apartment, and there he was—top suspect in a front-page murder

BUZZING noise woke Sam Clay. It was, he decided, either a fly or a symptom of his hang-over. That would be something new: a buzzing hang-over.

He tried to remember what he had drunk: five stingers with Tom Nichols at The Drake, and then red wine and brandy with dinner. Or did he have the brandy later? He seemed to recall blending brandy and champagne at a bar somewhere.

The evening had a mixed-up, dreamlike quality. He remembered a row with a doorman on Walton Place, a hundred-dollar check he'd cashed at the 69 Club, a bottle of brandy he'd bought somewhere else, but he couldn't put the memories in any order. And he had no memory at all of getting home.

There was a sudden ringing in his left ear. When his muscles stopped twitching, he found the telephone and picked it up.

"Hello."

There was no answer.

"Well, speak up," he said. "It's your dime."

There was a sharp click at the other end of the line. He put the telephone back, and then the buzzing began again and he opened his right eye, saw a bluebottle fly under a pale-blue ceiling.

He studied the ceiling for a time. It was unmistakably blue, and it was not his bedroom ceiling. Without moving his head he looked to the left and saw the rest of the room wasn't his either, but by the dressing-room entrance was a chair on which his clothes were hung. He felt his chest and thighs and discovered he had slept naked.

He sat up slowly and stared at the twin bed to his left. A woman lay in it, her face turned from him, her straw-colored hair gleaming on a pillow. He could see a slender body under a white blanket. She looked young.

Beside the telephone, on an ivory table between the beds, was a half-empty magnum of brandy and a small gold alarm clock. It was eight fifteen. He got up, walked uncertainly toward the dressing room, picked up his clothes and went into the bathroom.

While hot water beat against his face and chest, he tried to place the girl in the bedroom. He knew lots of girls, but none with straw-colored hair. He knew girls with red, black, brown and golden hair—even one, a model, with green hair—but none with straw-colored hair.

As he dried himself, he discovered bruises on his arms and chest. He wet a corner of the towel, sprinkled on tooth powder and rubbed his teeth. They were all still there. He found a safety razor and shaved cautiously. In the mirror he studied his lean face with the hooked nose and sandy eyebrows. Someone had once called him a Scotch Arab, and this morning he was glad to recognize himself.

Dressed except for his shoes, he stopped in the dressing room to douse his face with toilet water. Among the perfume bottles on the mirrored table he caught sight of an embroidered evening purse and a diamond-and-sapphire clip. These, and what he had seen of the apartment, made him decide the girl was rich. That was all right with him: if he had to get mixed up with a girl, he preferred she be rich.

His shoes were between the beds, and as he stooped to pick them up, he looked

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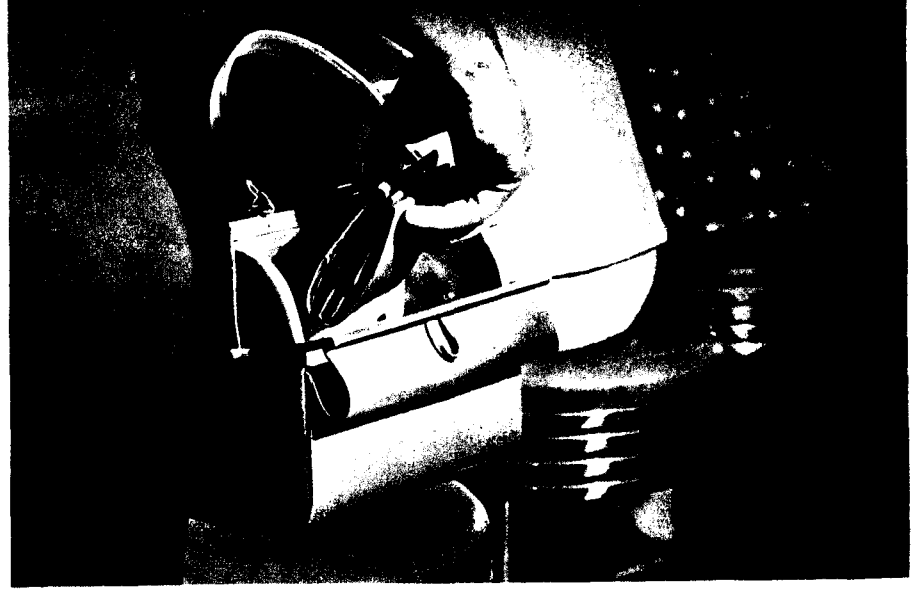

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at the girl. She was still in the same position. "Hello," he whispered.

She didn't hear him. He could see enough of her back to know she was naked under the covers.

"Wake up," he said. "You got company."

He took both shoes in one hand and shook her. She didn't wake and he grasped her shoulder and rolled her over on her back. "Wake up, beautiful—" he began and broke off, staring in horror at the bloodstain on the blanket. He yanked it back and saw raw wounds on breasts and stomach. She was beautiful, all right. She was also dead.

He dropped his shoes and grabbed the brandy bottle and drank. When he put the bottle back on the table, his hand was shaking.

He stared again at her face, but he did not know her. She was a stranger, but that meant nothing, not with the blackness that lay behind him. He tried desperately to recall something about the night that would tell him where he was and how he came to be here. But it was no use.

He put on his shoes and then wondered if seeing the rest of the apartment would help him remember. At least he could find out who the girl was. But nothing in the handsomely furnished living room seemed familiar until, on the sand-colored carpet by one of the chairs, he saw his felt hat. He was moving toward it when, from the bedroom, came the sound of the telephone, strident and shocking. Fear tightened his muscles as he hurried to the bedroom, took the telephone off its cradle and put it under the pillow he had slept on.

He tried to piece together what he had seen. There had been no evidence of a party in the living room; he must have come up alone with the girl and gone directly to the bedroom. He looked around the bed for a weapon that could have made the wounds, but he found only sheer underclothes and a black evening gown. He picked them up, and found that they were all ripped to shreds.

He looked at the girl's face again and then covered her with the white blanket. It made no sense, this combination of a neat apartment and a violent death, except as part of a nightmare that made no sense to begin with.

HE TOOK another drink from the brandy bottle and went into the bathroom with it. He was methodically taking gulps from the bottle and wiping everything he had touched in the bathroom when he heard a sound somewhere in the apartment: a click of heels on a wooden floor. He stepped behind the dressing-room door.

A Negro girl, carrying a breakfast tray, went between the beds and said, "Breakfast, honey."

She waited a moment, and then set down the tray and pulled back the blanket, saying, "Wake up, honey, you ain't foolin' me. I heard the telephone—" Then she screamed and turned and ran toward the door.

Halfway across the room her ankle turned and she fell to one knee. As she scrambled to her feet, Clay stepped up behind her, and struck at her head with the bottle. She grunted and slid face down onto the floor.

Clay set the bottle on the floor, stepped over her, walked along the hall and went out the front door. He saw it was marked 703. At the far end of the corridor was an elevator door and a fire exit. He opened the fire exit and started down. He was between the fifth and fourth floors when he saw a hunchback bending over a trash can in the landing below. Clay went through the doorway to the fifth-floor corridor. He pushed the elevator button and waited.

At last the doors slid open. A pasty-faced boy in a blue uniform said, "Down."

Clay said, "Yeah," and stepped to the back of the elevator where the boy could not look at him. As the indicator registered 3, a buzzer in the car sounded and a red light marked 7 glowed.

The pasty-faced boy looked at it and shrugged.

There was no one at the reception desk when Clay went through the lobby. He was two blocks away when the police car raced past him, its siren moaning.

IN THE courtyard restaurant, bright-colored umbrellas sprouted from metal tables. Two Filipino bus boys were distributing silver and napkins from a teacart and a plump woman was arranging marigolds in pottery vases.

She smiled at Sam Clay and said, "You're out early."

"Couldn't sleep."

"Want some coffee?"

"Maybe later," he said, and went to the stairway at the rear, conscious of her eyes following him.

When he unlocked the door of his apartment, the sound of an orchestra playing a show tune came from the living room and he hesitated before crossing the small foyer.

The living room was empty, but his Sunday paper was spread out on the beige cotton-twist rug. He knew the paper and records were merely indications that Gwen Pearson, his neighbor and an apprentice reporter in the city room at the Chicago Globe office, had paid him a Sunday-morning call, but again he experienced the feeling of unreality that he had had in the other apartment, the feeling that none of this was happening to him, Sam Clay.

As he went into the bedroom, he half expected to meet himself coming out, but the bed had not been slept in. He sat on the gray chenille spread and thought numbly: Well, brother, you finally went and bought it. A triple-A, top-priority jam! He stood up and began to take off his clothes.

In his coat pockets he found a packet of matches marked Riverview Park, a lipstick-stained handkerchief, a green hat check numbered 67 and a five-dollar bill. As he hung up his coat he noticed a faint bulge in the breast pocket. He stuck his fingers in and pulled out a bracelet of square-cut sapphires and diamonds, the matching piece to the clip he'd seen in the dead girl's apartment. He thought: evidence and motive.

Dazedly, he put the bracelet on the bureau with his wallet and took off the rest of his clothes. He noted with satisfaction that there were no bloodstains. He put on a clean pair of shorts and was searching for a shirt when someone said behind him: "Welcome home."

Gwen Pearson was leaning against the doorjamb, wearing a printed Japanese-silk wrapper. Her legs and feet were bare and her dark hair was piled in a bun on top of her head. She looked about fifteen years old.

"How long have you been there?" Clay asked.

She smiled happily.

"Next time I change clothes," he

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aid, "I'll send you an engraved invitation." He jerked a pair of trousers rom a hanger. "Why aren't you in 'our own apartment?"

"No sun."

"There will be. All afternoon."

"This is morning—or can't you tell?" She went over to the bureau and picked ip the bracelet. "For me?"

"Naturally. I had it made up espe-ially."

"Costume jewelry!" she said disdain-'ully and dropped the bracelet.

"Why don't you go home?"

"A nice balcony with cushions," she aid, "and you begrudge a girl a little un bathing."

"Have you been out there without my clothes again?"

"Want to see?"

He thought of the dead girl and said, 'No!" He fastened his belt.

"I'll make you some breakfast."

BEFORE he finished dressing, he could smell the coffee percolating n the kitchen. He put on a sport coat, dropped the bracelet, matches and hat check into his pocket and went into the iving room. Gwen called to him from he kitchen: "Where did the blood come from, Sam?"

"Blood?"

"On the dish towel." She came in holding out a crumpled towel. "Look."

He examined the towel. It was stained with what was certainly blood. He stared at it, puzzled.

"You must have done it last night, Sam," Gwen said. "The first time you came in."

"The first time?"

She nodded. "About five o'clock. Don't you remember?"

"No."

"You shouldn't drink so much."

"How'd you know I came in?"

"How could I help it?" she said. 'You made enough noise, trying about ten keys before the door would open."

"I haven't got ten keys."

"Well, it sounded like it."

"How long did I stay?"

"About five minutes." Maddeningly, she disappeared into the kitchen again. 'You ran some water in the sink," she said, returning with a cup of coffee, 'and then you got a book from your bookcase."

"I did what?"

She blushed. "I'm sorry, Sam. I shouldn't have, but I was afraid you were sick, so I slipped over from my balcony and watched you for a minute, just to make sure you were all right."

He eyed her, feeling strange again. It was like hearing about someone else. "Was I alone?" he asked.

"I think so. I couldn't see very well. You didn't turn on any lights." She laughed. "You certainly looked funny, though, wearing that cloak."

He shook his head. Cloak. Book. Bloody towel. It was beyond him. He wondered why, if he'd reached his apartment safely at five o'clock, he hadn't stayed there. He shuddered and drank some of his coffee. The telephone began to ring.

"That's the office," Gwen said. "They've been calling every five minutes. I told them—"

"'*You* answered *my* telephone—the office!" Sam yelled.

"I told them," Gwen repeated, "that I'd come in, but they said they'd let me know if they wanted me." She was standing by the telephone now.

"Let it ring," Sam said.

Gwen studied his face. "You're in trouble, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I can tell. Is it Alice?"

"Why Alice?"

"Wasn't she supposed to divorce you yesterday?"

"She did."

"And you're still carrying a torch, aren't you?"

"No! That's why I went out last night, to celebrate," Sam yelled, and then the telephone stopped ringing.

"Then what is it?"

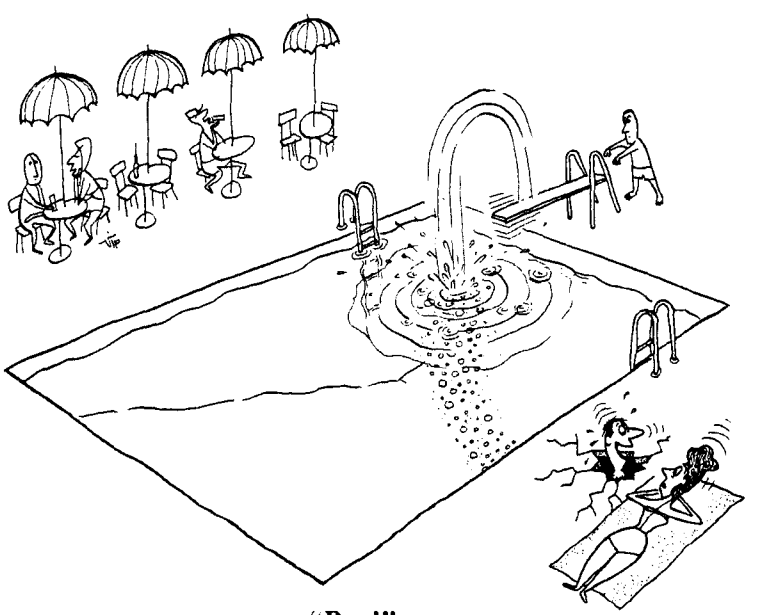
He felt a vein throbbing over one temple. He wanted to think; he had to think. He stood up. "Damn it, stop prodding me!" he yelled and then slammed out of the apartment.

He crossed the courtyard, dotted with people having Sunday breakfast, and turned up Michigan Avenue toward the old Water Tower. After a time he felt better. He shouldn't have lost control of himself, he knew, but he had to think. He had to decide what to do, and he had to decide in a hurry.

There seemed to be only three choices. He could run, and spend the rest of his life a fugitive. Or he could give himself up and hope for a life sentence. Or, finally, he could go about his business as if nothing had happened, and gamble on the police not picking up his trail. Only he knew, if he did this, he would ultimately crack. His explosion with Gwen had shown him that.

Three choices, and he didn't like any of them.

Down a side street he saw a faded



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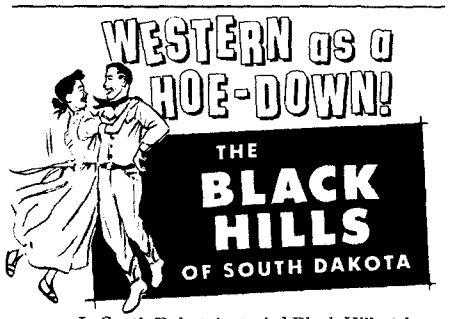

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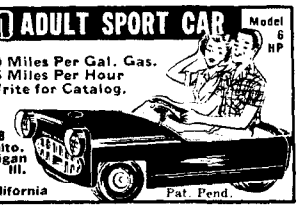

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red neon sign reading *TAPROOM* and he started toward it. In back of the bar, which was empty, he found the telephone booth. He put a dime in the slot and dialed Tom Nichols' number. Presently Tom said, "Hello."

"This is Sam," Clay said. "Look, as a lawyer, do you have to tell the police what your clients tell you?"

"What have you been doing, boy?"

"I asked you a question."

"A lawyer is a legal priest."

"I'm coming over." He felt sweat running down his back.

CAMILLE NICHOLS said, "Greetings. How's the newborn bachelor?" She was a tall, dark girl with bangs and ink-black eyes. She was wearing a crimson shirt and black velvet slacks.

"All right, I guess," Clay said.

"You don't sound it." She followed him into the living room. "You don't look it, either."

"Thanks."

Tom Nichols, a huge man with thick black hair, motioned him to a chair. "Well, son, what's the difficulty?"

"It's a long story." Clay glanced at Camille. "It's also unpleasant."

"Forget me. I'd pry it out of him later, anyway," Camille said.

"Is it a babe?" Nichols asked.

"Was," Clay said. "I'm supposed to have murdered her."

There was a long silence.

"What'd you drink last night?" Nichols finally asked. "Liquid marijuana?"

"I was sober enough when I found her body."

Nichols looked at his wife. "Where was this?" Camille asked.

"Apartment on Delaware Place."

Camille said, "Why, that's the murder the janitor said was on the radio." Her eyes were wide. "Except he said it was a sex fiend."

"That's me," Clay said. He took the diamond-and-sapphire bracelet from his pocket. "Sex fiend, murderer—and thief."

He sent the bracelet in a glittering arc toward Nichols, who caught it deftly, examined it and tossed it to Camille. "Paste?" Tom asked.

Camille nodded. "Offhand I'd say about ten thousand dollars' worth!"

Nichols whistled. "Maybe you better fill in a detail or two."

Sam told them everything he could remember, including what Gwen had *told him. The story was so wild it* seemed almost funny, and somehow he began to feel better. It was probably, he decided, the result of getting it off his chest.

"You don't remember going up to the dame's apartment?" Nichols asked when he had finished.

"I don't remember anything at all. What should I do, give myself up?"

"Don't be hasty," Tom said. "Let's do a little analyzing first."

"How can you analyze when Sam didn't do it!" Camille said.

"But I told you, I don't know if I did it or not!" Clay said.

"Well, I do!" Camille said. "I know my Sam."

Nichols nodded. "Okay. Let's proceed on that assumption, which means someone else killed her and framed Sam for the job."

"That's better!" Camille said.

"You got any enemies, Sam?"

"Alice!" Camille exclaimed. "She was always crazy jealous of Sam."

Clay got up. "Let's make sense. I'll call the police."

"No," Nichols said. "Not yet, anyway." He explained at some length. Nothing good could come of giving up now. If it became necessary to make an insanity plea, the time he gave up, or was caught, wouldn't make any difference, because who could say what an insane man would do? As for a not-guilty plea, he declared, that depended entirely upon somebody else's being pegged for the job. Nobody would believe Sam's innocence until that was done. Especially when he wasn't sure of it himself.

"So then what?" Clay asked.

"Write down everything you remember—chronologically, if you can—with the approximate time. Also the stuff you found in your pockets. Might give us some leads."

Clay went over to the desk. "I don't see what good this'll do," he protested.

"Hell-fire, man! You're a reporter. Witnesses, testimony, times. How else can we piece the evening together?"

"Okay," Clay said. "I'll see what I can pull out."

5:00 Home for 5 minutes. Why?

5:10 Must have gone to girl's apartment.

8:15 Woke up. Girl dead.

CLUES

1. Green hat check 67.

2. Match pack from Riverview Park.

3. Bloody dish towel.

4. Bracelet!

5. Gwen.

Note: Remember now Gwen said took book from case. Why? What book? Modern Surgery?

Nichols looked up from the paper. "Not bad at all," he said. "Plenty of leads. In twenty-four hours we'll have the story."

"What do I do, hide out?"

"No. Business as usual."

"And what happens while I'm doing business as usual?"

"I've got a gent who specializes in digging up stuff. Amos Bundy, by name. We'll turn him loose."

Nichols' tone was cheerful, but Clay wasn't impressed. Short of a miracle, he was cooked. He was cooked if he'd done it, and he was cooked if he hadn't. He wished he knew which; it would help him decide what to do. Mostly, at the moment, he wanted to lie down.

Camille said, "You know, it would help a lot if we had the girl's name."

"That's so," Nichols said. "Bundy could start after her."

"Call your office," Camille said. "They'll have her name."

Clay reluctantly dialed the Globe's number, trying to think of a reasonable excuse for his inquiry. When the operator answered, he asked for the desk. After a moment, he heard Andy Talbot say, "City desk."

Clay said, "Andy—"

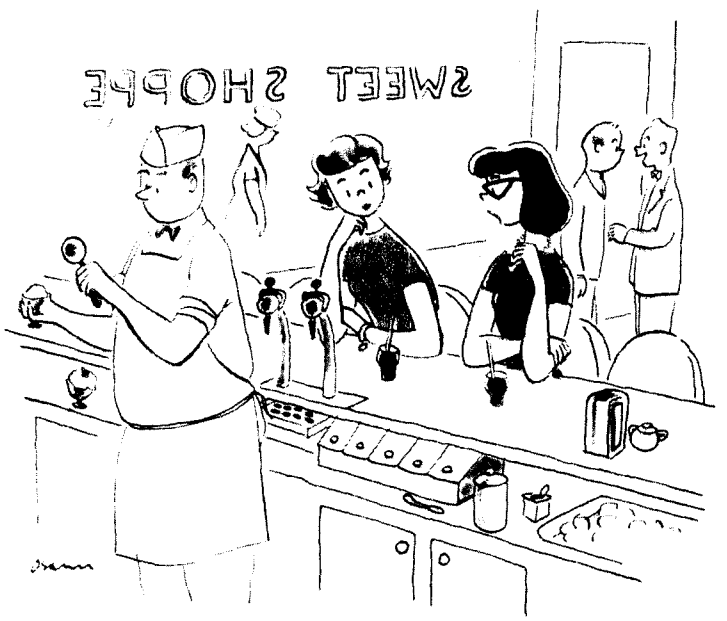
"Where in hell have you been? I've rung your telephone until the bell gave out! Now, get your tail down here!" Talbot yelled.

"It's my day off."

"Not now it ain't. The Globe has been fouled! You know that doll on the society desk, Sam, writes fashions, beauty hints? Mary Trevor?"

"I've seen her by-line."

TIZZY



COLLIER'S — **"I wonder where my mother learned all the things she tells me not to do"** — KATE OSANN

By the time Camille had returned from the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches, he'd written down everything he could recall. It wasn't much, but he'd done his best. He handed the paper to Tom Nichols. It read:

7:00 Left office.

7:15 Drake bar. Met Tom. Divorce granted, 5 stingers each. Tom left.

8:05 69 Club. Dinner with Andy Talbot from the Globe. Red wine, brandy. Cashed $100 check.

9:45 (Note: Things begin to blur here.) Clark Street. Couple of strip joints. Liquor terrible. Girls, too.

10:30(?) Walton Place. High-class trap behind iron fence. Brandy and champagne at bar. Faint recollection of talking to woman. (Could this be the girl?)

11:00(?) Another place close by. Row with doorman getting in. No drinks. Showed press card. Newspapermen never drunk. No memory of interior, but think here bought bottle of brandy. Woman along, but don't remember what she looked like. Warm friends by now, though. Think left together.

??? Rest of memories completely disjointed.

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"She hit the jack pot last night. Raped and murdered. Apartment seven-oh-three. Fifty-five East Delaware."

Clay hung up. He saw Camille and Nichols watching him.

"Get her name?" Nichols asked.

"Yes. I got it." Clay blinked at them somberly. "Turns out she was my grandmother."

AT 11:15 A.M., Edwin Dalton Standish, managing editor of the Globe, was performing his latest routine designed to unnerve editors and intimidate reporters. He was on his hands and knees on his office floor searching for almonds. Without getting up, he malevolently eyed the group facing him. He was a thin, dark, bitter man.

"This is presumably a metropolitan newspaper," he said, speaking slowly and distinctly. "Each weekday over six hundred thousand persons buy copies of the Globe. Each Sunday more than one million persons buy copies of the Globe."

Still in search of almonds, he disappeared behind the desk. "The Globe is housed in a modern, thirty-one-story building and has twenty-three hundred trusted and valued employees."

He found another nut and tossed it toward the wastebasket. It missed, and Harry Hannen, the city editor, retrieved it. He held it over the basket. "May I?" he asked.

Standish ignored him, continuing his search. "The Globe maintains seventeen foreign bureaus, radio and television stations, a police force, an air force and a fleet of ships."

The basket went ping as Hannen let the almond fall.

"And yet," Standish said, "when one of the Globe's own family is struck down and ravished, when murder is done and there is need for action, I find—three long hours after the crime has been discovered—that this awesome power is represented by a motley rabble of . . . eleven persons!" His dark eyes looked up at Hannen. "As our city editor, would you explain this, Harry?" he asked gently.

"We're getting people in as fast as we can," Hannen said, his jaw set.

The telephone on Standish's mahogany desk rang. Charley Adair, whose gossip column, After Hours, was the paper's most widely read feature, picked it up with a gloved hand. "Mr. Standish's office," he said. He listened, then looked down at Standish. "It's your wife."

"Which one?" Standish asked.

"Julie."

"Tell her to go to hell."

"Go to hell," Charley Adair said and hung up.

Standish got to his feet. "I want a blanket coverage of this—this outrage," he said. "I don't care if there's another Chicago fire. This comes first. I want the opposition beaten on every possible angle. And I want them beaten in time for the home edition!"

Standish stooped down and picked up a partially crushed almond, eyed it, and dropped it into the wastebasket. He turned suddenly to Sam Clay. "To my absolute knowledge," he said, "this is the first conference you've attended in nine years without making a wisecrack. Are you sick?"

Clay shook his head. Standish looked at him intently. "Did you know this girl?" he asked suspiciously.

"No," Clay managed to croak.

"That I doubt," Standish said. "But in any event, you'll be a combination clearinghouse and trouble shooter. I want you to take the hot leads personally, and to sift everything that comes in." He turned to the columnist Charley Adair. "Charley, you get busy and tap your stable of stool pigeons. I want everything you can get: facts, rumors, guesses. Everything!"

Standish turned to Talbot, the assistant city editor. "Andy, get a teletype to the Post in Fort Worth. That's where the girl worked before she came here. Where she grew up. I want to know everything about her. Hannen, get hold of Laura Peterkins. The girl was in her department. She'll have ideas. Okay. Now, has anybody anything to say?"

Clay saw Gwen Pearson swallow nervously. "Mr. Standish," she said. "I thought you'd want to know."

"Yes, yes! Go on!"

"By your shoe. Another almond."

For an instant Standish's eyes glazed. And then he screamed, "Get out! All of you! Get out!"

Just as Sam Clay got to the doorway, Standish called, "You, Clay! Come back here! This is your story—I may think of something!"

Hannen, the city editor, was still standing by the desk, his eyes on Standish, and Clay saw that he was at once amused and contemptuous.

"You can relax now, Edwin," Hannen said. "You're among enemies."

"Relax!" Standish snorted. "Who wants to relax?" Suddenly he grinned. "What'd you think of the almond act?"

"I always liked the one with the sword cane best," Hannen said. "What happened to that?"

"I swallowed it!" Standish said. "Think I impressed 'em?"

"You impressed me," Clay said.

"How deep do you want us to dig, Standish?" Hannen asked.

"All the way. Why?"

HANNEN'S blue eyes gleamed frostily. "All the way to a certain Sunday at your Indiana cottage?"

Standish said, "Miss Trevor wanted to see the dunes."

"Oysters and champagne at the Shiproom," Hannen said.

"Chablis," Standish said. "Oysters and Chablis. And the next night, I believe, *you* fed her pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut at Adolph's Hofbrau. Not to mention the next two nights at L'Aiglon and the Red Star Inn."

"Look, you randy chimpanzee, I'm not married!" Hannen shouted. "I can take anybody I want to dinner!"

"Dinner?" Standish raised dark eyebrows. "Was that what you were doing at her apartment on the seventh of August, the tenth—"

"Detectives!" Hannen said.

"I like to know what my staff is doing," Standish said virtuously. The telephone rang and he snatched the receiver off its cradle. "I am *not* here!" And then, suddenly bland and unctuous, he said, "Yes, Mr. Widdecomb . . . That's not really necessary . . . *She is!*" He listened again. "Yes, Mr. Widdecomb, I understand. I will meet you myself. Yes, I know. Depend on it."

Standish hung up and said, "Hatchet Horace from Washington."

"How come Washington?" Hannen asked. "He was crawling around in the woodwork here last night."

"Nevertheless he's just leaving Washington. By private plane. With our beloved owner, Mrs. Cornelia Gordon. They'll be here at three to take personal charge of the man hunt."

Clay asked, "Why Mrs. Gordon?"

"Why earthquakes?" Standish said. "Why volcanic eruptions?"

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Hannen rubbed his jaw. "She'll yell for the killer the minute she lands."

"And we'll give him to her," Standish declared. "If we have to frame somebody." He grinned wolfishly at Hannen, who glared back at him. Finally, Standish turned to Sam Clay. "What are you doing—eavesdropping?"

"You called me back."

"Well, get out!"

Clay went into the city room and stood by Andy Talbot, the assistant city editor, seated in Hannen's chair in the center of the semicircular city desk.

Talbot put his hand over his telephone's mouthpiece and asked, "What's the agenda?"

"Hannen'll be here in a minute."

Clay started to go, but Talbot said, "Stick around, Sam. We're getting a description."

"Of what?" Clay asked, feeling his heart jump.

"Killer," Talbot said. "Police been talking to the elevator boy." He stared at Clay. "What's the matter?"

Clay swallowed, then said, "Ulcers."

Gwen Pearson, at Sam's elbow as usual, said, "Telephone, Sam," and handed him the nearest instrument.

It was Tom Nichols. "How soon can you get away, boy?" he asked.

"I don't know," Clay said.

"We got Bundy, that investigator I told you about. He's ready to go."

"I'll call you," Clay said.

Talbot was talking into another telephone now. "Tall, lean, hungry face, hooked nose, sandy eyebrows and hair? That's Clay all right."

Clay moaned.

"Full name's Sam Clay," Talbot said. "Worked here for years."

Clay felt as though someone had kicked him in the stomach.

"Want us to hold him?" Talbot said, nodded and hung up. "What in hell did you do last night?"

"The elevator boy," Clay said. "How'd he know my name?"

"Don't kid me!" Talbot said and grinned at Gwen Pearson. "A dame wanted to know if the Clay she fought off last night really worked here."

Gwen stared at Clay, round-eyed, then hurried away. Clay sank into a chair next to the city-desk slot. He wasn't caught yet, but his playmates from last night were beginning to sober up and start talking.

Hannen came up to Clay. "Sam, go over to the apartment. Snoop around. Cops don't always get everything. Color, too, if we decide to play it that way. And report to me first, Sam, no matter what you dig up. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Clay said.

Talbot flipped a switch on the telephone control box. "For you, Sam."

Clay picked up the nearest telephone. "Clay?" a harsh voice asked.

"Who's this?"

"Pay no attention to that squarehead Hannen," the voice said. "You will report to *me* first."

"Who's this?"

"Almonds," the voice said.

The light on the control box went out. "Get going!" Hannen said. . . .

Sam Clay walked between the hearse and police car in front of the apartment building, avoiding the crowd that had gathered. He wished he knew what the elevator boy had told the police.

The bronze elevator indicator pointed to 9; Clay couldn't make himself press the call button. He knew with utter certainty that the operator would recognize him the minute the door opened. And then, down a corridor to his left, a voice said, "Easy, George." A minute later, two men carrying a chromium ambulance bed came out of the corridor.

CLAY stared at the sheet-draped mound on the litter. It did not resemble anything human. He watched the men go out the front door, and then he noticed a gnomelike face peering out of the service elevator at the end of the corridor. It was the hunchback who had been sorting trash on the fourth-floor landing that morning.

Clay started to step back, and then remembered the man hadn't seen him. "How about running me up to seven?"

"Police?" the hunchback asked.

"Reporter."

"Get in."

The hunchback's eyes, bright and furtive, flicked across Clay's face. "Harlot," he said. "Woman of sin. He sent His angel for her."

The elevator moved slowly. Clay's mouth tasted of cotton. He felt relief when the elevator stopped.

"I had an eye on her," the man said. "I was watchin' her." His face was ecstatic. "And I seen him. I seen the angel of the Lord!"

Clay got out of the elevator, said, "Globe," to the policeman in front of 703 and went into the apartment.

A gray-haired man was seated on the black-satin divan in the living room. He glanced at Clay. "Ain't you kinda late for the party?" he asked.

Clay shrugged and stared at him unhappily. He had covered other homicides handled by Lieutenant Diffendorf and he knew he was one of the best, a thoroughly honest, intelligent officer. Another good break, Clay thought. The town's number one bloodhound!

Diffendorf said, "Ought to be a law against homicides on Sunday. Especially ones that don't make sense."

Clay didn't say anything.

"Guy comes up with girl and they drink brandy in the bedroom. Very gay, up to about five o'clock, when he suddenly decides to cut her up. Which seems to meet with her approval, because there's no evidence that she tried to resist. Then the guy, doubtless worn out by his exertions, goes to bed and pounds his ear until a little after eight."

"How do you know that?" Clay asked.

"He answers the telephone, even makes a joke. 'Well, speak up,' he says. 'It's your dime.' " The lieutenant eyed Clay. "We got that right from your own paper."

"Yeah?"

"Lady called us. Laura Peterkins, by name."

"Society editor," Clay said. "Did she say whether she recognized the voice?"

"Muffled, she said. Thick, like a drunk. Anyhow, the guy showers and shaves and gets dressed, pockets the murder weapon and a ten-thousand-dollar bracelet, but leaves a clip worth about five, clubs the maid with the brandy bottle and waltzes out." He stared at Clay. "You listening?"

Clay wasn't. His eyes were fixed on an object half hidden behind Diffendorf on an end table. His hat! He had

LEO CHOPLIN

Dr. Woollard uses "cocktail shaker" in New York City's Grand Central Terminal

Dr. Woollard's Wonderful "Cocktail Shaker"

SOMETIME next year we shall find out precisely what shape the world is in. No one has known for sure before, because few places are exactly where they're shown on maps.

Now, with the aid of a remarkable device that looks like a king-sized chromium-plated cocktail shaker, American geophysicists are remapping the world. They already have found out, among other things, that New York City is two to ten miles from the latitude and longitude generally assigned it, while St. Matthew Island, off Alaska, is 20 miles from its charted position.

The project is largely the brain child of a University of Wisconsin professor, Dr. George P. Woollard, who also heads up one of the remapping teams. The shiny gadget which makes the work possible is a gravimeter; it measures variations in gravity.

Geographers long have been aware that gravity pulls the plumb lines and level bubbles used in map surveys out of line, but not until 1947 was a portable device developed to assess this force and thus permit correction of the errors. Learning that a Houston, Texas, physicist named Sam Worden had produced a small gravimeter for use in oil prospecting, Dr. Woollard prevailed upon him to adapt the "cocktail shaker" for geodetic work.

Since 1948, Dr. Woollard and his associates, working under supervision of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, have taken gravity's measure in 85 countries: from the Amazon's headwaters to the arctic, from Tasmania to New York's Grand Central Terminal.

To get readings, he flew through monsoons, sandstorms and blizzards—and once (before the Nationalists fled to Formosa) jeeped through a gap in the Communist lines to plant his meter atop China's Shantung mountains.

The armed forces are vitally interested in the remapping project, and the Navy and Air Force are contributing financial aid. Knowledge of the exact location of target areas would be vital for wartime aiming of guided missiles.

Man has always sought his place in the sun. Soon, thanks to Dr. Woollard's wonderful "cocktail shaker," he'll know exactly where it is—geographically speaking. —JAMES POLING

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difficulty resisting an urge to pick it up. The lieutenant turned to see what he was looking at. "How come?" Diffendorf asked.

"How come what?"

"The interest. You recognize it?"

"Looks like one of mine."

"You better hope it ain't, because so far it's about all we got."

"How do you know it's his?" Clay asked weakly.

"Maid. Says it wasn't here yesterday." Diffendorf's clear blue eyes rested on Clay. "Want to claim it?"

"Hell, no!"

"Okay." Diffendorf yawned. "And now, since you know everything I do, why don't you go away?"

CLAY turned and started down the hall to the bedroom. He knew the lieutenant was joking, but he also knew it would take only a few more jokes like that to arouse his suspicion, which would be fatal. How could he have forgotten the hat? And what else had he forgotten?

In the bedroom, he found the Tribune's Kitty Kelly, a tiny, intense woman with too-big eyes, watching a bulky detective examine the dressing room. The bedroom seemed unchanged, but Clay felt no particular emotion of any sort. The murderer returns to the scene of the crime, he thought tentatively, but even that didn't do anything. But then he didn't know if he *was* the murderer.

Kitty introduced him to Sergeant Storm. The sergeant did not seem pleased to meet Sam Clay. "You the guy stole the X-ray plates in the Zimmerman case?" he asked.

"Now, Sarge," Clay said.

"Well, keep your hands in your pockets this time," Storm said.

"Anybody we can talk to?" Clay asked Kitty.

She looked at her notes. "The maid, Clarissa Simpson, twenty-two, lives down on South State."

"What about the elevator boy?" Clay asked.

"Clarence Gilmore, nineteen. Claims he took the killer down just before the maid rang the bell," she said.

"He's a jerk," Storm growled.

"Said he'd recognize him, though," Kitty said.

"The maid?" Clay asked.

"Diffendorf's got a man questioning her," the sergeant said.

"*She* knows something," Kitty said.

Clay started sorting out what he had learned. There didn't seem to be many leads: the hat, which he doubted could be traced back to him; the elevator boy, no menace so long as they didn't meet; and Laura Peterkins, who didn't seem particularly dangerous. As for the maid, he decided, he'd better keep out of her way.

"The wages of sin," Kitty Kelly said.

"What?" Clay asked.

"This golden cage," Kitty said. "She sure didn't pay for it herself."

"I hadn't thought."

"How much did the Globe pay her?"

"Hundred a week, maybe."

"Okay, so find the manager. He'll know who paid the rent."

"Good idea. Where is he?"

"Think I'd be here if I knew? What's the matter with you today, Sam?" Kitty went over to the telephone and began dialing.

"Dumb," he said. "Just dumb."

He *was* dumb. Instead of finding out who had murdered the girl, he was operating on the assumption that he had done it—operating and thinking defensively, which would get him nowhere.

"Still out," Kitty Kelly said, and began to dial another number.

Clay got out an envelope and wrote: *Rent? Checking account? Where got coat? Jewelry?*

He started toward the dressing table, remembering the embroidered evening purse there, but near the dressing-room entrance his foot struck something that gurgled as it toppled. He bent over and righted the brandy bottle, which had been standing just where he had left it.

"Naughty, naughty!" Kitty said. "Mustn't touch!"

Suddenly weak-kneed at the thought of how many of his fingerprints Sergeant Storm might have found, he went over and reached for the purse.

"First National Bank," Kitty Kelly said, still sitting on the bed and listening to the telephone. "And the clothes came from Marshall Field."

He went through the dressing room into the bathroom. He stood looking at himself in the mirror. He wished his brain were clearer; there were probably a dozen leads he ought to be looking into, a dozen clues he ought to be following up. He felt like a cub reporter on his first case—or maybe a murderer after his first murder.

He went back to the bedroom. Kitty Kelly had gone. He sat on the bed he had slept in and dialed the Globe's number. After he'd talked to rewrite, Andy Talbot got on the telephone.

"After you get to the elevator boy and the maid," Talbot said, "you better answer a few calls."

"What calls?"

"Same drunk woman. No name. Will call back." Talbot rustled some papers. "Your wife, Alice. Call at once. Tom Nichols. Ditto. Gwen's out somewhere and wants to talk to you. Camille Nichols. Please call. And one more. Man. Sinister voice. Mr. Almond. Says you know where to reach him."

Clay hung up and dialed Standish's private number. When the receiver was lifted, he said, "Mr. Almond?"

"Peterkins," Standish said. "See her."

THE line went dead, but Clay remained motionless on the bed, telephone in hand, thinking. If there was anything he wasn't going to do, it was talk to Laura Peterkins. Yet if he didn't, Standish would wonder why. Maybe he could pretend he had lost his voice; write notes to her. Sure. Maybe he could wear a mask in the apartment elevator, too.

A detective came into the bedroom and said, "You aren't supposed to touch that telephone."

Clay got up, and as he went into the hallway he heard Kitty Kelly's voice in the living room. "What did you do after he hit you, Clarissa?" "Jest lay there," a voice replied. "Would you show us?" Kitty Kelly asked. "Go ahead," Lieutenant Diffendorf's voice said. "Like to see myself."

The hall closet was open and Clay stepped into it, his heart pounding. He pulled the door part way shut. He might have guessed they'd bring the maid up. It sounded as though at least a dozen people were going by. Finally there was a silence, and he moved back to the door. He felt something under his foot, saw he had crushed a half-smoked cigarette. He stepped out of the closet, came face to face with the colored maid.

Her scream echoed crazily along the hallway. Diffendorf came running from the bedroom, followed by Kitty Kelly, the detective and Sergeant Storm.

"What's wrong?" Diffendorf asked.

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"That man!" the maid said, pointing at Clay.

"No!" Clay heard himself gasp.

"Came right out of the closet!" the maid said.

Diffendorf said, "What were you doing in there?"

"Just looking around."

"Same guy used the telephone," the detective said.

Clay said desperately, "I wasn't the only one."

"Stool pigeon!" Kitty said.

Diffendorf threw up his hands disgustedly, and then bent and picked up the crushed cigarette. "What's this?"

"Cigarette," Clay said.

"Thanks. Yours?"

Clay shook his head.

Diffendorf looked at the cigarette and then the maid. "What kind did Miss Trevor smoke?"

"Didn't smoke none."

Diffendorf bent down and picked up a second cigarette. "Ivory-tipped," he said and handed the cigarette to Sergeant Storm. "Stick 'em in an envelope and mark 'em lab."

"Wasn't there yesterday," the maid said. "I cleaned that closet."

Diffendorf said, "Now let's go through it like we said. Wait until we're in the bedroom, then come in and do just what you did when you found her. And you, Storm, go get the elevator boy."

Sergeant Storm went down the hall. Diffendorf and the others filed into the bedroom, leaving Clay alone.

Clay went to the front door and peered into the outer hall. The policeman was still there, but there was no sign of Storm and the elevator boy. He wondered if he dared steal his hat, and then, rejecting the idea as too dangerous, he remembered something the salesman had told him about the hat when he bought it. One of its features was an adjustable sweat band. If he couldn't steal the hat, he could alter it so it wouldn't fit, which would be better anyway. He was just bending over it, about to pick it up, when the detective came into the room.

"What the hell!" he said. "Are you at it again?"

"I'll go quietly, Officer," Clay said.

He walked down the fire stairs. He didn't want to meet Sergeant Storm and the elevator boy.

A LITTLE before one o'clock, Sam Clay stood at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Walton Place with Tom and Camille Nichols. While they waited for Amos Bundy, Clay told them what had happened at the apartment and added that the Globe had found out Mary Trevor paid her rent ($220 a month) in cash, which didn't prove anything.

Nichols looked at the schedule Clay had drawn up of what had happened the previous night. "Can you make a little more sense out of this now?"

"Damn it!" Clay felt sudden irritation. "If I remembered anything I'd tell you! And I don't think the mythical Mr. Bundy's going to help either."

"Don't sell Bundy short," Nichols said. "He may look like a Methodist deacon on stilts, but he's savvy."

"The late Mrs. Bundy," said a voice behind them, "always referred to me as 'the dishonest Abe Lincoln.' "

The voice belonged to a very tall, very gaunt man. He was Mr. Bundy, and Clay saw he did resemble Abraham Lincoln. There was a Civil War quality about his black broadcloth suit, black fedora and his furled umbrella; he had shaggy eyebrows, a big nose.

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"A state trooper drove by while I was puttin' it up. He just waved"** LARRY REYNOLDS

He was about sixty years old. "Our murderer, I presume," he said, peering benignly down at Clay.

"Now wait a minute—" Clay began.

"An ill-timed pleasantry, at best," he said, and took the schedule from Tom Nichols. "I believe a hat check was mentioned?" Clay gave it to him. "And the bracelet?"

Clay gave him that too, perplexed.

"I have two contacts," said Mr. Bundy. "One will produce the young lady who gave you the check. The other," he went on calmly, "is an expert on stolen jewelry. He will tell us all about the bracelet."

"And what's that?" Clay asked.

"It is my theory," said Mr. Bundy, "that the jewelry, among other things, was the product of blackmail."

Clay stared at him, impressed in spite of himself.

Mr. Bundy elaborated, resting on his furled umbrella. He had made a call to a colleague in Fort Worth. The dead girl had gone to public school there under the name of Mary Baumholtz, ward of a spinster music teacher named Esther Baumholtz. Genteel poverty until Esther's death in 1952 of a stroke. Then, two months later, Mary Baumholtz became Mary Trevor—with mink coats, French imports, a convertible and a luxurious apartment, but no apparent source of income.

Clay said, "Okay, but who'd she blackmail?"

"That we must discover."

His colleague in Fort Worth, Mr. Bundy continued, had discovered Mary Trevor had opened a checking account for fifty thousand dollars soon after Esther Baumholtz' death. He felt the money came from blackmail, Mr. Bundy added, since he was unable to discover any other source.

"Inheritance, maybe," Nichols said.

"The elder Miss Baumholtz," Mr. Bundy said, "left an estate amounting to two thousand fifty-four dollars."

"All right," Clay said. "But how do we run it down?"

Mr. Bundy ignored the question. "Did you," he asked, "make a long-distance call from the Delaware Place apartment to Washington last night?" He glanced into a small notebook. "At four thirty-one?"

"No. At least, I don't think so."

Mr. Bundy said, "The number called was Dupont two seven six eight nine. The conversation lasted three minutes."

Clay said, "Who was the call to?"

"Unlisted number," Mr. Bundy said. "However, a colleague in Washington has been notified."

Clay supposed it was possible he was at the apartment when the call was made, but he felt certain he hadn't made it. Yet it was an odd move for the girl to have made. It was a mystery and he felt pleased. Something had been going on and maybe Bundy would find out what. He looked at the gaunt man hopefully.

Mr. Bundy read from Clay's schedule: *"High-class trap behind iron fence.* That would be the Victoire here on Walton Place." And the place, he declared, from which Mr. Clay must begin to retrace his dark, torturous trail to the dead girl's apartment.

"That might take weeks!" Clay protested.

No, Mr. Bundy said. He did not think so. People would remember him: bartenders, waiters, hat-check girls, taxi drivers, doormen. And, he added, there was the woman Mr. Clay had met in the Victoire. Who was she? What light could she throw on the evening?

Clay's feeling of hope began to fade. He couldn't take the time to start chasing after last night. He couldn't just walk off an assignment, vanish from sight, without somebody at the Globe getting ideas. Standish, for sure, and very likely Hannen, since they both needed a victim to toss to Mrs. Gordon. Suddenly the street-corner conference seemed insane. "Nuts to this!" he said.

"I know," said Mr. Bundy. "My manner. Far too theatrical. But even if I am a charlatan, what have you to lose?"

Clay looked at his watch. It read 12:58. The Canadian edition was already on the presses, and the bulldog

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deadline wasn't until four. "Okay. A half hour. Where do we start?"

Mr. Bundy aimed his umbrella at a two-story brownstone building a block down the street. "Victoire. Report any discoveries by telephone to my office." He lifted his fedora, bowed to Camille and departed.

THE Victoire seemed to be closed, but both the metal gate with the cast-iron V and the gray door with the black-painted V were unlocked. The foyer was marble-floored with gilt-edged mirrors and pink walls. The cocktail lounge was to the right, and back of the bar was a bald man in a T-shirt dumping crushed ice into a storage compartment. He didn't look up as Tom and Camille Nichols and Sam Clay came in. "We ain't open," he said.

Camille asked, "Could we see the bartender, please?"

"You've seen him," he said, and shook the sack. "So now blow."

"Mr. Clay," Tom Nichols said, "was here last night—"

"Yeah?" The man looked up, glanced at Clay and said, "The big brandy-and-champagne boy!"

"And there was a woman," Camille Nichols said.

The bartender looked at her knowingly. "You his wife?"

"No. But he'd like to find the woman."

"Got himself rolled, eh?"

Tom Nichols put a ten-dollar bill on the bar. "A couple of answers?"

"Time and a half on Sunday," the bartender said.

Nichols added a five-dollar bill. "The woman's name?"

The bartender took a deep breath and yelled, "Emile!"

A voice somewhere in the next room called: "Coming!" and presently a tiny man in black trousers and a white shirt came into the lounge. He nodded jerkily to Tom, Camille and Sam.

"Wanta earn five bucks?" the bartender asked, and pointed to the bill on the bar. The ten had vanished.

Emile shook his head eagerly.

"Remember the dame that bums around here weekends? The mink-coat one?"

Emile nodded again, and Clay felt his knees growing weak. He was thinking of the mink coat in Mary Trevor's closet. This was it. This was where he'd met her. He knew Camille and Tom were staring at him.

"What's her name?" the bartender asked.

Emile shrugged.

"You chinned with her enough," the bartender said. "What'd you call her?"

"Madam—out of politeness."

The bartender snorted, and Tom stepped toward the bar, saying, "I'll just take that dough back."

"A moment," Emile said. He turned to Clay: "You try to buy the magnum of brandy, no?"

Clay stared at him blankly.

"You sure did," the bartender said. "Got sore when we wouldn't sell one."

"The lady say we go to the Little Club," Emile said. "She say she is known there."

"That's right," the bartender said. "That's where you were heading when you left here."

Nichols said, "That's where we better head now."

"Closed," the bartender said. "It ain't open Sundays."

Emile snapped his fingers. "Jacques!"

"Yeah," the bartender said. "Give him a ring."

When Emile had gone, the bartender explained, "Headwaiter over there. A Frenchy like Emile."

After a while Emile returned, holding a sheet of paper. "He remembers," he said. "The lady is—"

"Hold out another fiver," the bartender said.

"Look, brother," Nichols said. "I already gave you—"

"Okay, okay. Give it to 'em."

On the paper was an address: *Mrs. Patricia Bruce, Melrose Manor, No. 3 Edgewater Court.* The name meant nothing to Clay.

Camille, leaning over his shoulder, asked, "You're sure it's Bruce, not Trevor, Emile?"

"I write as Jacques tell me."

"What color hair?" Sam asked.

"Brown," the bartender said.

Clay felt relieved. The dead girl's hair might be described as golden, platinum, yellow—almost anything but brown. And that meant there were two women: Mrs. Bruce and Mary Trevor.

"Why the search?" the bartender asked.

"Fifteen bucks," Nichols said, "and you want to know everything."

They went out through the mirrored hall, hearing Emile ask: "Fifteen bucks? What he mean, fifteen bucks?"

EDGEWATER COURT was only half a block long and had evidently once been the private road to four Victorian mansions but now it was a wilderness of tangled bushes and rotting elms. On the last house was a tarnished metal plaque reading: *Melrose Manor.*

The front door creaked as they went into the vestibule. On the right were six mailboxes, and on the next-to-the-end box was glued a piece of paper: *Mrs. Patricia Bruce.* Above the box was a black button and Nichols pressed it. After a time he pressed it again, but there was no answer.

"What's her number?" Camille asked.

"Five," he said.

They found apartment five at the rear of the top floor, but when they knocked, no one came to the door. "What'll we do?" Camille asked.

Nichols turned the doorknob and pushed and the door opened a crack. "We housebreak," he said. They followed him inside.

The room was dark and Clay jumped as Camille called softly, "Anybody home?" He didn't like the feeling the apartment gave him, and he liked it even less that there was no answer.

"Steady, son," Nichols said.

He went to a window and parted the curtains. They were in a sort of living-dining-bedroom. The place was cheaply furnished and filthy.

Nichols bent over an overstuffed chair. "What've we got here?" He unpinned a torn piece of paper from the arm and read: *"Cleo—Love Nest for passion fruit. Walpurgis night! Cool, girl, cool! Rendez-me soonest! Pat."*

Camille asked, "What's it mean?"

"Love Nest's a dive," Clay said. "Pretty raw."

"This place spooks me," Nichols said, and went into the kitchen. Clay followed him. It was, if possible, dirtier than the other room. "Not the housekeeping type," he said, bending down to open a cupboard.

"What do you think you're looking for?" Clay asked.

"Mrs. Bruce," Nichols said.

As Clay uneasily watched Nichols' search, Camille's voice, urgent, almost hysterical, called, "Tom! Sam!"

"I knew it!" Clay exclaimed.

—JONATHAN LATIMER

(This is the first of four parts)

"God's Long Arm Reached Down to Help Me!"

For almost a lifetime, the woman had stood on the threshold of the Catholic Church—uncertain whether to come in or stay out.

"Seemingly," she says, "I was born loving the Catholic Church." This she attributes to a "small miracle," inasmuch as her parents were not Catholic, or even religious; and "our relatives and friends were none of them Catholics."

As a child, she loved to visit Catholic churches to light candles and pray the rosary. But as she grew older ... and tried to evaluate Catholic beliefs on her own limited knowledge, or upon the mistaken opinions of others ... a "wall of obstacles" kept getting in the way.

In the midst of her confusion and uncertainty, she enrolled for the Knights of Columbus course of Catholic instruction which is given free by mail. And now a Catholic, she says: "I am filled with wonder and gratitude that God's long arm reached down to lift me up so tenderly."

It is unfortunate, but true, that many people seeking knowledge of the Catholic Church encounter a "wall of obstacles" as this woman did. The reason is, usually, that so many of the "facts" they hear about the Catholic Church are not facts at all, but misrepresentations or the fruits of misunderstanding. Even those who admire and respect the Church ... and who wish to hold for it only sentiments of tolerance and goodwill ... are often confused and deceived.

There is, of course, only one fair and proper way to understand and evaluate Catholic teachings and worship. That is by getting the facts about them from an *authentic* Catholic source. And that is why the Catholic Church says again and again ... "INVESTIGATE!"

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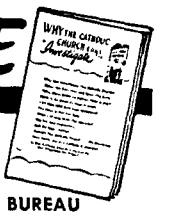

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The Lost Letters of MARIE-LOUISE TO NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE BY
THEODORE H. WHITE

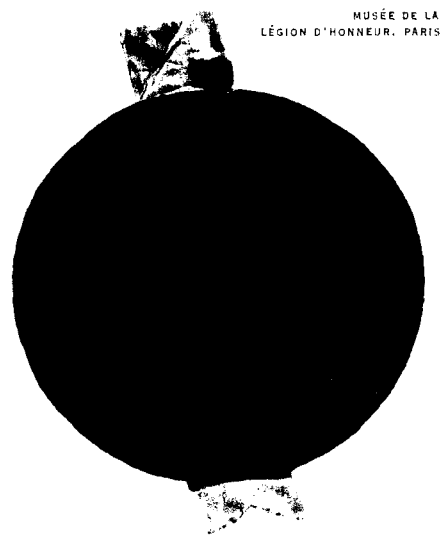
1. THE DECISION

For 22 years, Europeans watched in terror and wonder as the armies of France, under Napoleon, marched and countermarched across their continent, drenching it in blood. When, therefore, in the spring of 1814, Europe learned of the collapse of Napoleon's armies and of the Allied entry into Paris, it seemed incredible—as if the world were coming to an end.

For no one in all Europe, however, were these tidings more difficult to believe than for Marie-Louise, Napoleon's twenty-two-year-old wife and empress. Only four years before, her father, the Emperor Francis I of Austria, tired of fighting the insatiably ambitious Napoleon, had given her to the French tyrant as bride and hostage. Yet war between them had resumed, more bitter than ever; and the fierce and bloody late-winter fighting of 1814 had finally forced her, at the end of March, to flee from Paris to the Loire Valley.

All her life, Marie-Louise had been dependent on the will of other people—first of her father, then of her husband. But now at last, in the refugee-choked town of Blois, decision was being forced on her. For the empire which she had so casually adorned since her marriage had collapsed; she was now no longer an empress but a refugee; her husband was now the sport and certain prey of his gathering enemies. And among these conquering enemies her father, Francis of Austria, was foremost.

There were now, finally, only two choices open to Marie-Louise—she could join her father in victory and thus repudiate Napoleon, father of her child. Or she could join Napoleon and follow him into exile.



MUSÉE DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR, PARIS

Napoleon's Great Seal, the sign of office for France's Emperor

It was midday on Thursday, the seventh of April, 1814, when Napoleon's courier, Colonel Galbois, galloped into Blois with the news that all was lost, that Napoleon had abdicated.

By the next day, the shabby, scheming band of courtiers who had followed Marie-Louise from Paris had begun to desert her and betray her husband. The pattern of treachery was set at the very top. Early that morning of the eighth of April, Napoleon's two brothers, Joseph and Jérôme, whom he had made kings of Spain and Westphalia respectively, cynically proposed that she come with them and together seek her father's headquarters. Brutally, they told her that whether this was good or bad for her, it was best for them—and that they must leave immediately because if Napoleon heard of their scheme he would disapprove. When Marie-Louise, screaming, repudiated this treachery, they threatened to carry her off by force. At that point, the officers of the Guard, Napoleon's loyalists, intervened, cursed the two brothers as cowards and offered to protect her to the end until she had made up her own mind.

Out of this hurly-burly of indecision, Marie-Louise broke away only long enough to scribble on the morning of the eighth a plea to Napoleon to save her.

Blois, April 8, 1814

Mon Cher Ami, **I am sending you a courier, an intelligent man, to ask you to give me instructions and to beg you, for pity's sake, to let me join you for I am being driven out of my mind here. There are 100 Cossacks at Châteaudun.**

The King [brother Joseph] **came to see me this morning, urging me to leave and throw myself into the arms of the first Austrian corps I run into. He said that they** [he and Jérôme] **would follow me,**

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The Farewell at Fontainebleau. *In this famous painting by Horace Vernet, Napoleon is shown taking leave of his faithful officers on April 20, 1814. From here he went to Elba and exile; his brilliant campaign against tremendous odds had reached its inevitable end*

that that was the only safe course they could take, that the Emperor of Austria would provide for their future and that I must not consult you since there was no time to lose, and since you might disapprove of such a step.

I replied that in my opinion this would be an act of treason on my part, that as long as I had a breath of life left in me I should remain attached to you, that moreover I did not know whether the Austrian corps at Lyon had not been overtaken by the Russians, and that I did not wish to throw myself on their mercy. He said that these were bad arguments, and the King of Westphalia [Jérôme] said that they would make me go by force. Then I consented to go to Rambouillet, firmly resolved not to go farther.

But as he was about to issue orders for my departure, the officers of the Guard came into the courtyard and declared that they would not permit me to be sent away, that they were resolved to let themselves be cut to pieces for you, for your son, and for me, that they knew there was a plan to send me to Austrian-occupied territory, and that they would not do this unless either I or you give them orders to that effect . . .

Then I declared to the King that I would not leave, that everybody was of that opinion, and that I wanted to await your orders; they were very angry but I don't care; I am above this.

And so I am waiting for your orders, and I beg you to send them to me . . .

Your son is in good health, so am I. I kiss you and love you with all my heart. Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Still quivering with rage and fear, Marie-Louise continued to write. We do not know whether her letters to her father that day preceded or followed her note to her husband.

But both notes could only have been written at one sitting, so swift are the events of the day, so sharp the fright of physical abduction in both. To her father, now, Marie-Louise wrote, begging that he give her sanctuary:

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. . . I'll send you a messenger every day to tell you where I'm going to be and I beg you to send him back every day to tell me where you are so I can come to you if things go badly. All I want is to live quietly somewhere in your states and be able to bring up my child. God knows but I shall tell him to have no ambition! . . . I'm sure you'll protect his rights and get him something better. All I want is for you to be able to see him, the poor child who is so innocent of all the faults of his father, he doesn't deserve to share with him so sad a lot . . . I've got bad chest pains and I'm spitting blood which makes me think my health is entirely gone, and I'm afraid to begin another long trip . . .

Not knowing whether she preferred to join Napoleon or her father, Marie-Louise let events make her decision for her. Into the courtyard of the prefecture pounded the Cossack escort of Count Shuvalov, aide de camp of the Czar Alexander. With him rode the Baron de Saint-Aignan, an aide of the Emperor Napoleon. The armistice negotiations had provided that the two find Marie-Louise and escort her from Blois to Orléans through the war-torn country. At Orléans the road forks, one branch leading to Fontainebleau, where Napoleon made his headquarters, the other to Paris. At Orléans she could make up her mind which way to go next. To Napoleon, she wrote:

Blois, April 8, 1814

Mon cher Ami. I am writing you this note to inform you that tomorrow morning I shall leave for Orléans, and that I shall be in Fontainebleau the day after tomorrow. I need to see you and to share your sorrows.

Your son is in good health. I am quite ill, I have a violent fever. I hope I shall have enough strength to drag myself to Fontainebleau, at the risk of what may happen to my health afterwards. I love you and kiss you with all my heart.

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

At ten in the morning, Marie-Louise's bedraggled procession got under way from Blois to Orléans.

It is only a 35-mile ride between the two cities, and the road follows the banks of the Loire, winding in and out among the most beautiful castles of Europe's landscape. It was spring; by late afternoon, either the wine, the weather or the confusion must have worked on the Cossacks of Count Shuvalov, and in the rear of the procession, in festive mood, they began to loot the imperial carriages they were sent to protect. The count galloped back, called them off, and forced them to replace what they had stolen. By six in the evening, a tired and exhausted Marie-Louise had arrived in Orléans, trembling with panic, and found refuge for herself and child in the bishop's palace.

The next morning, Easter Sunday, Marie-Louise woke throbbing with fevers and unhappiness. We can almost follow her debate with herself as we read her letters. To Napoleon, she wrote twice during the day, saying:

Orléans, April 10, morning, 1814

Mon cher Ami.

. . . I am convinced that I could influence my father a great deal, I have just written to him, begging him to permit me to go to see him, and I am determined not to leave before seeing him. I am convinced that I could influence him a great deal, and that I shall be acting in the interest of your son. If I must postpone my visit to him a few days, I shall

RAFFET

The Ambush. A contemporary painting depicts the hand-to-hand fighting which erupted in a French village when a troop of Russian Cossacks moved in. This is typical of the kind of warfare which marked Napoleon's defense of his country against most of Europe

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rejoin you later, and, I am convinced, with better news than one might suppose, for you do not doubt of my tender devotion and you know that I will do everything to console you.

I repeat, *mon cher Ami,* I am determined not to leave until after I have seen my father: I think that your interests and those of my son make this my duty. Moreover, my physical and moral strength has been too strained by my anxiety about you, I am ill, and in a state that makes me unable to leave my room, but what grieves me most is to see all your misfortunes; my only wish is to share them with you. In the meantime, I kiss you and love you with all my heart.

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

If you let me see my father, I am sure, almost sure, I will get Tuscany.

Later, in the afternoon, she wrote to Napoleon again.

Orléans, April 10, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

. . . I am still hopeful at the thought that I shall see my father; he is kind, he will be moved by my tears, and you will have a better fate, for even though you will . . . remain in the island of Elba, you will also rule in the possessions that may be given us, I mean Tuscany.

Everybody seeks to leave us, this fills me with disgust for this country for I see so much ingratitude here. . . . I am not mentioning my health which gets a little worse each day, right now I have a violent fever, I spit blood, my only wish is to have enough strength to bear all these shocks, but it is leaving me, I feel that I need rest and much attention. I shall have the former only after I know and see that you are happy and contented and resigned to your sad lot.

This is the happiness I desire next to that of being always loved by you.

But I expect a great deal from the interview I asked my father to grant me, that is why I shall wait here with great impatience for permission to see him. I love you and kiss you with all my heart.

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

P. H. DELAROCHE, KUNSTHALLE, HAMBURG

Napoleon and Marie-Louise. Her intercession with the Austrians, her countrymen, was Napoleon's last hope of victory. She failed

To her father, however, Marie-Louise was writing that same day in quite different vein. Three times during the day, she dispatched couriers to seek his headquarters and deliver her messages.

Very Dear Papa, I am sending you this letter by one of my officers, to ask your permission to come to see you wherever you are now. The Emperor [Napoleon] is leaving for Elba. I've told him that nothing can make me leave here until I've seen you and had your advice. I beg you give me a reply. I have decided to do whatever you will decide I should do for my son. I know they've asked you, in my name, for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. This was done without my knowledge. [To Napoleon, that same day, she had written that a talk with her father would guarantee Tuscany.] I know you love me too much not to think of my child's fate and my own. All I want is peace, and it's necessary for my health. I beg you, very dear Papa, let me come and see you. My position is getting worse and more pressing. They want to kidnap me against my will without seeing you and I absolutely depend on your advice, I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I beg you send me a reply as quickly as possible, I'm scared to death . . .

No historian can tell us of whom, precisely, Marie-Louise was afraid—whether it was of the Cossacks who guarded her; whether it was of her brothers-in-law, who still threatened to snatch her for their gain; whether it was of the new puppet French government—or whether, just possibly, she feared abduction by Napoleon himself.

This last, however, seems highly unlikely. Napoleon's attitude toward Marie-Louise, always more avuncular than passionate, now seemed tinged with a philosophic melancholy—almost a foreknowledge that she was about to abandon him. His reply to her was full of tender understanding . . .

Fontainebleau, April 11, 1814, 9 A.M.

Ma bonne Amie, I have received your letter. All your sorrows are in my heart; they are the only ones I cannot bear. Do try to be stronger than adversity. Tonight I shall send you the arrangement that has been made.

I am given the island of Elba, and you and your son, Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla. This amounts to 400,000 souls and 3 or 4 millions of revenues.

At least you will have a house and a beautiful country of your own when you weary of staying on my island of Elba and I begin to bore you, which must come to pass when I grow older and you are still young.

Metternich [the Austrian foreign minister] is in Paris; I do not know where your father is. You should arrange to see him on the way. If you cannot have Tuscany, and your fate is settled, ask him for the principalities of Lucca, Massa, Carrara, and the enclaves, and finally that your principality have an outlet to the sea . . .

As soon as everything is over I shall proceed to Briare,

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where you will join me, and we shall travel by way of Moulins and Chambéry to Parma, and then embark at Spezia. . . . *Adieu, mon amie;* I think of you, and your sorrows are a great affliction to me. *Tout à toi.* Nap

By one of those strange twists of fate in which history delights, this letter from Napoleon arrived the next day simultaneously with another for Marie-Louise. The second letter was from Paris—from Metternich, the inspiriting genius of Marie-Louise's father Francis. Napoleon's letter had invited her, with warmth and affection, to follow him into exile; Metternich's letter, by contrast, in stiff, direct prose, invited her back home to Austria, to the shelter of her father, to comfort and surcease from peril.

The day on which the messengers arrived—Tuesday, April 12th—was a day on which Marie-Louise had been strained to the last degree. The new French government that the Allies had installed in Paris had sent a peculiarly repulsive individual named Dudon to Orléans to claim Napoleon's vast personal treasure fund. The personal treasure, encased in huge chests that had been part of the original *cortège* of flight, held 10,000,000 francs in gold and silver coinage (worth $3,000,000 in present American money); 3,000,000 francs more of silver and gold plate; the linens, embroideries, jewels, and insignia of state (including Napoleon's sword studded with the regent diamond). Dudon stripped the trembling court of as much of this treasure as he could find scattered about Orléans, then proceeded to demand the body ornaments of the empress herself. When, finally, he demanded the pearl choker that Napoleon had given her at the birth of her son, she unclasped and threw it at him. Nor did the escort sent by the czar, Shuvalov, watching all this, either interfere or intercede.

Shrewd Prince Metternich, Austrian foreign minister

A day like this might have caused even a heroine to reconsider the value of heroism. And Marie-Louise was no heroine.

She might, to be sure, join Napoleon en route to Elba—and take her chance on whatever mercy the world and the turbulent French might show them both. But it was, after all, these same French who had chopped off the head of her great-aunt, Marie Antoinette, likewise an Austrian-born sent to be their queen.

Or she might heed Metternich's words as he spoke in the name of her father—that it was best for her health that she consider returning with her son to dwell in the tranquil splendor of the Schönbrunn Palace where she had grown up; that later she might decide how and when she would join Napoleon.

To this written invitation of Metternich, later on the same day, was added the vocal appeal of two emissaries of her father, princes of the Hapsburg court, both urging her to return to her father, adding (most gently) that she could not do otherwise even if she wished, because they were ordered to care for her and protect her, yet bring her back.

In the three letters Marie-Louise wrote to Napoleon that day, the shape of her decision—which was still unclear to herself—gradually becomes apparent.

Orléans, April 12, 1814, Morning

Mon cher Ami. I have just received the letter you sent me by M. de Bausset. I promise you to have courage, I hope that in a few days I shall have enough strength to compose myself and to prove that I am worthy of belonging to you. But at a time when so many persons express their devotion and attachment to me by deserting me, I cannot help being cruelly disappointed.

M. de Sainte-Aulaire has just brought me a letter from M. de Metternich which says that I will be assured an independent existence, as well as my son, and that I should do well to go to Austria, to wait there until everything is settled; at the same time he said to M. de Ste-Aulaire that even if I did not do this (and needless to tell, I won't) my father wished very much to see me; don't you think that I should do well to wait here until he gives me permission to see him, and that I should join you immediately afterwards? For it appears that I could not possibly see my father on the way [to Elba]. M. de Metternich writes that my father will arrive in Paris tomorrow. Therefore I shall wait here for your reply to this letter, and so I beg you to send it to me at once . . .

Your Faithful *Amie* Louise

Marie-Louise did not wait for a reply. Her next letter reads:

Orléans, April 12, 1814, Afternoon

Mon cher Ami.

I wrote to you this morning by a courier; I'm writing you another note as I'm about to get into my carriage to go to Rambouillet.

Prince Esterhazy and Prince Liechtenstein have just arrived here to urge me, in my father's name, to leave at once for Rambouillet, because your interests and those of your son are at stake. . . .

I said that I couldn't leave without your consent; they declared they couldn't wait for it, and that even if I wanted to leave without seeing my father, they'll stop me by all possible means. Then I thought that I should consent willingly.

It wrings my soul to be thus obliged to go without having seen you; this realization fills me with such despair that I don't know what to do with myself; but don't be angry at me, *mon cher Ami;* I cannot help it, I love you so much that it tears my heart to pieces; I'm afraid you'll think that I am entering into a plot with my father against you. But after I have seen him, I shall come to join you; they would have to be very barbarous to prevent me from doing this, I assure you they won't be able to. I want to share your misfortunes, I want to look after you, to comfort you, to be of use to you, and to soothe your sorrows. I feel that I need this to live, not to succumb to this last blow.

Your son, though, is very happy, he does not realize the whole extent of his misfortune, the poor child, only you and he can make life endurable for me. I am taking him with me, I think he will touch my father's heart, and I shall be able to bring him to you later, for I want to live with you; the more they want to separate me from you, the more I feel the need

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to be near you to take care of you. In the meantime, try at least to arrange that I see you soon and that I have the possibility of writing to you every day; I need this, I am so dejected, so sick, that I feel I shall not survive all these misfortunes they threaten me with; at least be convinced that there is no one who loves and cherishes you as tenderly as I do. I do not lose hope of soon being able to give you proof of this. In the meantime, think of me and always love a little the one who kisses you tenderly.

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Yet a third time that day, Marie-Louise wrote to her husband, a letter full of the words of affection, devotion and love—as if she were trying to disprove to herself as well as to him what lay in her troubled thoughts. This note was scribbled sometime on the night journey from Orléans to Rambouillet, between eight at night and twelve the next morning.

Between Orléans and Rambouillet
12–13 April, 1814

I am sending you this note by a Polish officer who has just brought me your letter at Angerville; you have learned by now that I was made to leave Orléans and that there were orders to prevent me from joining you, even to resort to force if necessary.

Be on your guard, *mon cher Ami,* we are being tricked; I am in mortal fear for you, but I shall show character when I see my father. I shall tell him that I absolutely want to join you, and that no amount of violence will make me change my mind on this point. We have taken as much of the money as we could [Marie-Louise is here, apparently, referring to whatever she had been able to save from Dudon's greed], I shall convey it to you by all possible means, rather, I am sure that I shall bring it to you myself.

Your son is asleep right now, he is not well. I shall hold out firmly against going farther than Rambouillet, have trust in my love and in my courage on this occasion. I love you and kiss you tenderly. *Ton Amie* Louise

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Francis I, the stern, unsmiling Emperor of Austria and the father—and, eventually, the captor—of Empress Marie-Louise

Marie-Louise's afternoon letter was quickly sped to Fontainebleau. By three in the morning, so the records show, Napoleon had replied to her, neither chiding nor criticizing her decision but blessing her with uncommon fervor.

. . . *Adieu,* my sweet Louise, you are what I love most in the world. My misfortunes affect me only because they hurt you. All your life you will love the most affectionate of husbands. Give a kiss to your son. *Adieu, ma* Louise.

Tout à Toi. . . . Napoleon

The melancholy tone of Napoleon's letter was unfeigned. It had scarcely been dispatched when Napoleon opened the black taffeta pouch he constantly carried in his dressing case, swallowed the poison in it, and waited death. For several hours he writhed in agony, then began to vomit. By eleven in the morning he was out of danger. "I am doomed to live," he declared to his attendants. And doomed to live he was, to hear what would happen next to his wife, his honor, his memory.

2. THE PRISONER

All that night, while Napoleon writhed in agony at Fontainebleau, Marie-Louise was traveling. The ten bedraggled green carriages of the imperial cavalcade were rolling forlornly back to Rambouillet, whence they had started two weeks before. Sometime after dark, the procession passed the armistice line where the horsemen of the Napoleonic guard saluted Marie-Louise for the last time and 25 Cossacks of Count Shuvalov's command replaced them. With this salute, Marie-Louise ceased forever to be empress of the French, except in memory. She was now, physically, a prisoner of war.

For the next three days, ailing and powerless, Marie-Louise was to live in the castle, guarded by Russian units, waiting for her father to come and redeem her from his Allies. To Napoleon she wrote:

Rambouillet, April 13, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

I wrote you a note yesterday, and gave it to the Polish officer you sent to me. Even so, I am writing to you again today although I fear that this will not reach you; but the thought that I cannot give you news of me is unbearable to me. I hope you do not feel the need of having letters from me as much as I need to have letters from you. I am very miserable, very sad, and I am trying to get a grip on myself

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only to be better fitted to comfort you, for all I wish is to share your ill fortunes and to be of use to you.

My father has not yet arrived. I am told that he will be here tomorrow. I am waiting with great impatience for that moment, and then I shall at once come to join you wherever I may find you.

Your son bore the journey splendidly. He is really a charming child. He is more lovable every day. He intends to give a rather bad reception to the Emperor of Austria, and I fear that despite everything we tell him, he will insist on doing just that.

My health continues to be bad. I am so unhappy away from you that I feel I shall be able to recover completely only after I see you again. For the time being I am very tired after a sleepless night. The road was horrible. I went to bed the moment I arrived. I think of you all the time. You are so good and so unhappy, and you deserve so little to be unhappy. In any case, if all my tender love could serve to give you hope for a little happiness, you would still have a good deal of it in this world. My heart is torn apart when I think of your sad situation. I stop here. I feel that I might distress you. I beg you never to doubt all the tender sentiments of your faithful *amie* Louise

The next day, with more time to think, she wrote Napoleon a longer letter.

For ten days she had begged her father to save her, to take her home to his dominions. All the previous week, when she might have joined Napoleon, she had faltered. Now her inconstant emotions made her yearn to be with her husband again:

Rambouillet, April 14, 1814

Mon cher Ami.

. . . . I assure you that this crisis has . . . quite disgusted me with the world and with people, I have recently come upon so much ingratitude and falseness. I think the island of Elba is the only place suitable for us—there I could live happily with you.

My father has not yet arrived; so far I have received only a letter from him dated the 12th, saying that he was at Troyes and that he could not reach Paris before today; and so I intend to follow the advice of Metternich who is his only and true friend, and who, consequently, will think of his daughter and his grandson. What makes me indignant is that he [Francis I] does not say a word about you; but I shall deliver your messages to him, and what you may be sure of is that nothing in the world will make me go to Austria, for my place is at your side, and my duty and my inclination lead me there.

Moreover, if they try to make me go to Vienna, I shall feign illness, for I have a very bad throat with fever . . . I don't know what sickness I have, red patches have appeared on my skin, I fear I'll have the measles.

Your son is in the best of health; I took a walk with him in front of the house, he talked to me a great deal about you, the poor child; I assure you that at present I take care of him more than ever. I treat him like a big boy, he takes his lunch with me, this delights him and cuts our expenses, which are quite high. . . . Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Napoleon, too, now suddenly seemed to realize that his wife had been snatched from his grasp. During the long fortnight of her indecision, he had persistently invited her to join him. Yet, while he could have, he had not compelled her to come. He, too, could see the great advantages of Marie-Louise's intercession on his behalf with the Austrian emperor, her father.

Now, however, he was growing impatient. Marie-Louise must, by now, have seen her father and he wanted to be off: with his wife, his child, his memories, to the drowsy peace of the island of Elba.

From Fontainebleau he wrote:

April 15th, 1814, 4 P.M.

Ma bonne Louise,

By now you must have seen your father. I am told that you are going to Trianon for that purpose. I want you to come to Fontainebleau tomorrow, so that we may set out together for that land of sanctuary and rest, where I shall be happy if you can resolve to be happy and to forget worldly splendors. Give a kiss to my son and believe in all [my love]

Nap

Francis I arrived in Rambouillet on April 16, 1814, accompanied by Metternich. Marie-Louise had assembled the few remaining ladies of her court to receive him in honor as Empress

THREE LIONS

Napoleon leaves Fontainebleau on April 20, 1814, for exile on island of Elba. Technically, he was Elba's ruler, so small group of supporters stayed with him as members of his court

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of the French. Their meeting, however, was not one of ceremony. Both broke into tears immediately on seeing each other (it was the first time in two years), and Marie-Louise, after flustering a few words in German, thrust the baby king into the arms of his grandfather. The two then retired to privacy.

What Francis thought of this meeting with his daughter, no one knows. She had always been his favorite child. With cold calculation but some reluctance, he had given her to Napoleon four years before, when she was a-bloom with youth and freshness. Seeing her now, after the lapse of time and the war with her husband, feverish, distraught, the pent-up anguish pouring out of her, must have disturbed him as deeply as any father. Marie-Louise wrote her husband immediately of her father's reaction.

Rambouillet, April 16, 1814

Mon cher Ami.

My father arrived two hours ago. I saw him at once, he was very tender and kind to me, but this was obliterated by the most horrible blow he could have dealt me: he forbids me to join you, to see you, he refuses to let me travel with you.

In vain did I point out to him that it was my duty to follow you; he said he did not want me to, that he wanted me to spend two months in Austria, and that then I could go to Parma, whence I would go to see you. This latest blow will kill me, all I hope is that you may be happy without me, as for myself it is impossible for me to be happy without you.

. . . I beg you, give me news of yourself as often as possible; I shall write to you every day, and I shall always think of you. Be of good heart, I hope to join you in July; I did not say so to these gentlemen, but I am determined to do so.

My health gets worse and worse. I am so dejected that I do not know what to tell you, I beg you once again not to forget me, and to believe that I shall always love you and that I am very unhappy. I kiss you and love you with all my heart. Your faithful *Amie* Louise

The arrival on Elba. Here Napoleon remained 10 months, finally returning to the Continent again to wage war—largely because he wanted to regain his wife and son

The next three days produced one of those strange mood changes in the spirit of Marie-Louise which make her seem, across the decades, so vivid, so womanly, so natural.

She had been empress of the French, mistress of one of the greatest empires the world had until then known. But now she was not only a prisoner, which might have been bearable. She was also again a child, treated like a child by her father, doomed to return to Vienna and the status of childhood.

Moreover, not even her father could—or perhaps wanted to—spare her humiliation. She was one of the prize trophies of Allied victory, and the conquerors who could not gloat over Napoleon in the flesh might come and gloat over Marie-Louise. Perforce, by her father's orders, she must receive the strange Czar Alexander of Russia. Perforce, she must receive the King of Prussia.

Moreover, she was a mother, with a mother's normal pride and love, and all the visiting conquerors wanted to look at the little boy, the spawn of Napoleon, as if he, too, were on display.

Marie-Louise could as little adjust to this sudden change in status as could anyone else in similar circumstances. Fleeting plans took shape in her mind—she would go to the famous mineral baths of Aix-en-Savoie, on her doctor's recommendation. Then, as soon as she was well, she would journey south to Italy, thence to rejoin Napoleon and scorn the entire Allied world.

In the longest of all her letters to Napoleon, on April 20th, Marie-Louise told him of the condition of her captivity, of her plans, and again of her love:

Rambouillet, April 20, 1814

Mon Cher Ami,

Baillon has just given me two letters from you; thank you very much for giving me news of yourself so often, this is a great comfort, and you know that I need it at this time when I am separated from you, perhaps for several months.

You must always be sure that I will do everything I can to rejoin you, and I have already prepared a plan of campaign for that purpose, and if you promise not to talk about it to me, I shall communicate it to you. At present I am going to Austria, because my father is keen on this, and because I realize that if I refused to go, he would take me there by force. I told him that I wished to go to the country at once, and that I shall see there only my family, and no one else; my father told me that in June all the German princes, the Emperor Alexander [of Russia] and the King of Prussia will be in Vienna; I told him that I would then immediately go to the waters, that I need them badly for my health, and that this would moreover provide me with an excuse for not receiving persons whose visits

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would be unpleasant to me, and that I intended to proceed from there to Parma and to the island of Elba.

My father told me that he believed I could not go to Italy before the beginning of the winter, that nothing had been settled, and that I had to return from the waters to Vienna. He strongly insisted on that point; and I did not insist, because I thought it would at present be pointless to oppose a project which I shall anyhow never permit him to carry out when the time comes. I do not want him to know how determined I am, and so I beg you not to talk about it, because this might spoil everything. I did not write to you yesterday because I had no opportunity to send you a letter.

Emperor Alexander visited me; he spoke to me a great deal of the events that had taken place, trying to prove to me that if we are reduced to our present state, it was not his fault. He made fine protestations, and asked me whether I was being taken to Vienna against my will, and said that if so he would prevent this; I told him that I was willing in this case to submit to my father's wishes, that I was determined not to stay there afterwards, and to preserve my independence which I valued very highly, and that moreover I wanted to go to see you.

This last point displeased him, for he replied in a very acid tone, "But, Madam, you will not be prevented from doing so, although it is perhaps wrong of you to go to the island of Elba." I told him that my duty and my inclination prompted me to take that step, and that I was sure I would never repent it. He made a great show of avoiding mention of you; otherwise he talked a great deal, particularly during dinner, and then went to see your son whom he found superb; he left at 4 o'clock. I tried to show much courage in his presence, but I was in utter despair . . .

I shall try to obtain permission to go to the waters; I hope I shall be successful, I should be very pleased if this is possible, I know of nothing more intolerable than the idea of spending all my life in Austria; I shall write to you about the result of my efforts . . .

I beg you to believe that I shall use every possible means to give you news of myself, in the meantime I love you and kiss you with all my heart. Your faithful *Amie* Louise

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

Son of Napoleon and Marie-Louise last saw his father at age three and lived out his life as tragic captive in Austrian court, still faithful to Napoleon's memory, but ignored by his mother (whom he resembled closely). Pathetic "King of Rome" died at 21, of TB inherited from royal forebears

There are, in almost all human affairs, points of divergence when human beings who have hitherto been intimate and close begin unknowingly but irrevocably to draw away from one another forever.

This long letter of April 20th, whose expression of genuine love can scarcely be doubted, marked such a point in the marriage of Napoleon and Marie-Louise. Marie-Louise wrote it not only in momentary closeness of devotion, but at a moment when she was geographically closer to Napoleon than she would ever be again. From that moment on, her path was to divide from his, not only in geography, but in affection, too.

When Marie-Louise wrote this letter she was prisoner at Rambouillet and Napoleon was still at Fontainebleau, 55 miles southeast. But it was the day of his departure for exile at Elba. The letter caught up with him only a full week later in south France just before embarkation, after he had been stoned, booed and reviled by crowds on the way. But by then, Marie-Louise, too, was on the move—back to her native Austria, back to comfort, repose and relaxation.

3. SEPARATION

Only eight people accompanied Marie-Louise back to Vienna and her father's court.

It was a sad and mournful voyage, writes the faithful Méneval, Napoleon's trusted personal secretary, whom the emperor had assigned to accompany his wife. The villages of France lay smoke-darkened and in ruins along their route of travel. The spires of blackened chimneys rose above the ashes of peasant huts.

For nine days, the party posted southeast toward the Swiss border. And all the while Marie-Louise kept moaning, regretting, wailing to Méneval how much wiser and happier she would have been had she joined Napoleon at Fontainebleau while she had the chance.

Her letters to the exile now become both prim and circumspect. She must send them to her husband through couriers and channels controlled by his enemy. She writes first from Provins, near Paris, where she stopped after a brief visit with her father, who was staying behind in Paris for peace negotiations:

Provins, April 26, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

. . . Your son sends you a kiss, he is in the best of health, the trip is doing him good, he is more intelligent every day and he is fresh as a rose . . . he had a great deal of fun with my father who seems to be madly in love with him; I am very pleased by this, but the day when I will be happy will be when I can come and see you again. My health is unchanged, I caught a terrible cold at Rambouillet, it refuses to leave me. Last night we arrived safely at Provins, tonight I shall sleep at Troyes, where I expect to arrive early. I hope your trip was equally pleasant and that I will soon have the satisfaction of knowing you have arrived safely. . . .

Her next letter, from Dijon, one of her last stops in France, was equally perfunctory:

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Dijon, April 28, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

. . It is a cruel trial for me not to have news of you more frequently. It is now eight days since I heard from you. I have spent that time very sadly. My health has been so impaired by my grief that you would not recognize me. But do not worry because of this. Corvisart [her French doctor] says that the waters of Aix will restore me completely but that if I did not take them the condition of my lungs might deteriorate greatly. Therefore I am determined to go there by the beginning of July . . . Last night I arrived at Dijon, from a distance I saw Mont Blanc which filled your son with amazement . . .

By the time the party crossed the Austrian frontiers, however, the mood of the young empress began slowly to change. The Austrian peasants greeted their returning princess as if her marriage to Napoleon the enemy had never happened. They gathered in the village squares to cheer her; mortars were fired; bonfires flamed; young men and maidens sang songs outside the rooms of her inn. It was spring, and then, finally, at the end of the journey, there was the palace of Schönbrunn as she had always known it, splendid and solid, with all her brothers and sisters gathered to kiss her and welcome her home.

Marie-Louise arrived back at Schönbrunn late on the afternoon of May 21st. Two-hundred thirty carriages of spectators had been waiting to see her come into the courtyard. A cheer went up as Marie-Louise, wearing a broad-brimmed traveling hat, got out, then went immediately to her own courtyard.

Napoleon must have impatiently awaited the first word from his wife, now established at the palace which was the center of European politics. Marie-Louise did not get around to writing until three days later; the letter did not tell him much:

Schönbrunn, May 24, 1814

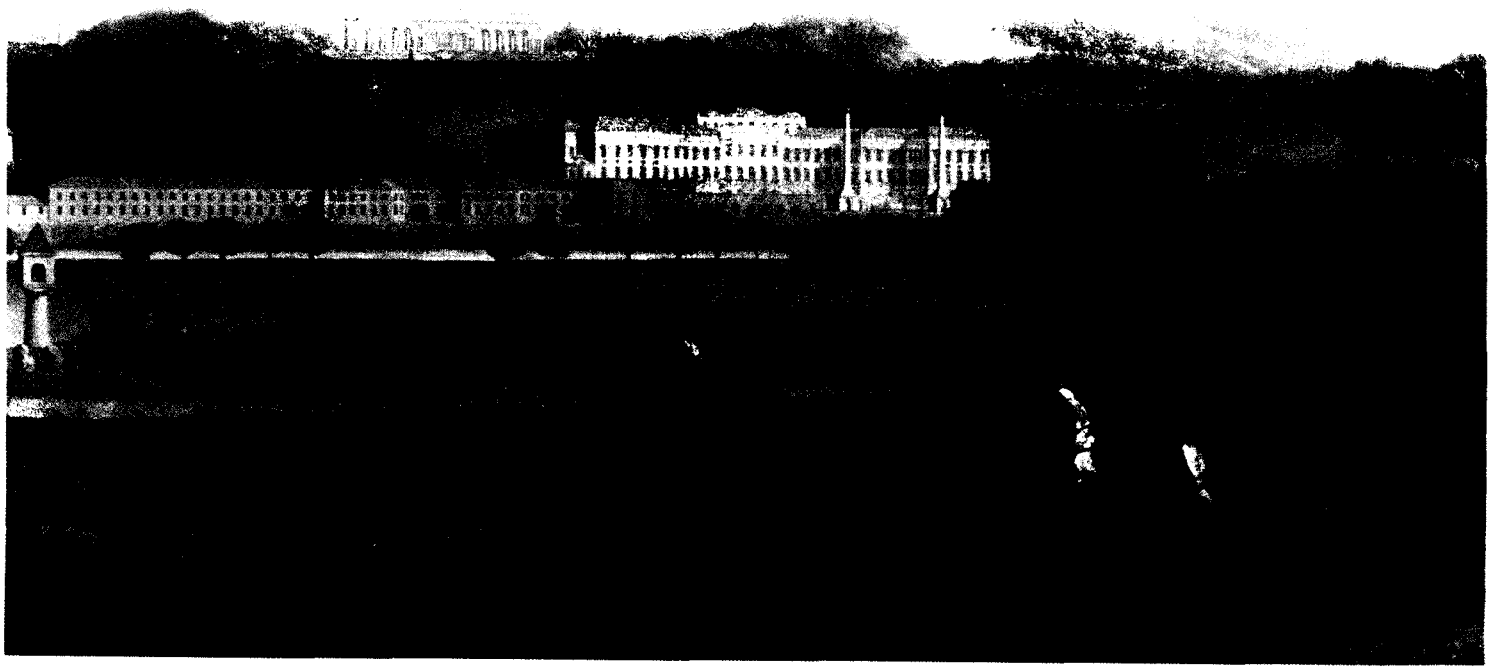
Mon Cher Ami:

. . . I was very pleased to learn that you had arrived safely [at Elba], this report was slow in coming and I assure you I was very tormented because of that. I am also very pleased to see that you find the island pretty, I hope that its climate is healthful, and that your health won't suffer from it . . .

I was received here as well as can be, I was deeply moved by the kind of manner in which my stepmother and all my family welcomed me, but I was dissatisfied with myself, I had no pleasure in seeing them again, I am becoming indifferent to everything, I wish I could be completely insensitive, I shall need to be . . .

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Marie-Louise's letters, from the day of her departure from Rambouillet begin to slow their cadence. On her journey they fell two or three days apart, later they came more slowly. Once France lay behind her, intervals between them stretched as long as two weeks.



J. BIDAULT AND CARLE VERNET. MARMOTTAN MUSEUM, PARIS

The vast, sprawling Schönbrunn Palace near Vienna, with its 1,400 rooms, was the home of Austria's royalty, and a refuge for Marie-Louise, who was raised there. It was to Schönbrunn that she went after she was captured by Napoleon's Austrian enemies

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Marie-Louise was still sick, still coughing badly, still subject to fevers when she returned to Schönbrunn. In her eyes, her sojourn there was only a stopover; she hoped to spend a few weeks, then go on to the mineral baths of Aix-en-Savoie, whence she planned to go south to her new state of Parma and rejoin Napoleon.

But she who had been empress in Paris could scarcely reconcile herself to the role of princess in the stodgy Hapsburg court. During her five-week stay she found Schönbrunn not only dull—but full of gossip and malice. She wrote to Napoleon on June 5th:

. . . I am leading here a very secluded life, very peaceful, I take walks in the park, I am studying Italian, in which I am making fairly good progress . . .

I'm waiting quite impatiently for my father's arrival [Francis was returning from Paris]; **it's the only thing that will calm my worries because it's the only thing that will bring any sure indication of my future and my fate. I hear that horrible things are being said against me at Archduchess Beatrice's, that a plot is being hatched there to prevent me from going to the waters, and that her family are trying to rob me of the Duchy of Parma in order to feather their own nest; they also say that all that is needed is to find a way to disinherit my son etc, etc, etc. All this torments me a great deal, all the more so because I am informed that every word I say is reported to them . . .**

It was a strange, languid, half-sick, half-real world that Marie-Louise rested in while she waited for health to come back. Unsure and unhappy, she clung to the illusion that she was recovering only preparatory to rejoining her husband, Napoleon, whom she loved. To the exile on Elba she wrote on June 22d:

I am very glad that you like it there and that you are planning to have a pretty villa built for yourself. I want you to reserve a little lodging for me, for you know I still expect to come to see you as soon as I can, and I hope fervently this may be soon, if you are going to have a nice garden I hope that you will charge me with buying your plants and flowers . . .

Write to me often, *mon cher ami,* this is my sweetest comfort, and above all be convinced that nothing in the world can ever make me change the tender sentiments I have for you. I kiss you and love you with all my heart . . .

4. ENTER ADELBERT-ADAM VON NEIPPERG

. . . "Nothing in the world can ever make me change the tender sentiments I have for you . . ." Marie-Louise had just written Napoleon in this last letter before her departure for the Swiss highlands and the mineral baths of Aix.

Yet these "tender sentiments" were soon to be changed, deeply and permanently. Perhaps no better introduction to this change can be offered than the first letter she wrote, four days after her arrival at Aix. Carrying as it does no particular news of importance, it nevertheless sets the tone of mood and thought which was to disgrace her.

Aix-en-Savoie, July 21, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

I have not written to you for a century because I have no way of sending my letters to you. This thought torments me a great deal, I fear lest you think me capable of forgetting you, and I confess that such a suspicion would greatly distress me because it would be no more deserved than justified; but what torments me even more than all that, is to be without news from you; I have not received a single line since May 10. Nevertheless I am sure that you have written to me, *mon cher Ami,* and that you sometimes think of me; but the thought that I cannot hear you tell me so is very painful to me. Fortunately, on the 11th of this month I had an indirect report that you were in good health. Try, if you cannot write to me, to send me news of yourself by every possible means, this does me a great deal of good, and is the surest means you can use to hasten my recovery . . .

I intend, after the watering season, to go to Parma if possible, I expect to write to Parma with that in view, I think it is indispensable that I should go there as soon as possible: in four months the provisional government borrowed more than fifteen millions in my name, and if this continues, the debt will keep increasing. This distresses me as well as many other things that are being done there and that I would tell you about in greater detail if I knew that my letters always reached you.

And so I expect to go to Parma in September, around the 20th or the 25th. I am determined not to return to Vienna

GÉRARD

In later years, Marie-Louise ruled Duchy of Parma, turned bitterly on Napoleon, married twice more—and died at 56

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. . . If I go to Parma, I shall send M. de Bausset for my son as soon as I am settled in that city [Marie-Louise had left her son behind in Vienna—where he was to remain a semiprisoner until the day he died, 18 years later]; **I think it is better to wait until I am there than to bring him here. They write me that he is in the best of health, that he is cheerful, and that his intelligence develops from day to day. My father treats him very well, and seems to love him tenderly.**

. . . I am living here in the strictest incognito; my father has sent me General Neuperg; he is a good man, he speaks well of you. I take a great deal of exercise, because this is required when one takes the waters . . . I keep very busy, I am drawing landscapes.

Let me hear from you soon, *mon cher Ami,* and think sometimes of the one who kisses you affectionately and is forever *Ton Amie* Louise

Almost every paragraph in this long letter seems now, in retrospect, a window on the mind of a woman in the grip of circumstances too much for her.

She was, to begin with, suffering from the guilt that was inevitable, as her correspondence with her husband slowly withered. It was a month since she had previously written him. Whether or not she wanted to say more to him, she could not—she was, in effect, a prisoner under guard. All her letters were presumably opened by her father's staffmen; she could not guess when they might be intercepted or cut off completely.

By now, as the next paragraph shows, the Duchy of Parma had become a fixation in her mind. It was as if all the wars of the generation had been fought to yield Marie-Louise this one little state in the patchwork of north Italian politics. Yet to Marie-Louise, Parma spelled independence not only in terms of money (always important to her) but in terms of freedom from the surveillance and guardianship that now cramped her.

Nor was this surveillance of which she complains simply the escape-guard on a prisoner. The barrier thrown up between Marie-Louise and the rest of the world was something carefully planned by the Austrian court. Francis I had decided that his daughter must never go back to Napoleon's bed. Yet he wished this separation to come about by Marie-Louise's initiative and reflection, not to be wrung out of her by filial obedience or enforced by his soldiery.

It is doubtful, however, whether Francis himself, a father and a churchly man, devised the precise mechanics of the separation he so desired. Francis' original choice as guard and aide to his daughter on her rest cure was the dull, fifty-year-old Hungarian Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. Some of the brighter members of the cabinet made, however, an alternate suggestion: the man whose name Marie-Louise so casually introduces into this letter saying "he is a good man, he speaks well of you"—General Count Adelbert-Adam von Neipperg.

Whoever suggested Neipperg's name had suggested a good one. The general, a well-built, handsome man, with the air of a gallant and a large, rakish black patch over his eye, enjoyed a Continental reputation—his love affairs had broken hearts from one end of Europe to the other. He had, indeed, stolen a good friend's wife, sired five children, then only lately sanctified the arrangement by marriage. It was a year after this perfunctory marriage that the Austrian court summoned him to accompany Marie-Louise on her vacation. His instructions were presumably simple: this was the emperor's daughter. She was to be protected. The emperor and the court were hoping she would come to forget Napoleon. If necessary, the general had authority to restrain her by force should she try to slip away and join Napoleon in Elba as her letters hinted.

But Adelbert-Adam von Neipperg was a man who rarely had need of force in dealing with women. Indeed, in this instance nature was on his side. Marie-Louise had now been away from her husband for six months. She was young, only twenty-two. She had been through an agony of spirit, of despair, of panic for half a year, and her body had sickened. Now, slowly, in the warm summer sun of Switzerland, released and relaxed, her body began to mend. As she took the hot baths, went horseback riding (her favorite sport), went picnicking with the handsome general in the woods, listened to him sing or tell tales at the evening parties, gaiety returned to life, the appetite and excitements of good health stirred.

Neipperg proceeded about his task skillfully. Two weeks after their arrival in Aix, Marie-Louise could end her letter to Napoleon this way:

Aix-en-Savoie, August 3, 1814

. . . I am very pleased with General Neuperg [she still could not spell his name] **whom my father assigned to be in attendance upon me; he speaks of you in a seemly manner, which conforms to my heart's desire, for I need to speak about you during this cruel absence; I desire it very much and**

CALLEGARI

Count Adelbert-Adam von Neipperg, who stole Marie-Louise from exiled Napoleon and later became her second husband

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I shall be contented and at peace only when I can tell you myself that I love you very tenderly.

Your Faithful *Amie* Louise

Marie-Louise probably believed these lines even as she wrote them. Yet, in the next two weeks, she was to realize that her need to speak with Napoleon was less than she imagined.

Suddenly, in the idyllic heat of midsummer Switzerland, as contentment crept back into her soul after a year of distress, an emissary from Napoleon arrived in secret. His instructions were to return with her at once. A boat awaited them at Genoa; the Emperor of Elba was impatient for his wife!

Marie-Louise was now no longer in doubt. Her reply to Napoleon may have read the same as her other letters. But she communicated instantly with her father, promised she would never join Napoleon without his permission, consulted him on how to answer Napoleon, then wrote, with bland deceit:

Aix, August 18, 1814

Mon cher Ami:

I have just received your letter delivered by a Polish officer. I was very pleased to get it; except for your letter of July 28, which had been forwarded to me unsealed from Vienna, I had been deprived of news from you for a long time. I believe that all my letters are intercepted, the surveillance is very strict on all sides, and the instructions are carried out so effectively that no letter gets through; yet I write to you regularly once a week.

How pleased I should be to be able to join you as soon as I have my son with me; I had sent for him when I received a letter from my father asking me to return to Vienna for the Congress, where negotiations will be held about my son's interests. It appears that the Bourbons have been carrying on a great deal of agitation to deprive me of Parma; they have a powerful party in the country, and there is much talk about giving me instead the three legations which bring in twice as much income, but I have as yet no official information about it. . . . I am surrounded by Austrian, Russian, and French police and counter-police, and M. de Fitz James is under orders to arrest me if I try to go in the direction of the island of Elba.

In spite of that, trust in my desire to go there; I shall brave all obstacles, and certainly, unless they resort to force, I shall soon be with you, but I don't know yet how far they will go.

I am very unhappy not to be already with you in your happy isle, this would be paradise for me; trust me, I should tell you frankly if I decided against going there, you know me enough for that; and I beg you not to believe everything that might be reported to you on this point. I shall try to leave as soon as possible; in the meantime I am not giving a moment of rest to your officer. If his presence here were known, they would be capable of arresting him, and I am sure that he will be searched, you have no idea how strict the orders are, the Austrians are even shocked by them, General Neuperg told me he had in his pocket an order to intercept any letter I might write to you.

Your son is in the best of health; yesterday I saw someone who had seen him a week ago, and left him cheerful, very happy; the Emperor of Austria is crazy about him, he visits him every day, I am sure you will find that this affection should be encouraged. He can now read fluently, he is becoming quite lovable, I am very impatiently awaiting the moment when I can confirm this to you personally.

My health has tremendously benefited from the waters; if I had a little peace of mind, I am sure, I would be in the best of health, particularly if I were with you.

The officer asks me for the letter to sew into his clothes, I must finish . . . what a pity; I'm telling him to tear up the letter if he's arrested. Remember me to Madame [Napoleon's mother, with him on Elba].

I kiss you and love you tenderly,

Your faithful and affectionate *Amie* Louise

Such promises of early departure and reunion by now slipped easily from Marie-Louise's pen. The very next day, August 19th, she wrote her father that she would, after all, come directly home to Vienna in October and requested that Count Neipperg accompany her for, she said, "He can be extremely useful to me in various circumstances."

To her close friend and confidante, the Duchess of Montebello, Marie-Louise tut-tutted at greater length, writing back on her return journey to Austria:

. . . Just imagine, in the last days of my stay at Aix, the Emperor sent messenger after messenger to get me to come and join him, to undertake the escapade without a person [to help]**. . . I found this a bit too much and I replied frankly that I couldn't come now . . . I will give them** [the Allies in Vienna] **my most sacred word of honor that I won't go to Elba now or ever (and you know better than anyone else how little I want to go); but the Emperor** [Napoleon] **is really so irresponsible, so lightheaded . . .**

The journey home to Vienna began September 5th; Marie-Louise and Neipperg were in little hurry as they played tourist in Switzerland's mountains. They picnicked together, went on long horseback rides, enjoyed each other's company.

On September 20th, after an excursion to William Tell's chapel, they were caught in a thunderstorm and forced to spend the night at the Golden Sun Inn near Lucerne.

That evening, the bodyguard whose cot was always pitched across the empress' threshold to protect her was ordered to pitch his bed on the downstairs floor. As night closed, Neipperg and Marie-Louise were alone together, and when morning came they were acknowledged lovers.

5. TWILIGHT

Little remains to be told of the story of Marie-Louise and Napoleon. She was to live for thirty-three more years, bearing two children to Neipperg before she married him, later marrying another man, too. But in these later years of her career, Marie-Louise disappears from history and interest.

On her return from her rest cure at Aix in the fall of 1814, Marie-Louise lived quietly, entertaining her lover in the Schönbrunn Palace itself. He was appointed her representative at the Congress of Vienna, where he proved himself as skillful a

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diplomat as he was a lover; he successfully defended Marie-Louise's right to the Duchy of Parma against all intrigue.

The festival tone of that great peace Congress came from the giddy intoxication all Europe felt now that the wars were over and Napoleon chained. Even Marie-Louise was caught up in it. Occasionally, she—the wife of the villain—would peer at them in the hall when they danced, from a specially constructed platform from which she might watch and not be seen. She spoke of Napoleon more and more as a distant menace. His letters to her—in which he never failed to tell of his love and longing—were cut off; she made no attempt to reach him.

In January, after a four-month silence, she wrote him the last letter of which we have any record:

Schönbrunn, January 3, 1815

Mon bon ami:

A century has passed since I could write to you and since I received letters from you; now my father has given me your kind note of November 20.

My heart was relieved of a great burden when I learned that you are in good health and that you do not doubt my sentiments. I can imagine how distressed you must be to have been left so long without news of your son and me. I can judge so from the anxiety that fills my heart when I am left for months on end without any news of you, without knowing whether you are well. I hope this year will be a happier one for you. At least you will be in peace on your island, and live happily for many more years contributing to the happiness of all who love you and are attached to you, as I am.

Your son sends you a kiss, and wants me to wish you a Happy New Year, and to tell you that he loves you with all his heart. He talks about you very often, he has grown and has made amazing progress in his studies. This winter he was a bit indisposed; I at once consulted Frank [her Viennese doctor] who set my mind at rest by telling me that he had only a passing bout of fever. And indeed he recovered soon. He is beginning to know Italian fairly well and is also studying German. My father treats him with very great kindness and tenderness, and seems to love him very much; he plays with him a great deal, he showers marks of his kindness upon me, and my whole family treat me with the greatest affection, and regard it as their duty to make me forget all our misfortunes.

Almost no day passes without my visiting my father, who often asks me whether I have news from you. It is he who will forward this note to Portoferraio [on Elba], through the intermediary of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. If it reaches you, I beg you always to use this channel. I shall also use it, so that I shall at least know how you are.

My health is entirely restored; the waters, the climate of Switzerland, and the air of the mountains were very beneficial. I have gained a good deal of weight, and I feel well, despite the very cold weather we have been having for some time. I am living very much secluded at Schönbrunn—this suits my taste and my position. Evenings I hardly ever see more than 3 or 4 persons; we do a bit of music, or I chat in a corner near my fireplace. Please remember me to Madame and the Princess [Napoleon's mother and sister]. Write to me soon. Once again I wish you a happy year. I kiss you tenderly. Louise

The bust of Napoleon in Versailles by sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon

This last letter, it will be noted, was signed no longer as "thy beloved"—*ton ami*—or "thy faithful beloved" but simply: "Louise."

Whether it was the chill tone of this letter that influenced Napoleon in his next step no one knows. By now most of the agreements made with him by the Allies had been broken. He was not receiving the subsidy promised to support him; neither were his indignant family receiving theirs; his books, his jewels, his private papers, long promised, were denied him.

Most of all, Napoleon was cut off from his wife—whom he loved to the very end—and from his son. In a last brilliant fantasy of his coruscating mind, he conceived that bravado adventure the world remembers as "The Return from Elba." Alone, and singlehanded, he would sail back to France, sweep its people with him, challenge all Europe, reclaim his wife and child from the enemy. Tens of thousands of men were yet to die in this last flicker of the Napoleonic imagination.

Napoleon's return terrified the assembled monarchs of the Congress of Vienna. Yet no one was more terrified than Marie-Louise. When, on March 7th, first news came of Napoleon's landing in France (March 1, 1815), Marie-Louise rushed away to her private chambers and, sobbing, locked herself in. His return promised only more excitement, more war, more movement—now when she was at last content. She caused a letter to be circulated to all the monarchs of the Congress, placing herself and her child under her father's control alone; without protest she watched the Congress brand as "outlaw" the man to whom she had sworn undying devotion a few months before. She dismissed the last French members of her staff; refused to read Napoleon's letters pleading for her return with his child to be empress in Paris; and watched, this time from the Allied side, the same armies gather to destroy Napoleon as had crushed him the year before.

When, in June of 1815, Napoleon went down to final, irretrievable defeat at Waterloo, Marie-Louise was at Baden-Baden in south Germany, where she could indulge her favorite sport of horseback riding. News of Napoleon's final capture by the British at Bordeaux arrived in Baden-Baden early in the morning. A hasty note of the tidings was sent in to Marie-Louise by her companion, Mme. Scarampi. Marie-Louise merely murmured to its bearer: "Thank you—but I knew about it already. I was thinking of a ride to Merkenstein. Do you think the weather's fine enough to risk it?"

This is the last of two articles presenting the lost letters of Empress Marie-Louise to Napoleon, discovered and first edited by the Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna of Sweden

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SHOSTAL

Just Taking It Easy

NOW, IN THE DOG DAYS of summer when pavements buckle and cities become ovens, let us think of cool things—of seascapes and ice-cold watermelons, of polar bears and tall green trees. Above all, let us think of trifles. Trapped between a cold war and a hot peace, buffeted by grim news in big black headlines, some of us spend much of our lives in sweaty-palmed fright, shaken by jars and jitters. We are likely to overlook those wonderful notes of human giddiness which almost never rate the front pages but which, like the small print in contracts, can often be important. Perhaps, in the long run, it is man's capacity for nonsense that may save his sanity. For the general well-being, we offer a few recent items which have perked us up a lot.

Item: Garden hoses have been acting up lately. The first case occurred in Downey, California, where George Di Peso, a truck driver, suddenly discovered that his green plastic garden hose was burrowing into the ground at the rate of two or three inches an hour. Mr. Di Peso attached the free end to his car and pulled, but without success. By the time 20 feet had vanished, hundreds of neighbors were trampling Mr. Di Peso's lawn to watch the hose wiggle, and his telephone was ringing incessantly with questions from all over the world. It was at this point that Mr. Di Peso, in a moment of passion, cut the hose. But Mr. Di Peso is human and curious—mysteries like this can keep a man sleepless in the middle of the night. Mr. Di Peso went back into his garden, dug up the loose end and coupled another length of hose to it. Calmer, he announced: "We'll let nature take its course." As of this writing, neither Mr. Di Peso nor the owners of other squirming hoses have come up with an explanation. In the interests of science, we are standing by . . .

Item: Picket lines may at last have found their impresario, their Diaghilev. Faced with the possibility that New York's legendary Carnegie Hall may be torn down to make way for a new hotel, Mr. Sidney Kaye, proprietor of the adjoining Russian Tea Room where the maestros argue tempi over the blinchiki, recently staged a sidewalk demonstration. He commandeered a small band, a children's chorus in operatic costumes, and nine teen-age ballerinas in black, pink and turquoise leotards. Then, against a background of picket signs, "Ya Lublu Vas Carnegie Hall!" and "Au Secours! Carnegie Hall!", the show went on as the picketing ballerinas pirouetted and grand-jetéed across the sidewalk. Now this is something new and gay in the language of protest, vastly different from the glum, morose picket lines of the past. We commend it to labor leaders everywhere. Who knows what effect a little spirited showmanship might have on the future of labor-management relations? . . .

Item: It has long been considered axiomatic that there is nothing in this world as consistently un-co-operative and belligerent as a goose, except possibly a billy goat. Yet in Hollywood, William Wyler, the eminent director, is having trouble finding a mean goose for his next picture, aptly entitled The Friendly Persuasion. If anyone knows a hot-tempered bird that attacks on sight, please communicate with Mr. Wyler . . .

Item: Also from Hollywood comes the news that, as we feared, the wide screen finally has got out of hand. Walt Disney has introduced a screen which completely surrounds the audience. With Circarama, as it is called, the audience no longer will munch its popcorn in the safety of a rear row while the Indians attack a wagon train; the audience itself will be surrounded by whooping redskins. Now it may be true, as one columnist suggests, that the circular screen is perfect for people with two heads, but for those of us who are lucky to have even one, Circarama promises nothing but cricks in the neck. Furthermore, having sweated out three-dimensional movies, we have no intention of seeing our entertainment through a rearview mirror. A man has to draw the line somewhere . . .

Item: Recently we read a report that scores of teen-age school graduates, with parental and official permission, had thronged Moscow's streets all night long. A few evenings later from Chicago's Michigan Avenue Bridge, we watched scores of American youngsters—the girls in fluffy *bouffant* dresses, the boys in white jackets and black ties—crowding launches on the Chicago River at three in the morning in celebration of their graduation. We found ourselves wondering if the girls in Moscow were as pretty, the boys as gravely masculine—stiff with the unsure self-importance of a teen-ager in a tuxedo. Suddenly the talks at the summit, the pursuit of peace, took on an intimate, poignant meaning . . .

* * *

Vacations, like trifles, also work wonders at restoring a proper perspective. Along about now—give or take a few weeks—responsible men all over the country will reluctantly and with a quiet prayer commit the fortunes of their companies to the hands of assistants or colleagues. Some of them will bombard their desk-bound associates with phone calls, telegrams and memos. They will return from their vacations, grouchier than ever, victims of the illusion that they are indispensable. Millions of wiser folk will merely scheme quietly on how to get a running start on their vacation, how if they left right after lunch on Friday they could beat the weekend traffic out of the city.

Vacation is a temporary emancipation, a private dream, different for everyone. The city man seeks the deep, free breath of open space, the sound of crickets; the farmer, tired of being kicked around by nature, heads for the big town. Some of us hurry to Europe, whiz past ruins and monuments, and rush back cultured and broadened. Some stay home to mow the lawn or sit on the front porch with their shoes off. Some go adventuring. We knew a young secretary once who saved her money all year long, then, as mysterious as any Lady X, went forth to some fashionable resort to stalk the kind of man she felt she deserved. She found him, too.

We know a fellow who each summer goes to one of the fair and quiet valleys of this earth, beyond the Sawtooths and the Whitecloud ranges, west of the Pahsimeroi country. It is high country where the great salmon, scarred from a thousand-mile journey, sometimes spawn in brooks so narrow you can step across them. It is a place where the sky belongs to eagles, where the ghostly mountains stand above you in the dark and the small boy alone rounds up the horses and comes back yippeeing and hollering through the night because he is proud and a little scared and twelve years old and "It's lonesome up there." And a couple of men sit around the campfire and talk about the price a sack of red beans may bring this fall, or how many sheep the Basque herder lost to the bear, or wonder aloud for the twentieth time what it is that Elmer, the lead pack mule, wonders about.

And when we all come back, we and the indispensable men, we suspect that the world will still be round, still more or less in one piece, still spinning in approximately the same orbit in space. We doubt it will have altered very much—not in the important, eternal little things, that is.

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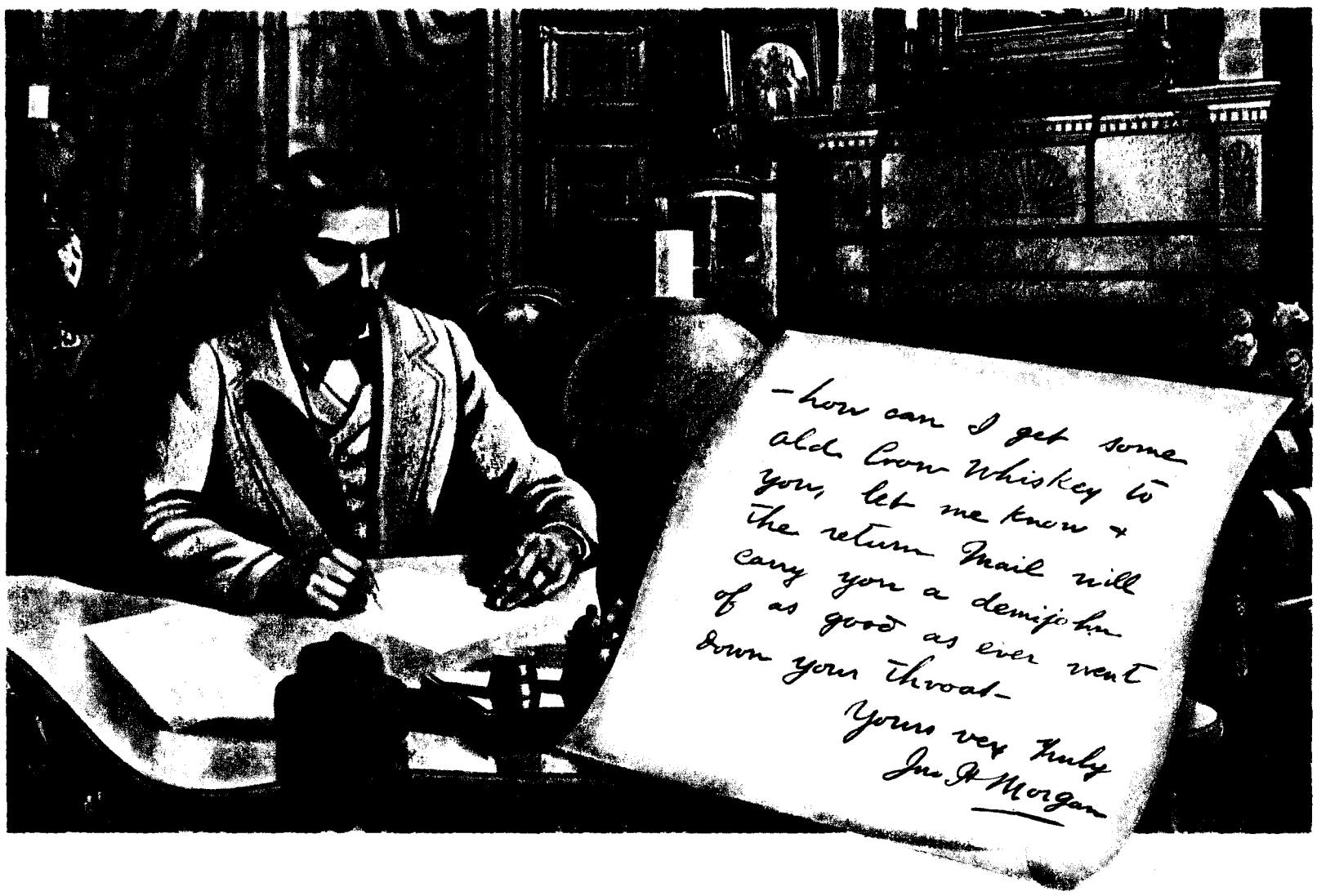
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